Inspirational Songs

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INSPIRATIONAL SONGS

for the

SUNDAY SCHOOL, SOCIAL WORSHIP, MISSIONARY *and* EVANGELISTIC WORK

Compiled by

NEWTON W. FINK, JOSEPH B. LUTZ, *and* W. B. ROSE

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LIGHT AND LIFE PRESS
W. B. ROSE, Agent
Chicago, Illinois

PREFACE

THE publisher of Inspirational Songs has within the last twenty years placed before the singing public no less than five song books, not including the present volume, the sales of which have aggregated hundreds of thousands of copies; for which he has received the most hearty commendations. He has no hesitation in saying that in Inspirational Songs will be found a selection especially suitable to the needs of the singing public and one not to be surpassed in excellence by any book obtainable today.

A glance over the table of contents must impress one with the fact that unusual care has been exercised in the choice of songs, judging from the popularity of the song writers whose names in many instances are household words, and whose productions have ever been expressive of real soul sentiment upon a variety of vital subjects. A number of excellent compositions appear in this book for the first time.

Inspirational Songs is sent forth with the prayer that in its evangel many hearts may be encouraged and strengthened to persevere in the way of life.

W. B. ROSE,
Publishing Agent.

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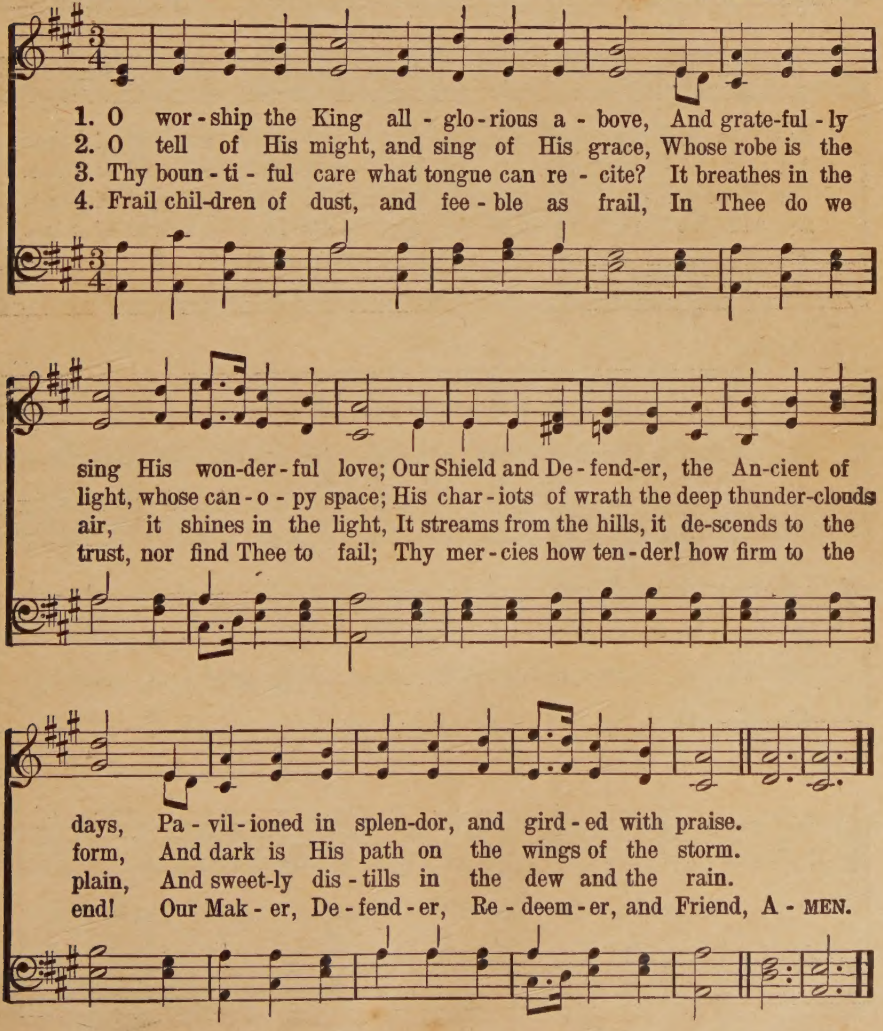
INSPIRATIONAL SONGS

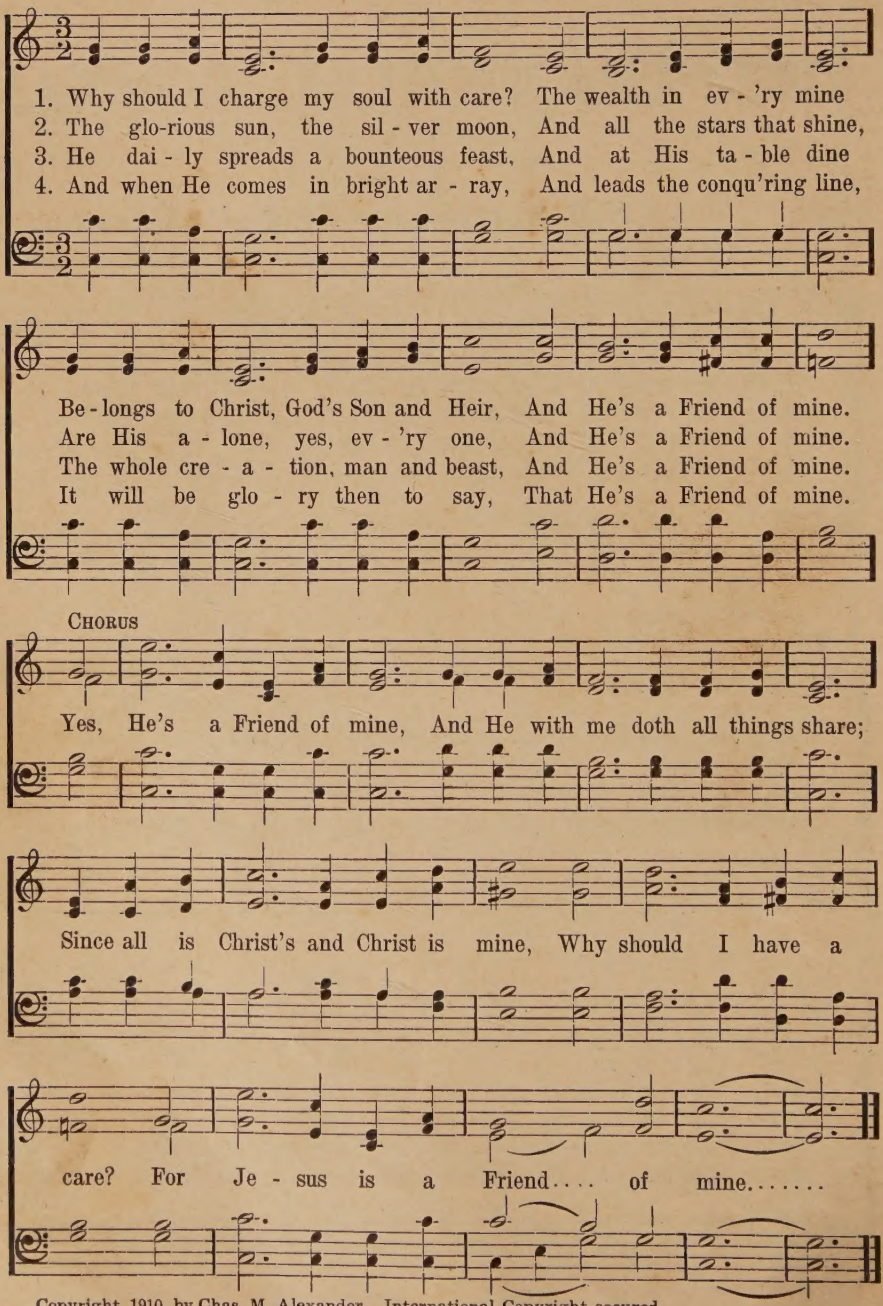
1 O Worship the King

Sir ROBERT GRANT — FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend-er, the An-cient of
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the
days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend, A - MEN.

Jesus is a Friend of Mine

J. H. SAMMIS

D. B. TOWNER

1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth in ev - 'ry mine
2. The glo-rious sun, the sil - ver moon, And all the stars that shine,
3. He dai - ly spreads a bounteous feast, And at His ta - ble dine
4. And when He comes in bright ar - ray, And leads the conqu'ring line,
Be - longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
Are His a - lone, yes, ev - 'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
The whole cre - a - tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
It will be glo - ry then to say, That He's a Friend of mine.
CHORUS
Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;
Since all is Christ's and Christ is mine, Why should I have a
care? For Je - sus is a Friend.... of mine.....

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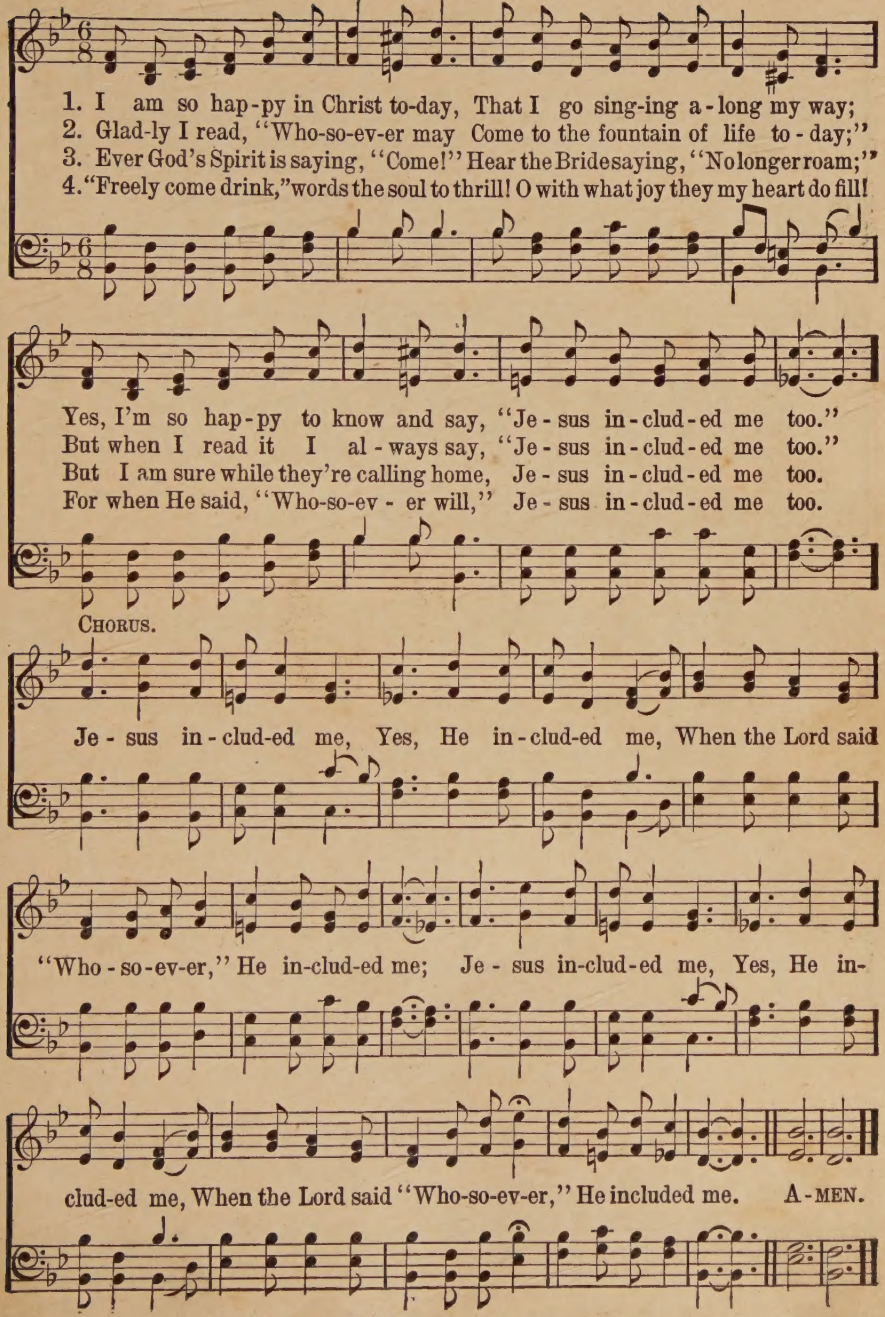
He Included Me

REV. J. OATMAN, JR. HAMP SEWELL

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
CHORUS.
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.

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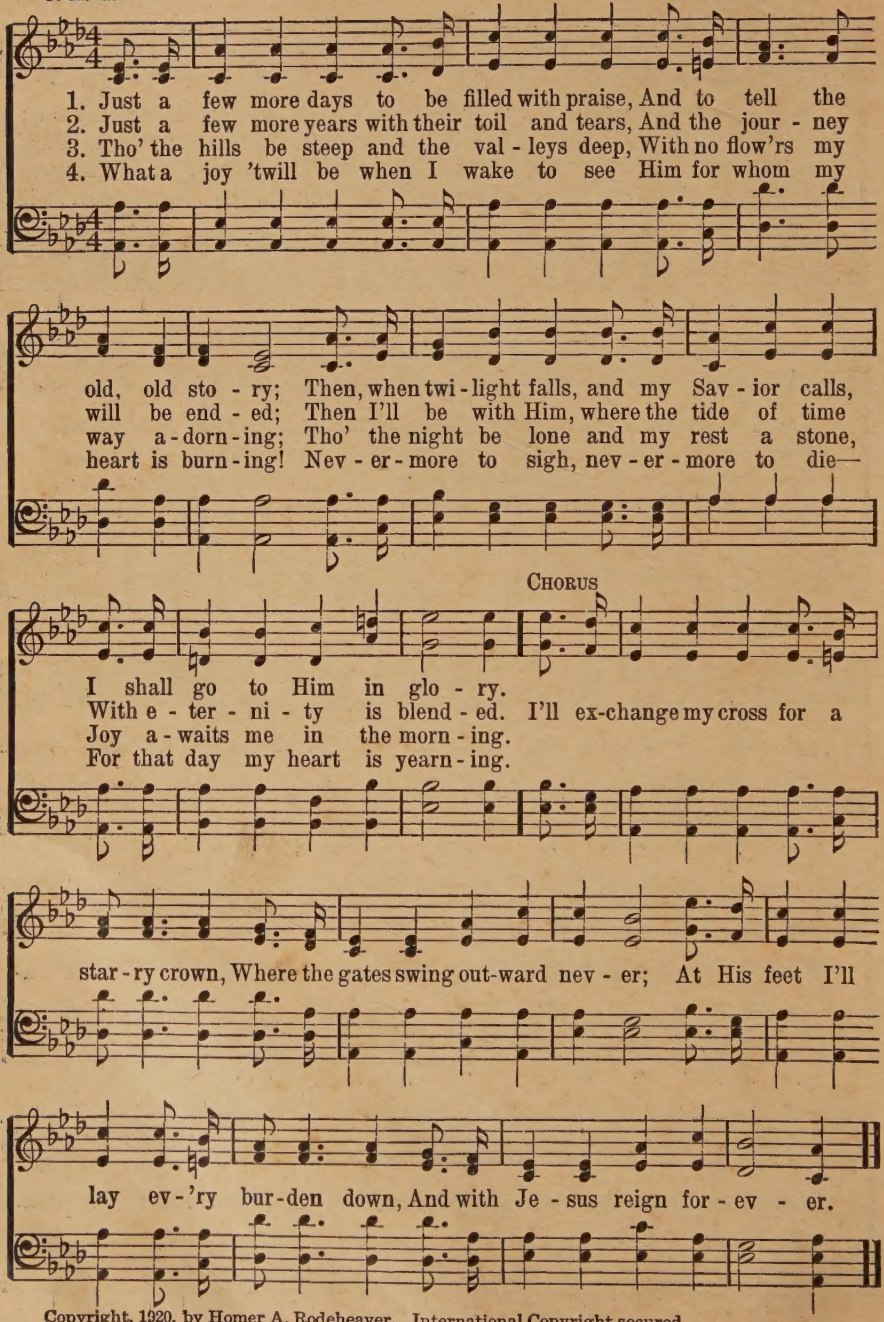
4 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my
old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die—
CHORUS
I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.
star - ry crown, Where the gates swing out-ward nev - er; At His feet I'll
lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

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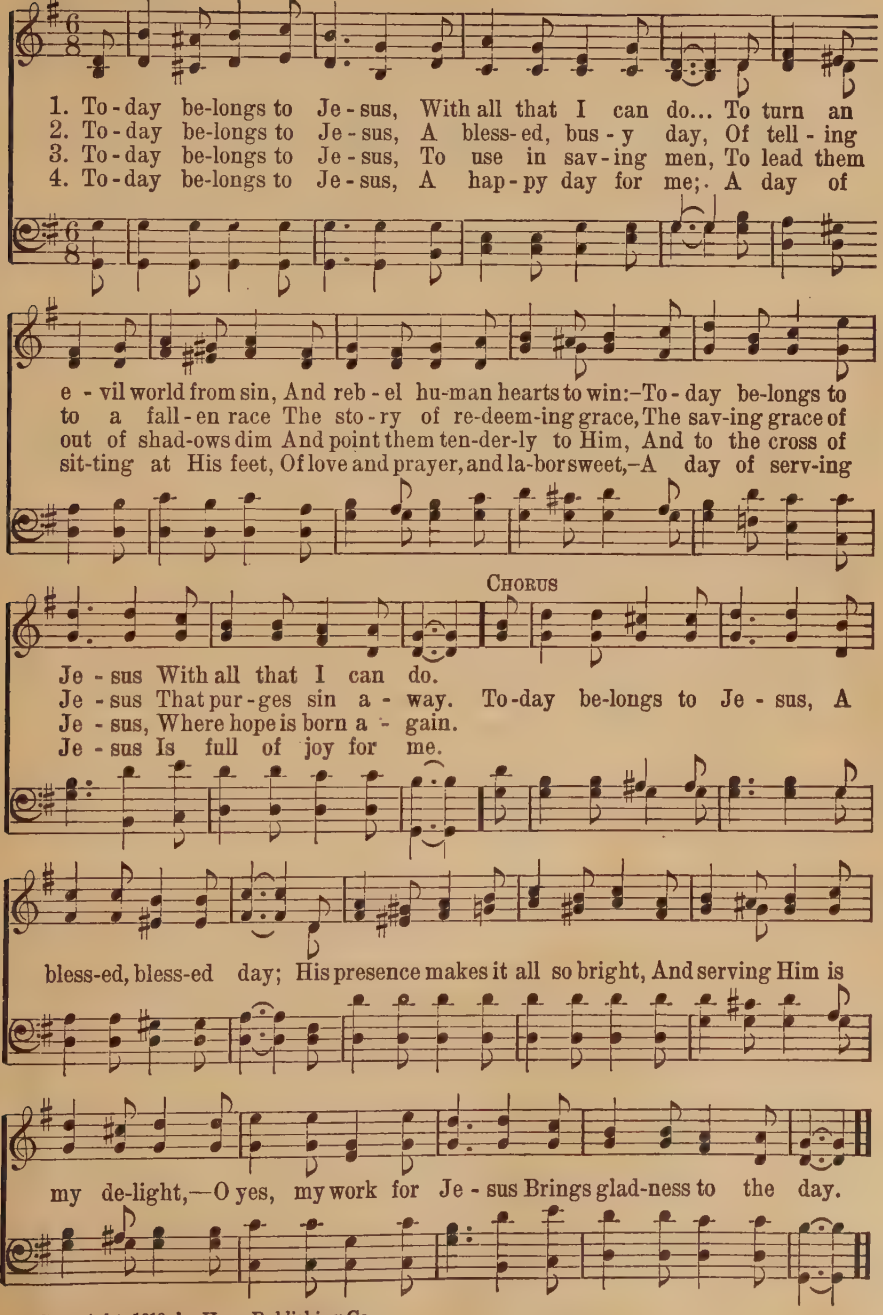
To-day Belongs to Jesus

W. C. MARTIN — CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. To-day be-longs to Je-sus, With all that I can do... To turn an
2. To-day be-longs to Je-sus, A bless-ed, bus-y day, Of tell-ing
3. To-day be-longs to Je-sus, To use in sav-ing men, To lead them
4. To-day be-longs to Je-sus, A hap-py day for me;. A day of
e-vil world from sin, And reb-el hu-man hearts to win:–To-day be-longs to
to a fall-en race The sto-ry of re-deem-ing grace, The sav-ing grace of
out of shad-ows dim And point them ten-der-ly to Him, And to the cross of
sit-ting at His feet, Of love and prayer, and la-bor sweet,–A day of serv-ing
CHORUS
Je-sus With all that I can do.
Je-sus That pur-ges sin a-way. To-day be-longs to Je-sus, A
Je-sus, Where hope is born a-gain.
Je-sus Is full of joy for me.
bless-ed, bless-ed day; His presence makes it all so bright, And serving Him is
my de-light,—O yes, my work for Je-sus Brings glad-ness to the day.

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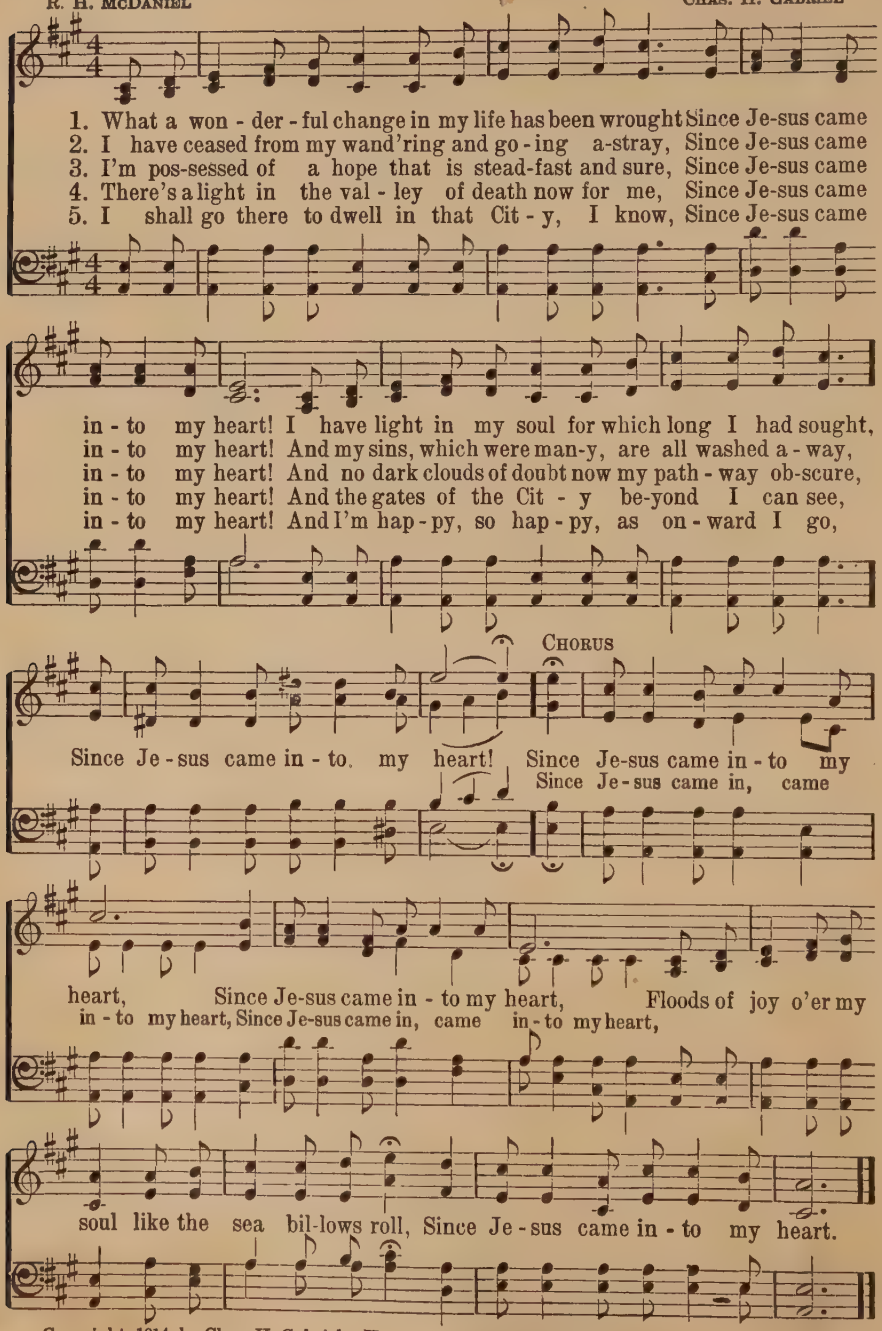
Since Jesus Came Into My Heart

R. H. McDaniel — Chas. H. Gabriel


1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je-sus came
in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins, which were man-y, are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be-yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,
Chorus
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came
heart, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart,
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

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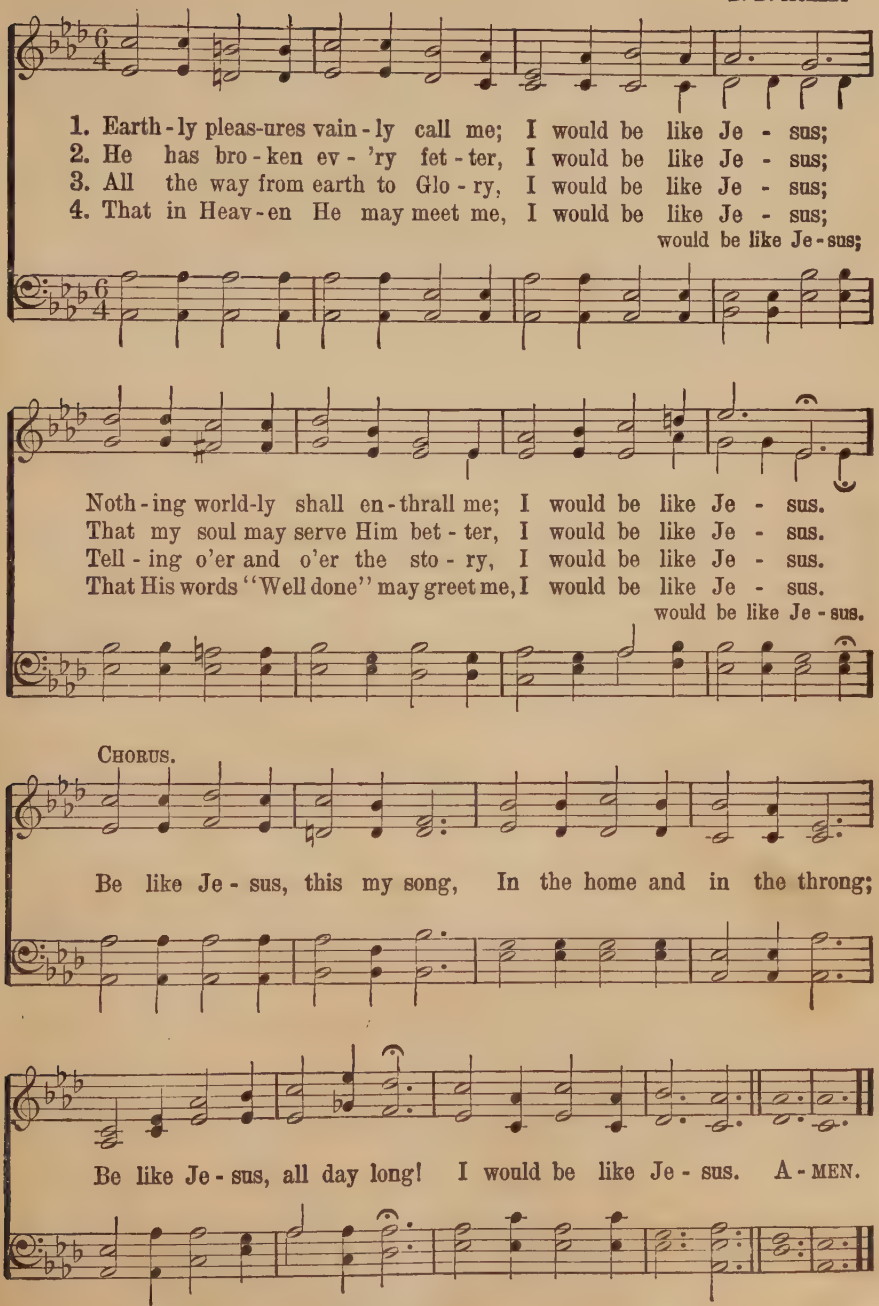
I Would Be Like Jesus

JAMES ROWE B. D. ACKLEY


1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je-sus;
Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Be like Je-sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;
Be like Je-sus, all day long! I would be like Je-sus. A-MEN.

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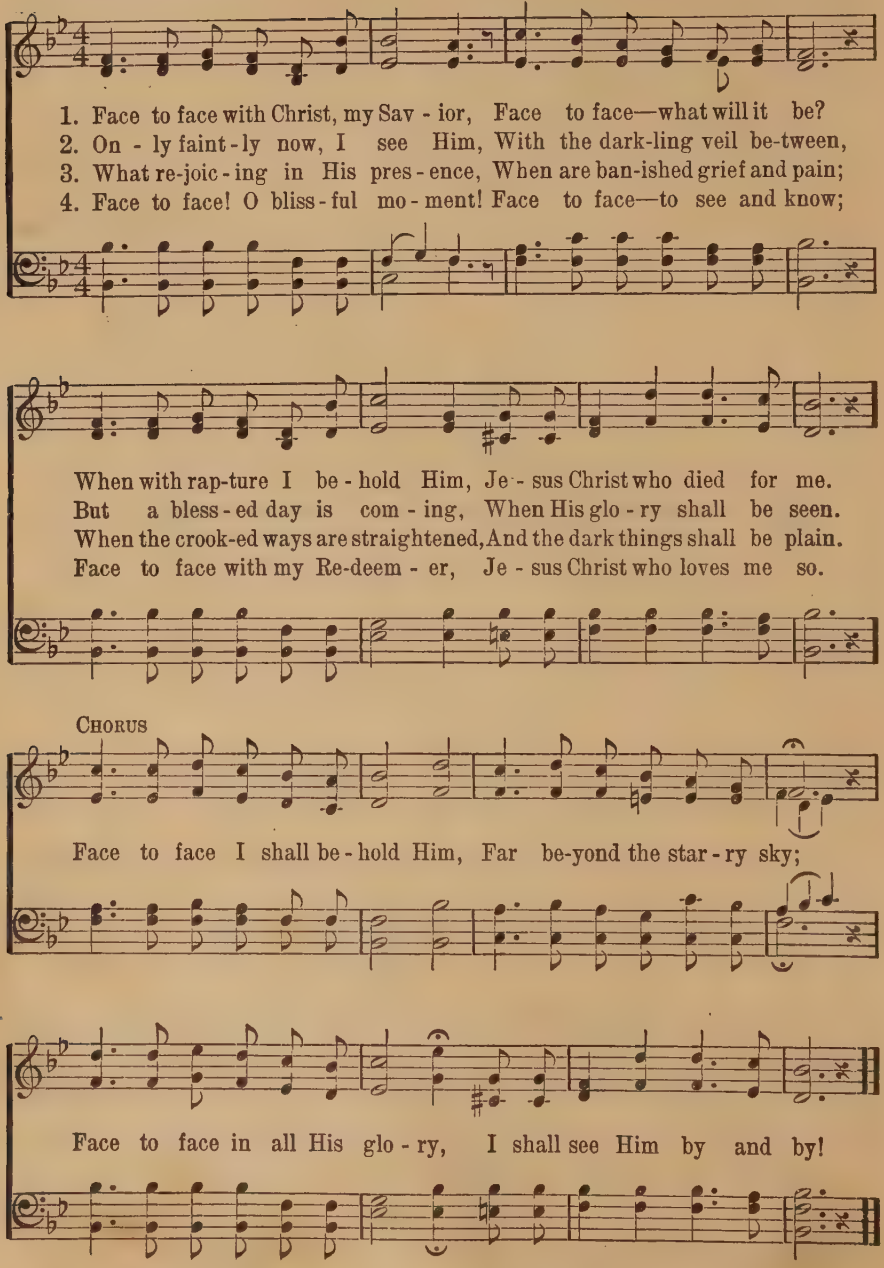
Face to Face

Mrs. Frank A. Breck — Grant Colfax Tullar

1. Face to face with Christ, my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now, I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be-tween,
3. What re-joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are ban-ished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;
When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.
Chorus
Face to face I shall be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star - ry sky;
Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

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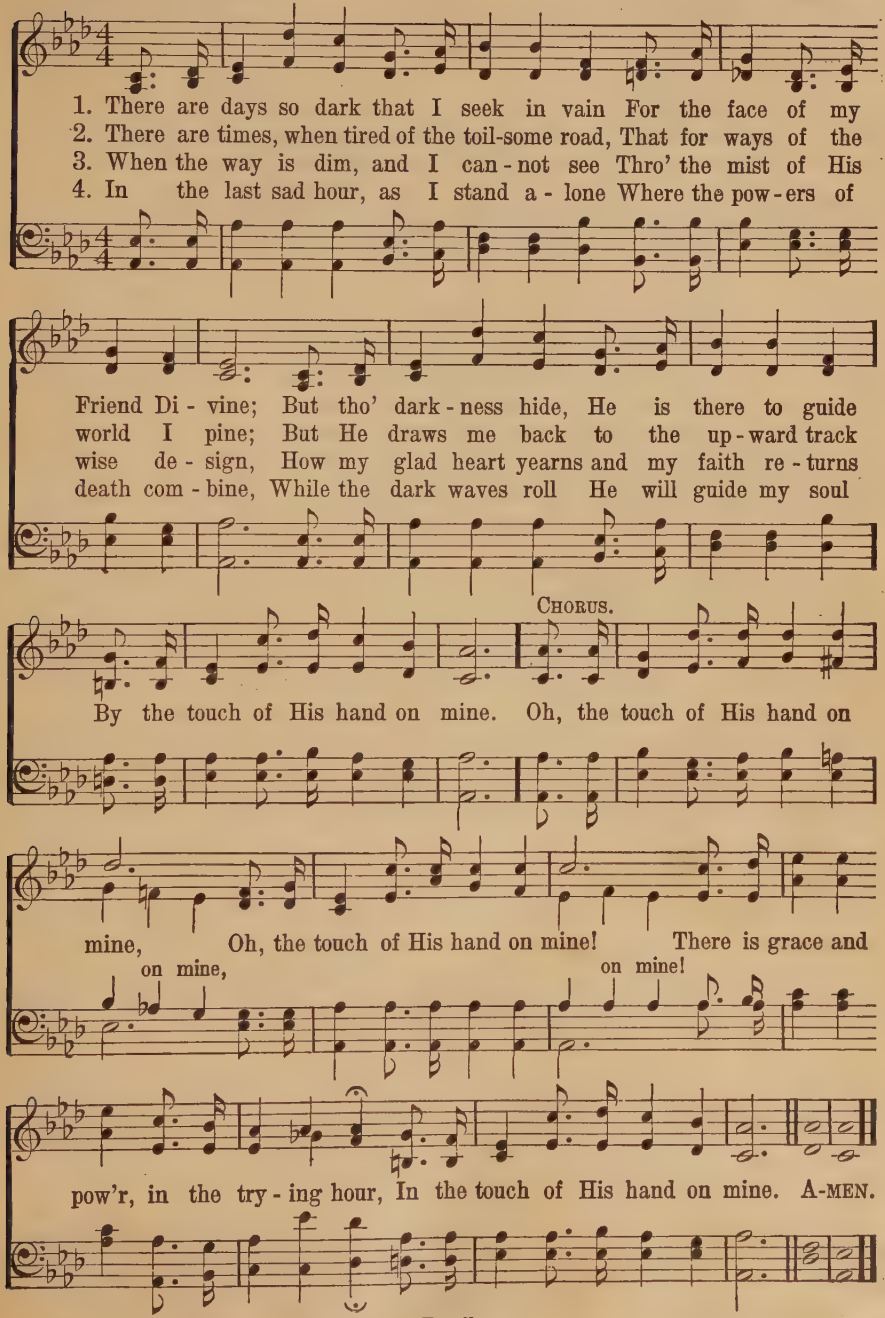
The Touch of His Hand On Mine

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS HENRY P. MORTON


1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of
Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul
CHORUS.
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on
mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
on mine, on mine!
pow'r, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

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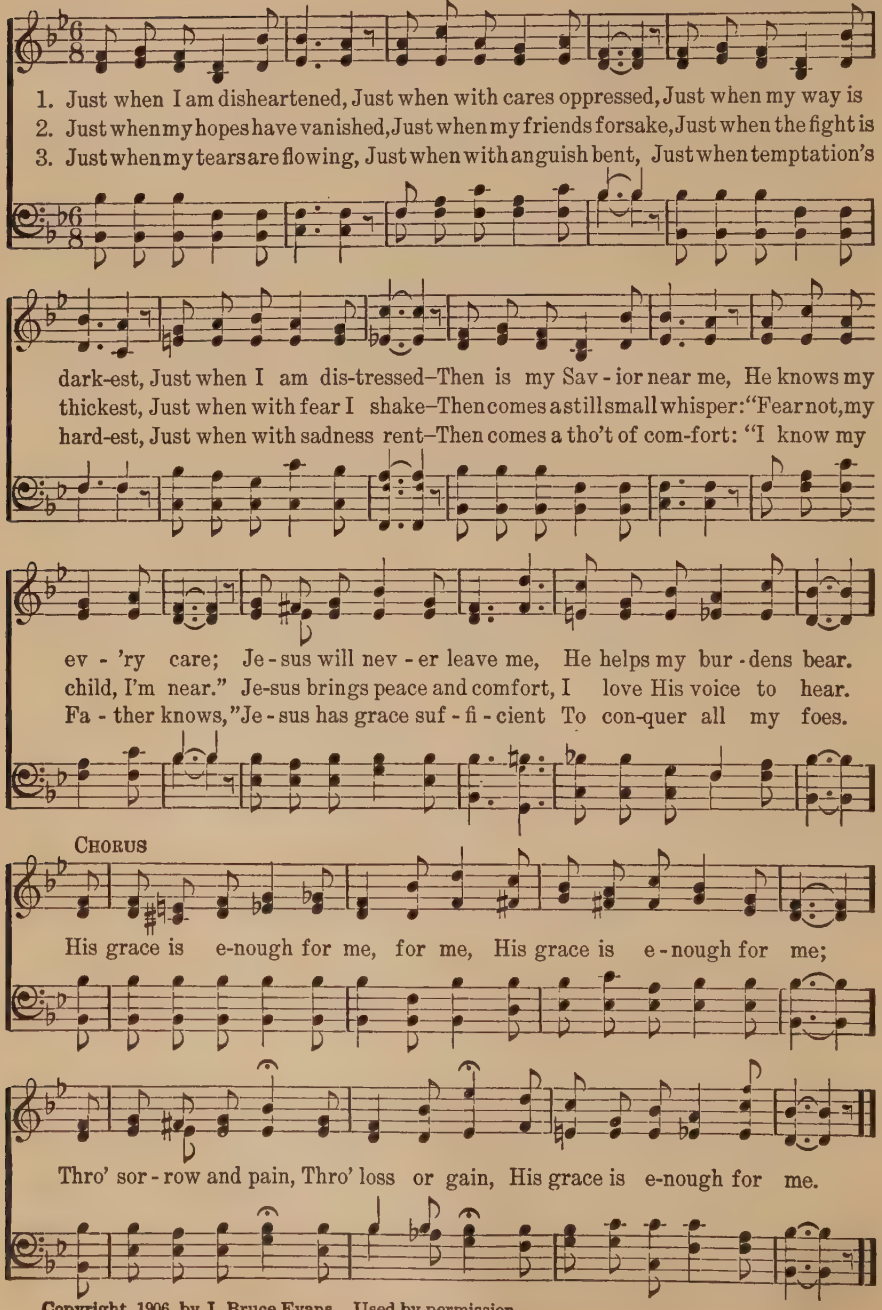
His Grace is Enough for Me

J. B. E. J. Bruce Evans


1. Just when I am disheartened, Just when with cares oppressed, Just when my way is dark-est, Just when I am dis-tressed–Then is my Sav - ior near me, He knows my ev - 'ry care; Je - sus will nev - er leave me, He helps my bur - dens bear.
2. Just when my hopes have vanished, Just when my friends forsake, Just when the fight is thickest, Just when with fear I shake–Then comes a still small whisper: "Fear not, my child, I'm near." Je-sus brings peace and comfort, I love His voice to hear.
3. Just when my tears are flowing, Just when with anguish bent, Just when temptation's hard-est, Just when with sadness rent–Then comes a tho't of com-fort: "I know my Fa - ther knows," Je - sus has grace suf - fi - cient To con-quer all my foes.
Chorus
His grace is e-nough for me, for me, His grace is e - nough for me;
Thro' sor - row and pain, Thro' loss or gain, His grace is e-nough for me.

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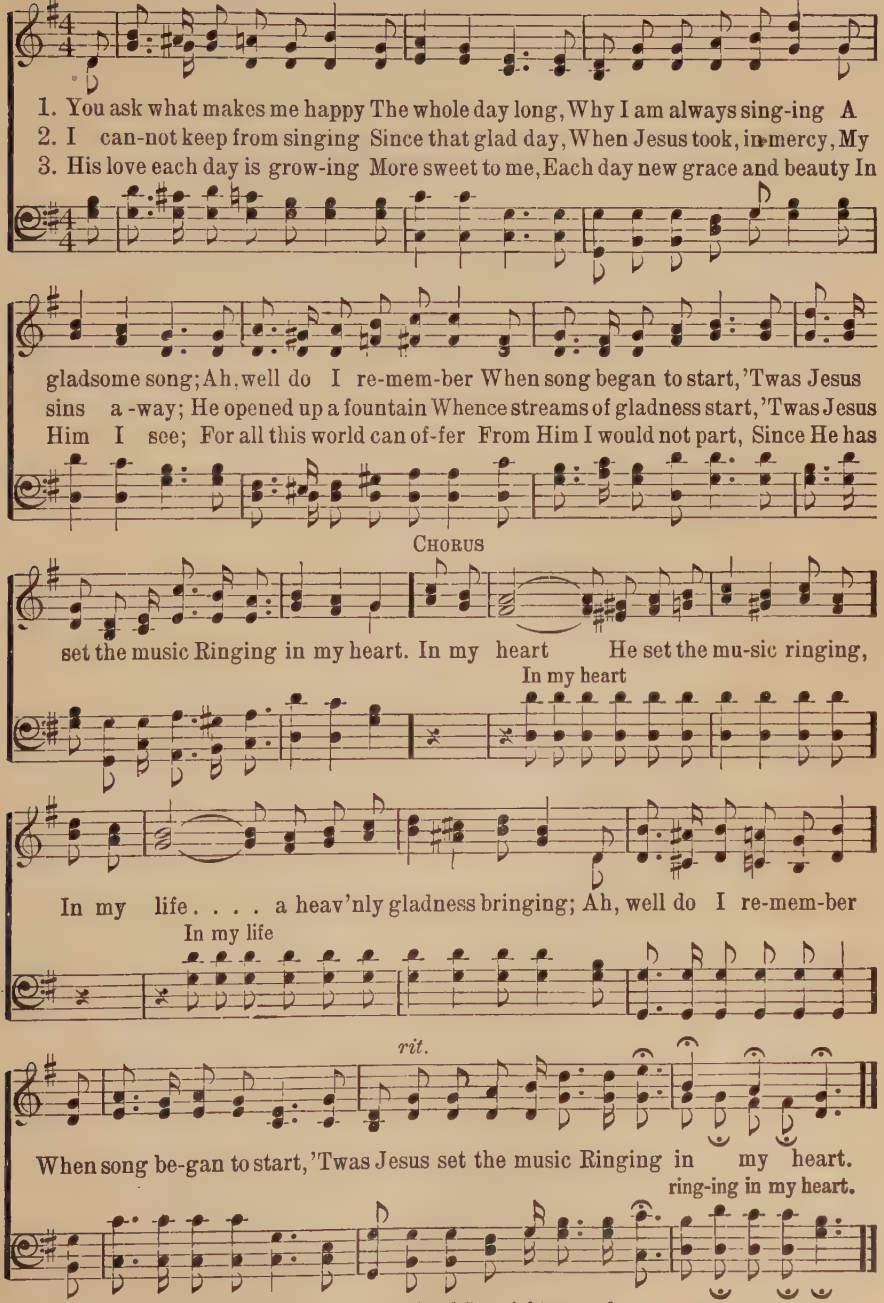
11 Jesus Set the Music Ringing

Rev. GEORGE O. WEBSTER — C. AUSTIN MILES


1. You ask what makes me happy The whole day long, Why I am always sing-ing A
2. I can-not keep from singing Since that glad day, When Jesus took, in mercy, My
3. His love each day is grow-ing More sweet to me, Each day new grace and beauty In
gladsome song; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber When song began to start, 'Twas Jesus
sins a-way; He opened up a fountain Whence streams of gladness start, 'Twas Jesus
Him I see; For all this world can of-fer From Him I would not part, Since He has
CHORUS
set the music Ringing in my heart. In my heart He set the mu-sic ringing,
In my heart
In my life . . . . a heav'nly gladness bringing; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber
In my life
rit.
When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Jesus set the music Ringing in my heart.
ring-ing in my heart.

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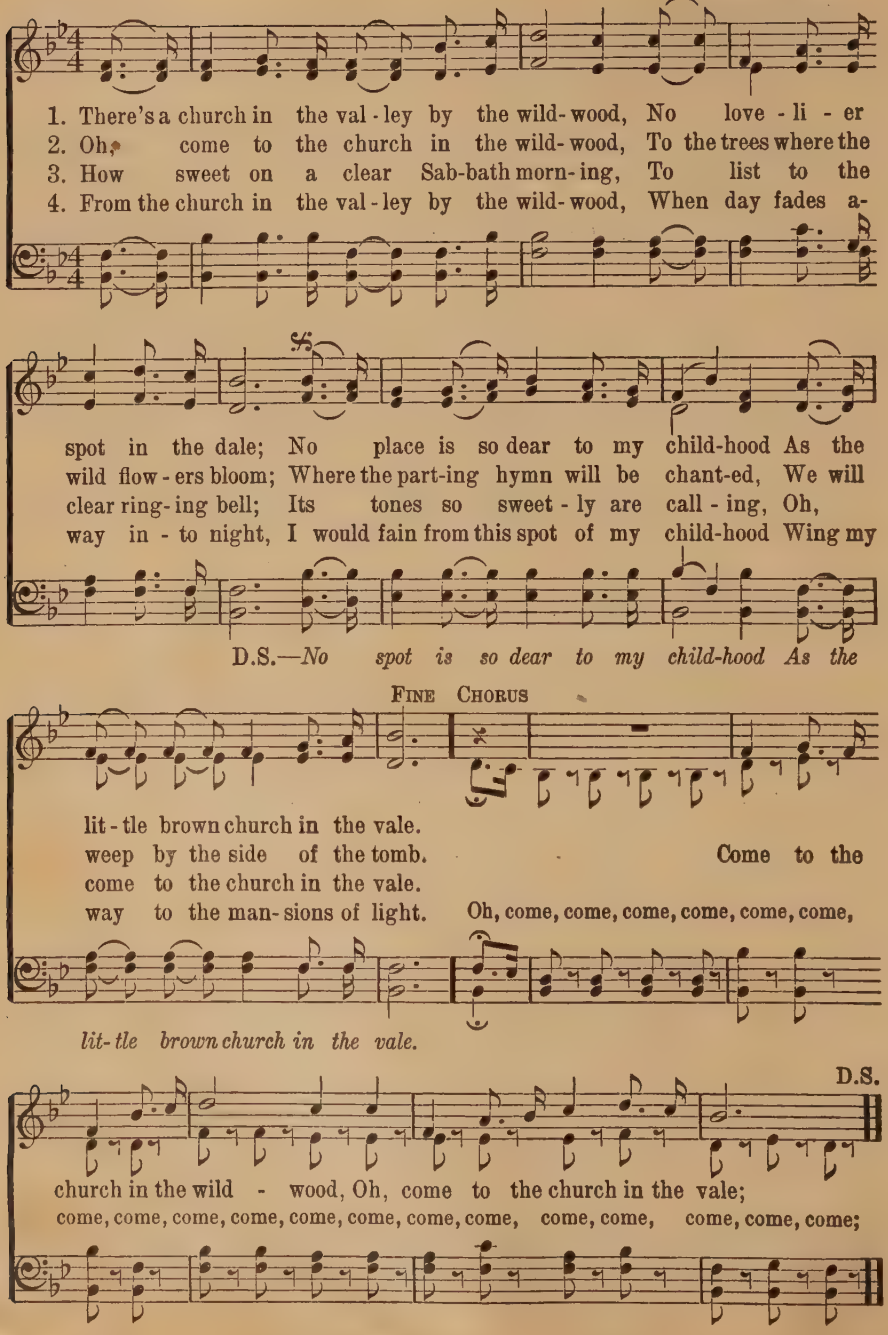
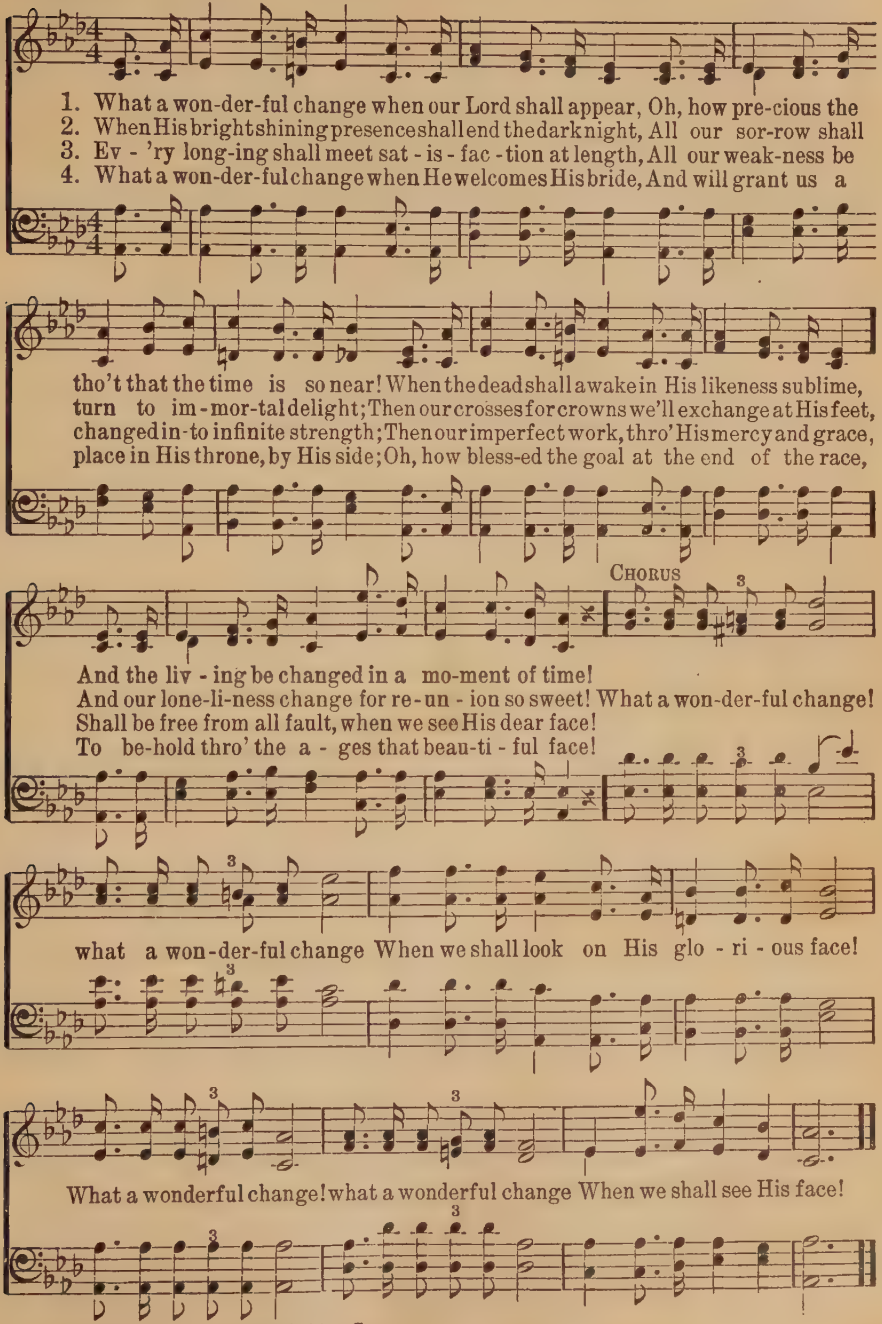
The Church in the Wildwood

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts


1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild - wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn - ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, When day fades a-
spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow - ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
way in - to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my
D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
Fine Chorus
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man - sions of light.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
D.S.
church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

What a Wonderful Change!

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT

M. L. McPHAIL

1. What a won-der-ful change when our Lord shall appear, Oh, how pre-cious the
2. When His bright shining presence shall end the dark night, All our sor-row shall
3. Ev - 'ry long-ing shall meet sat - is - fac - tion at length, All our weak-ness be
4. What a won-der-ful change when He welcomes His bride, And will grant us a
tho't that the time is so near! When the dead shall awake in His likeness sublime,
turn to im-mor-tal delight; Then our crosses for crowns we'll exchange at His feet,
changed in-to infinite strength; Then our imperfect work, thro' His mercy and grace,
place in His throne, by His side; Oh, how bless-ed the goal at the end of the race,
CHORUS
And the liv - ing be changed in a mo-ment of time!
And our lone-li-ness change for re-un - ion so sweet! What a won-der-ful change!
Shall be free from all fault, when we see His dear face!
To be-hold thro' the a - ges that beau-ti - ful face!
what a won-der-ful change When we shall look on His glo - ri - ous face!
What a wonderful change! what a wonderful change When we shall see His face!

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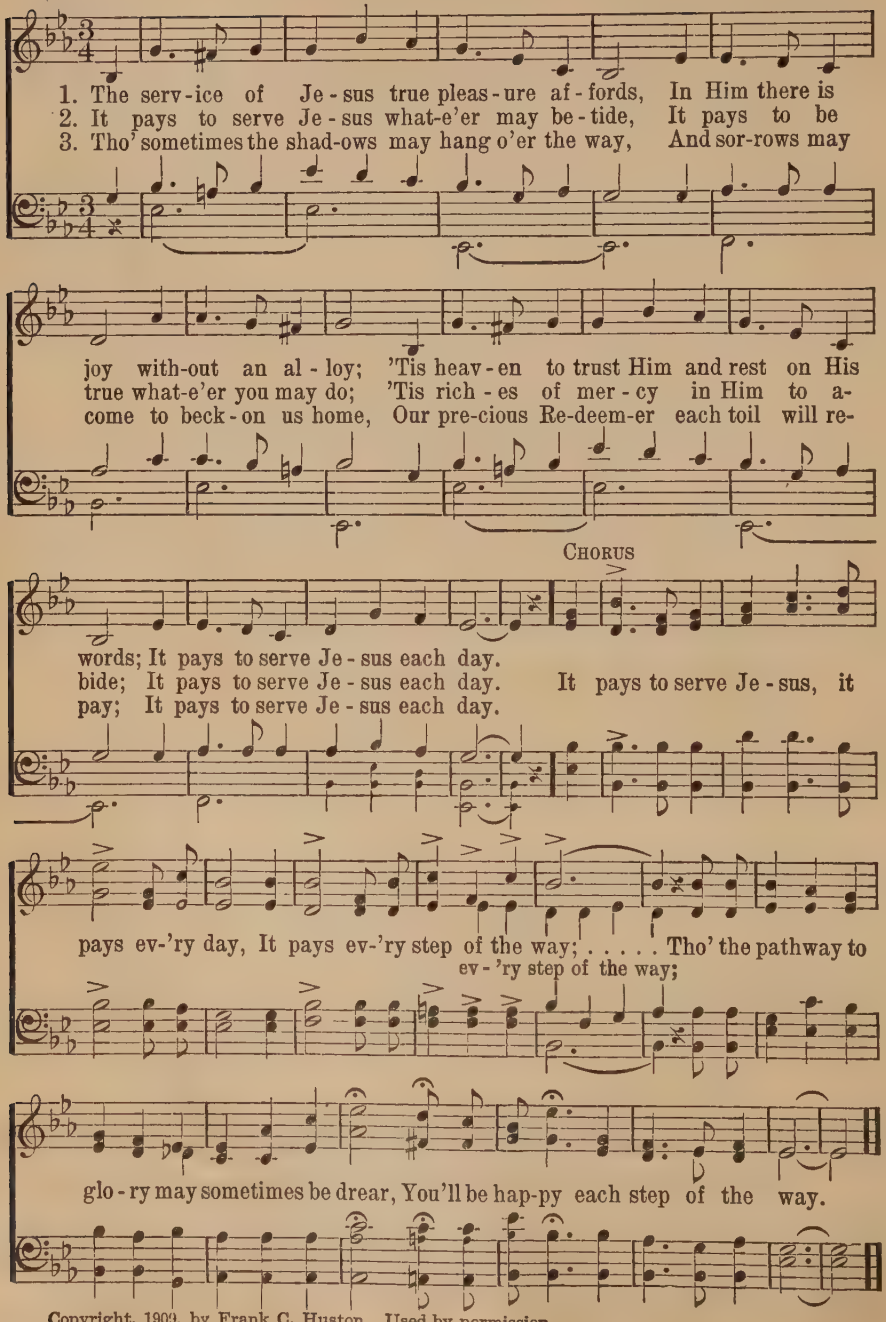
It Pays to Serve Jesus

F. C. H.

FRANK C. HUSTON


1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is
2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide, It pays to be
3. Tho' sometimes the shad-ows may hang o'er the way, And sor-rows may
joy with-out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His
true what-e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-
come to beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-
CHORUS
words; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.
bide; It pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it
pay; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.
pays ev-'ry day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way; . . . . . Tho' the pathway to
ev-'ry step of the way;
glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

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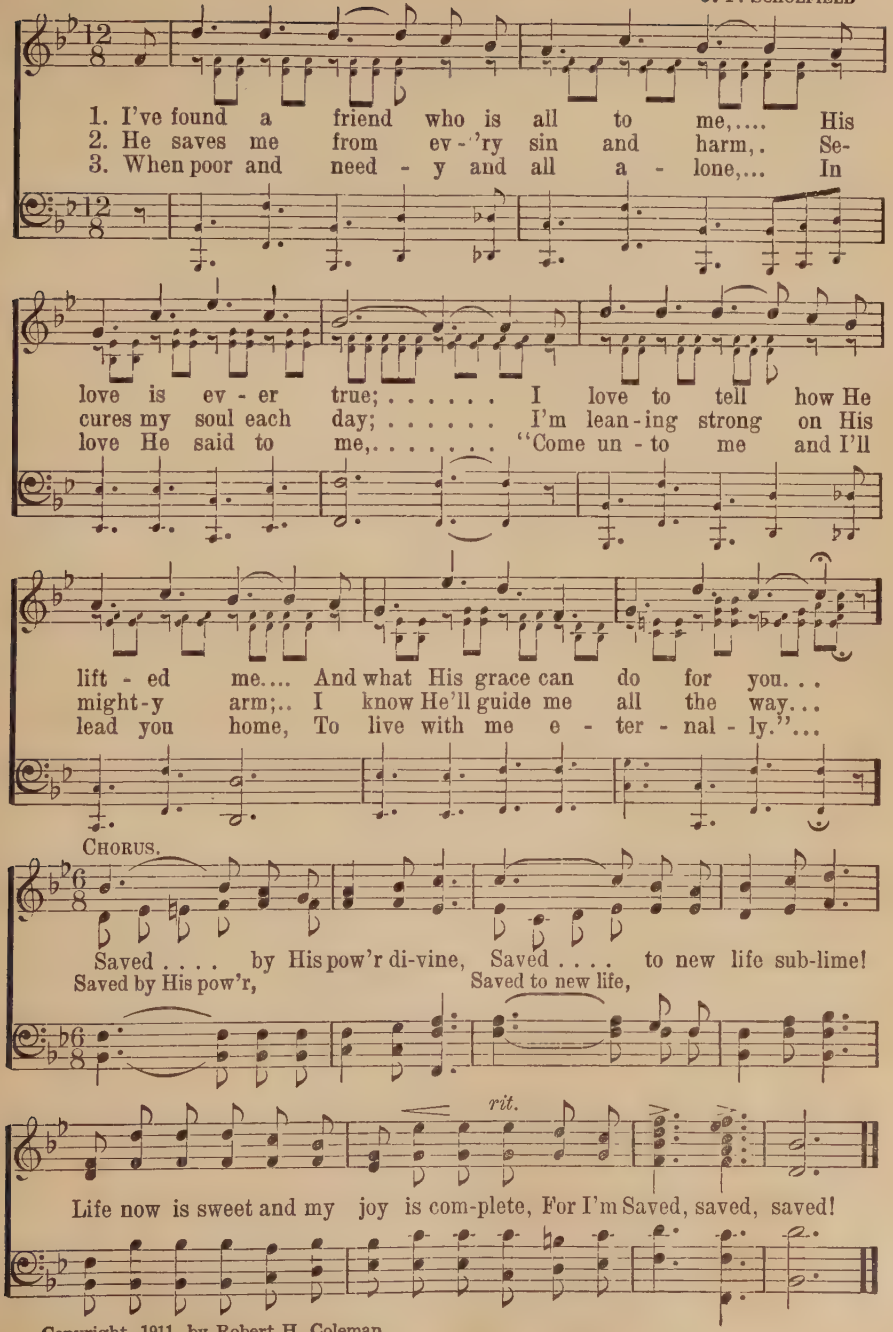
Saved, Saved!

J. P. S. J. P. SCHOLFIELD


1. I've found a friend who is all to me,.... His
2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm,. Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In
love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un - to me and I'll
lift - ed me.... And what His grace can do for you...
might-y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way...
lead you home, To live with me e - ter - nal - ly."...
CHORUS.
Saved .... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved .... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r,
Saved to new life,
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm Saved, saved, saved!

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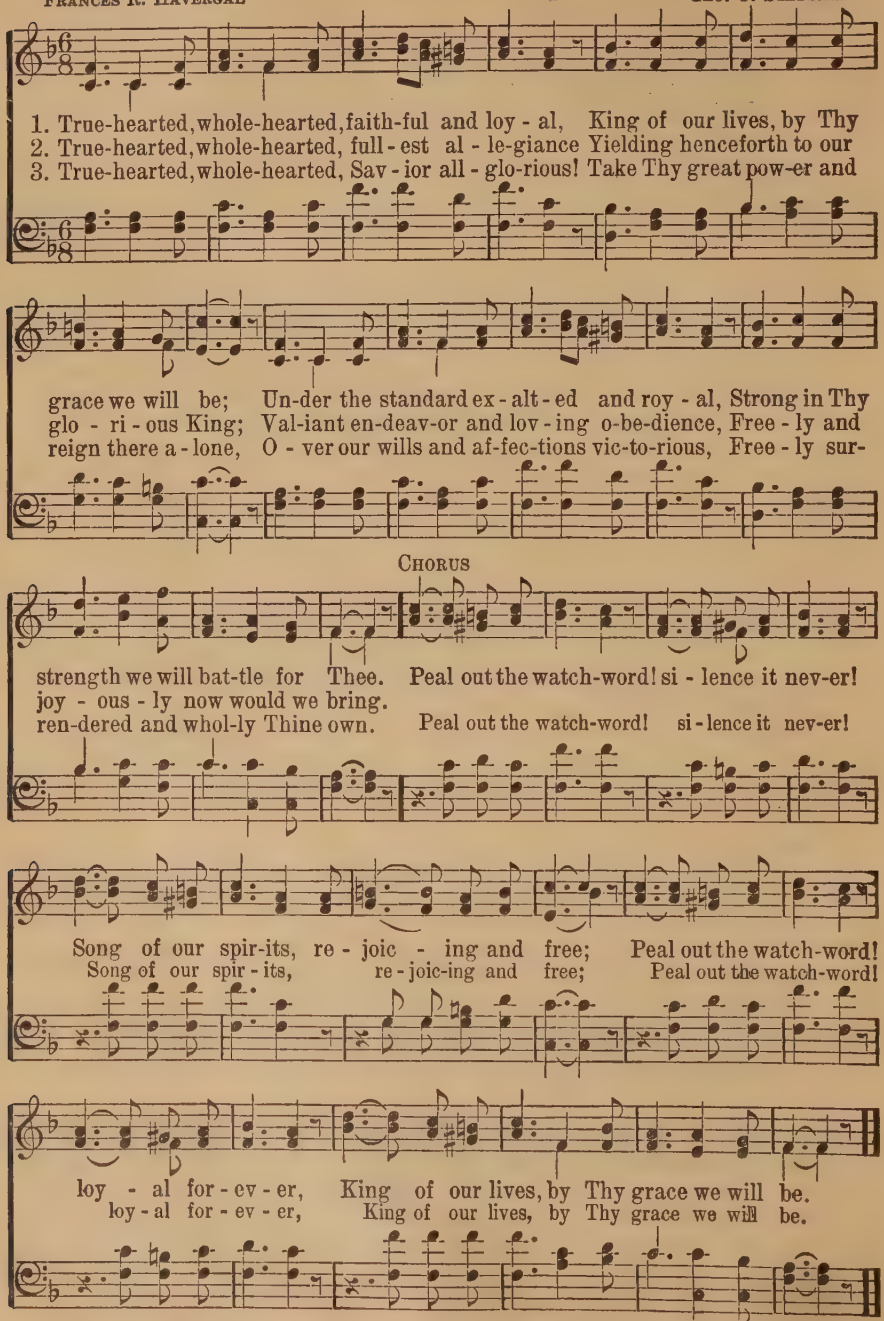
True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav - ior all - glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un-der the standard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy
glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free - ly and
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free - ly sur-
CHORUS
strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev-er!
joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev-er!
Song of our spir-its, re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song of our spir - its, re - joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

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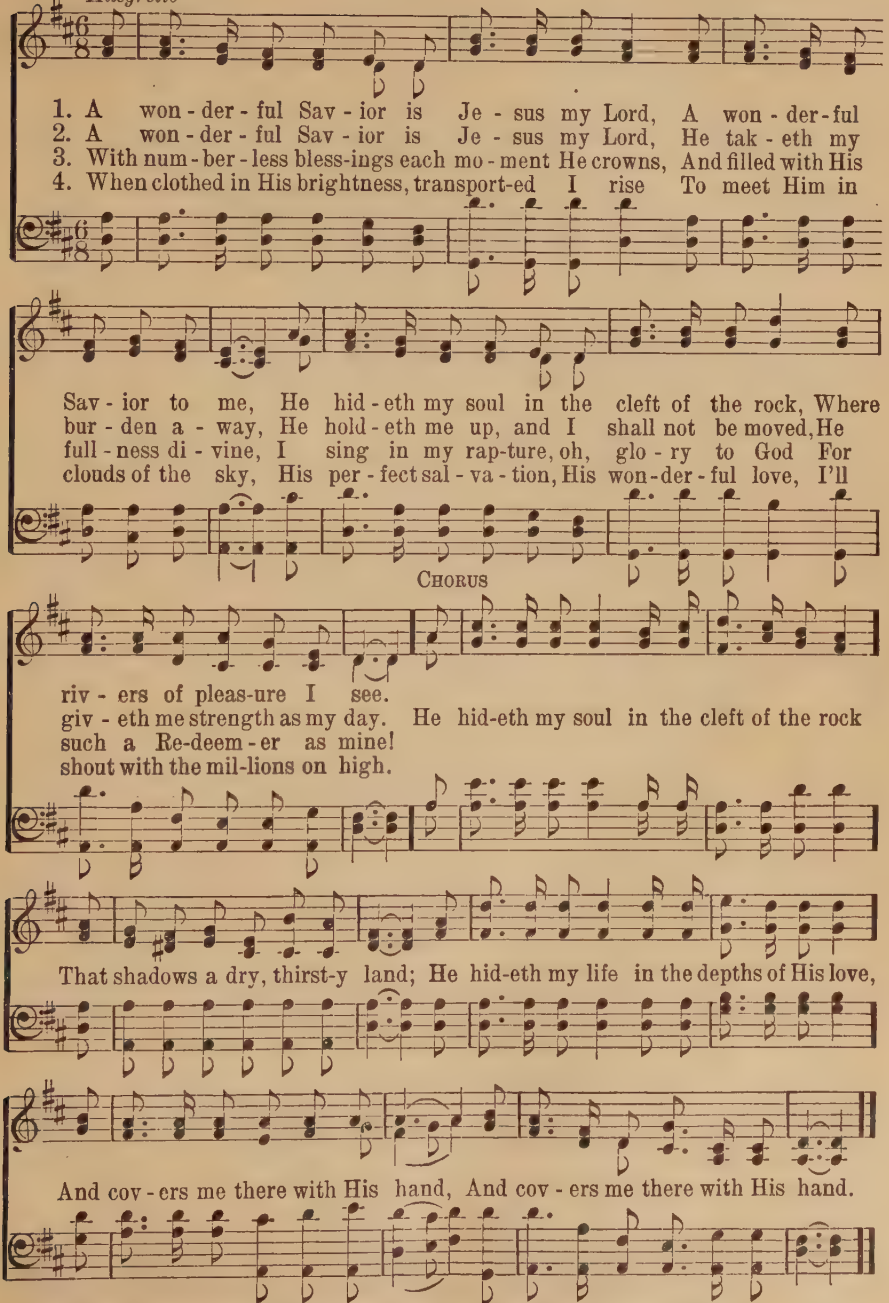
He Hideth My Soul

FANNY J. CROSBY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

Allegretto

1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless-ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness, transport-ed I rise To meet Him in
Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll
CHORUS
riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
such a Re-deem - er as mine!
shout with the mil-lions on high.
That shadows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,
And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

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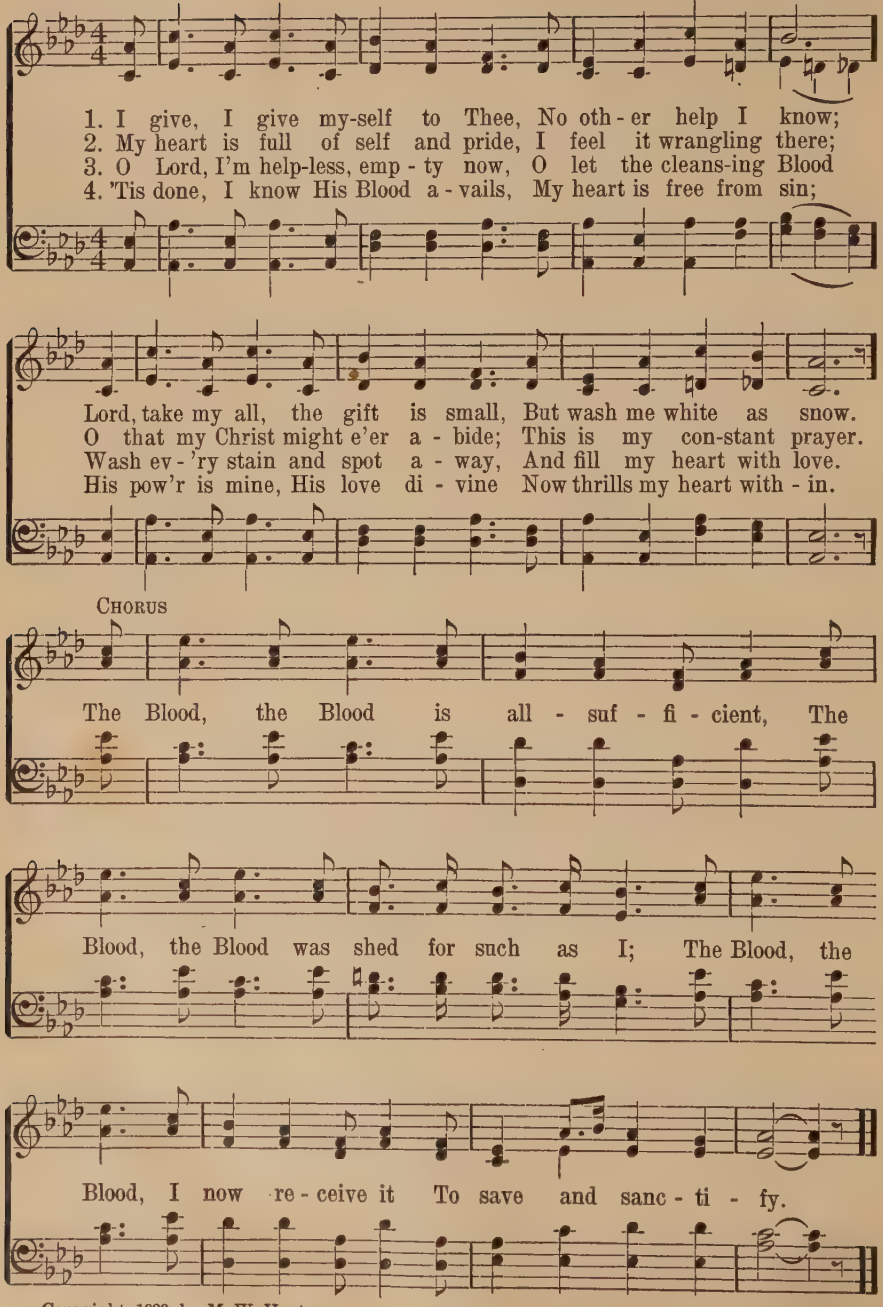
The All-Sufficient Blood

M. W. H. MARSHALL W. HOYT


1. I give, I give my-self to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. My heart is full of self and pride, I feel it wrangling there;
3. O Lord, I'm help-less, emp - ty now, O let the cleans-ing Blood
4. 'Tis done, I know His Blood a - vails, My heart is free from sin;
Lord, take my all, the gift is small, But wash me white as snow.
O that my Christ might e'er a - bide; This is my con-stant prayer.
Wash ev - 'ry stain and spot a - way, And fill my heart with love.
His pow'r is mine, His love di - vine Now thrills my heart with - in.
CHORUS
The Blood, the Blood is all - suf - fi - cient, The
Blood, the Blood was shed for such as I; The Blood, the
Blood, I now re - ceive it To save and sanc - ti - fy.

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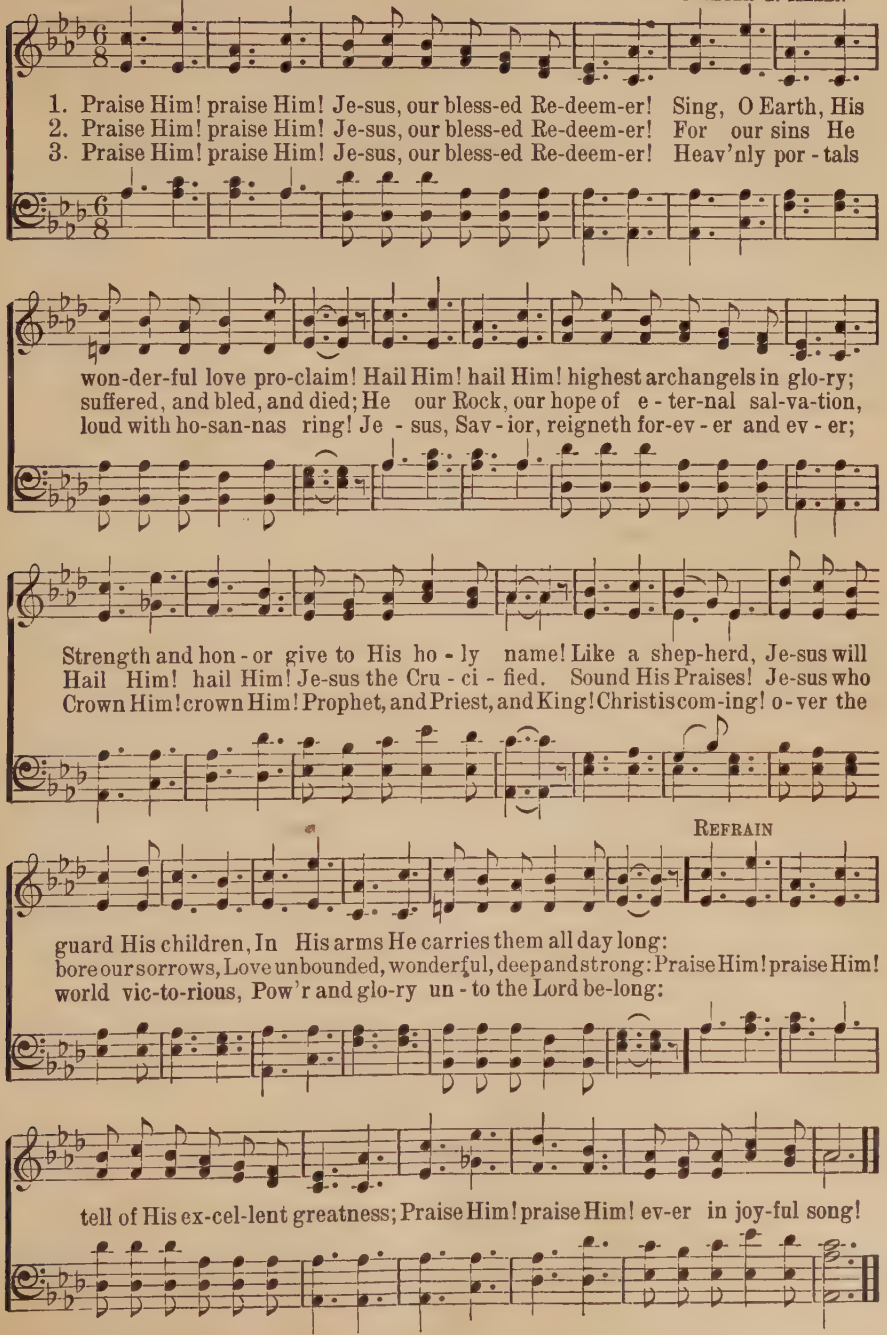
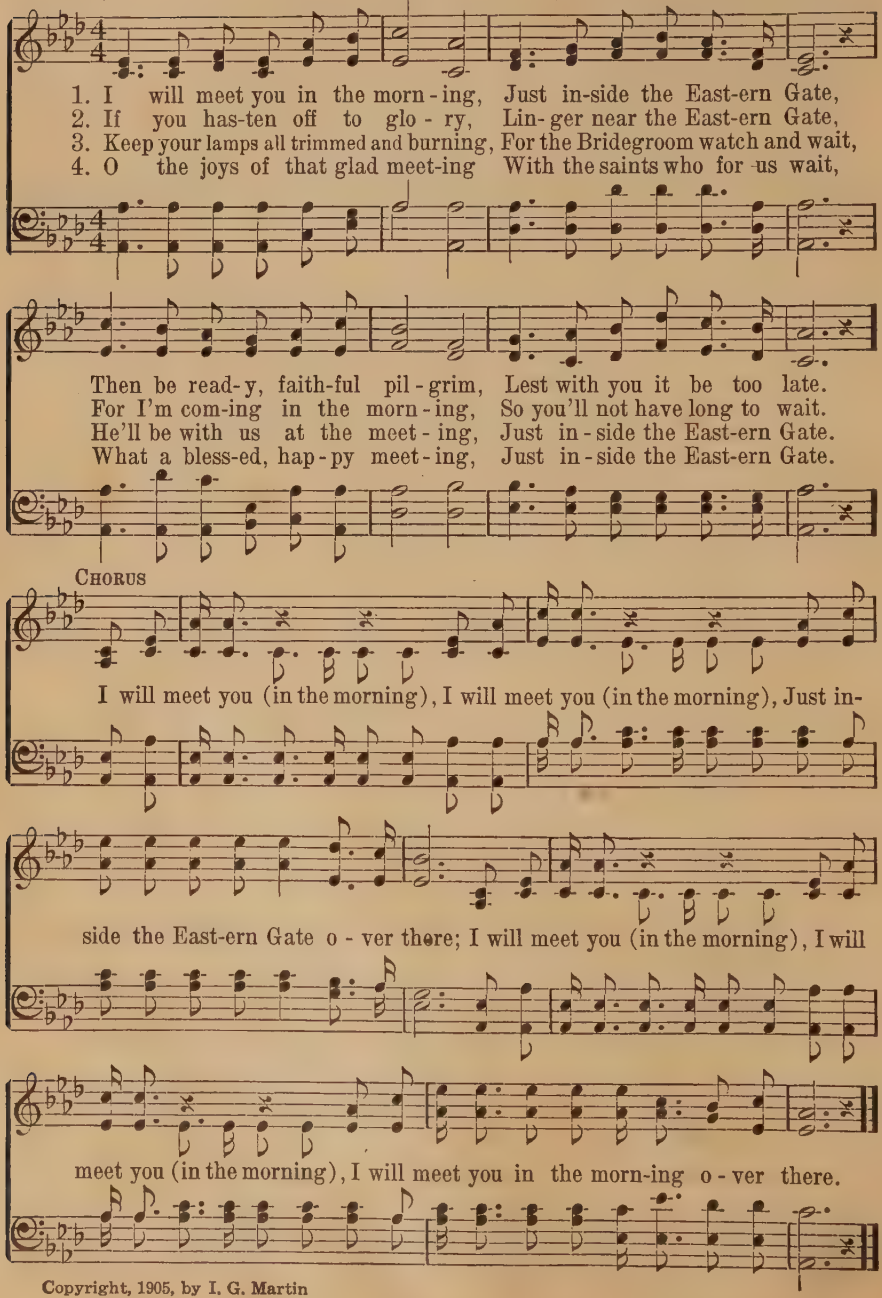
Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;
Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Praises! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the
REFRAIN
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

The Eastern Gate

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ezekiel 43: 1, 2.

I. G. M. Arr. I. G. MARTIN

1. I will meet you in the morn - ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate,
2. If you has-ten off to glo - ry, Lin- ger near the East-ern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
4. O the joys of that glad meet-ing With the saints who for us wait,
Then be read-y, faith-ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm com-ing in the morn - ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meet - ing, Just in - side the East-ern Gate.
What a bless-ed, hap - py meet - ing, Just in - side the East-ern Gate.
CHORUS
I will meet you (in the morning), I will meet you (in the morning), Just in-
side the East-ern Gate o - ver there; I will meet you (in the morning), I will
meet you (in the morning), I will meet you in the morn-ing o - ver there.

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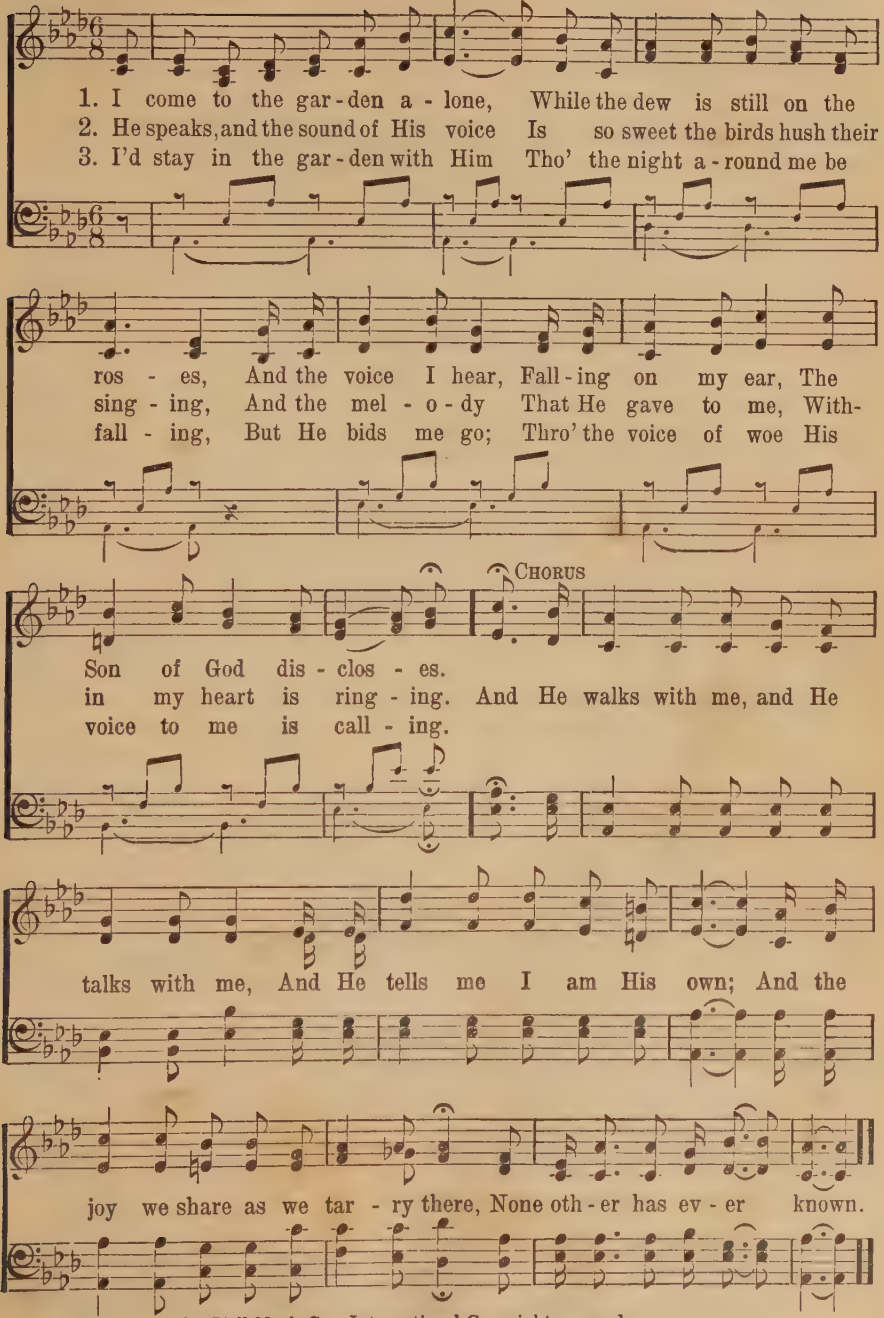
In The Garden

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles


1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him Tho' the night a - round me be
ros - es, And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His
Chorus
Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the
joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

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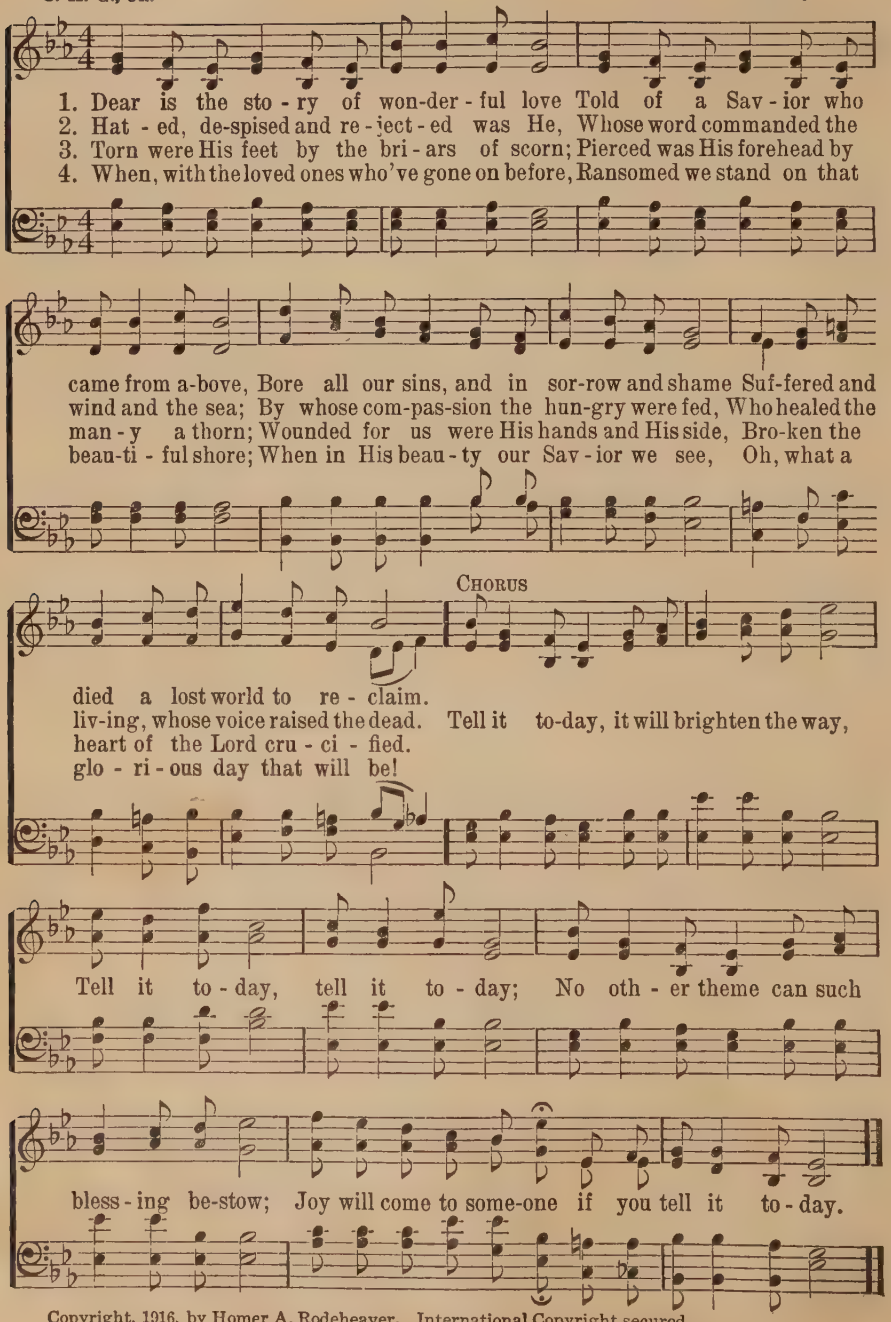
Tell It To-day

C. H. G., Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.


1. Dear is the sto - ry of won-der - ful love Told of a Sav - ior who
2. Hat - ed, de-spised and re - ject - ed was He, Whose word commanded the
3. Torn were His feet by the bri - ars of scorn; Pierced was His forehead by
4. When, with the loved ones who've gone on before, Ransomed we stand on that
came from a-bove, Bore all our sins, and in sor-row and shame Suf-fered and
wind and the sea; By whose com-pas-sion the hun-gry were fed, Who healed the
man - y a thorn; Wounded for us were His hands and His side, Bro-ken the
beau-ti - ful shore; When in His beau - ty our Sav - ior we see, Oh, what a
Chorus
died a lost world to re - claim.
liv-ing, whose voice raised the dead. Tell it to-day, it will brighten the way,
heart of the Lord cru - ci - fied.
glo - ri - ous day that will be!
Tell it to - day, tell it to - day; No oth - er theme can such
bless - ing be-stow; Joy will come to some-one if you tell it to - day.

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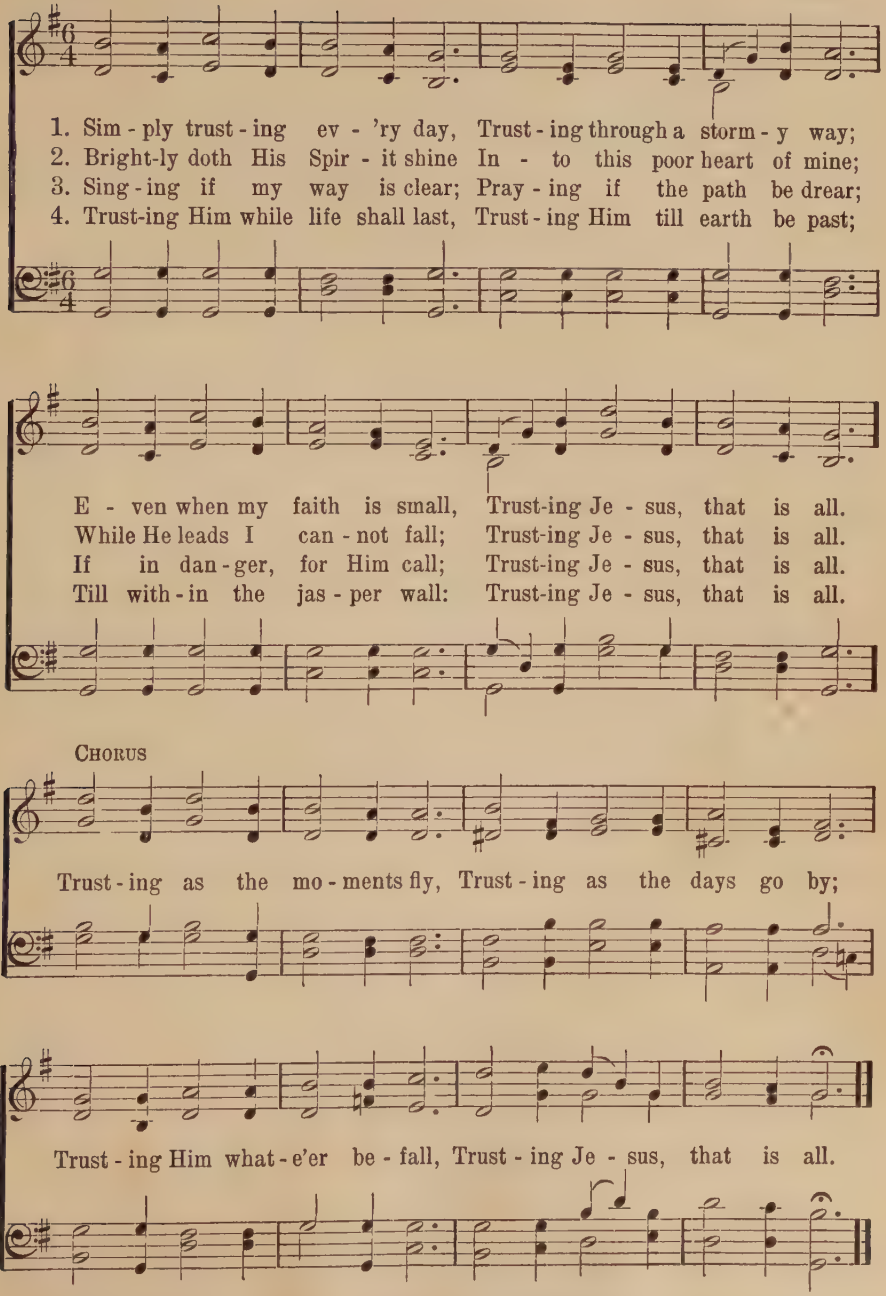
Trusting Jesus

E. PAGE

IRA D. SANKEY

1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing if my way is clear; Pray - ing if the path be drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth be past;
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall: Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS
Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;
Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

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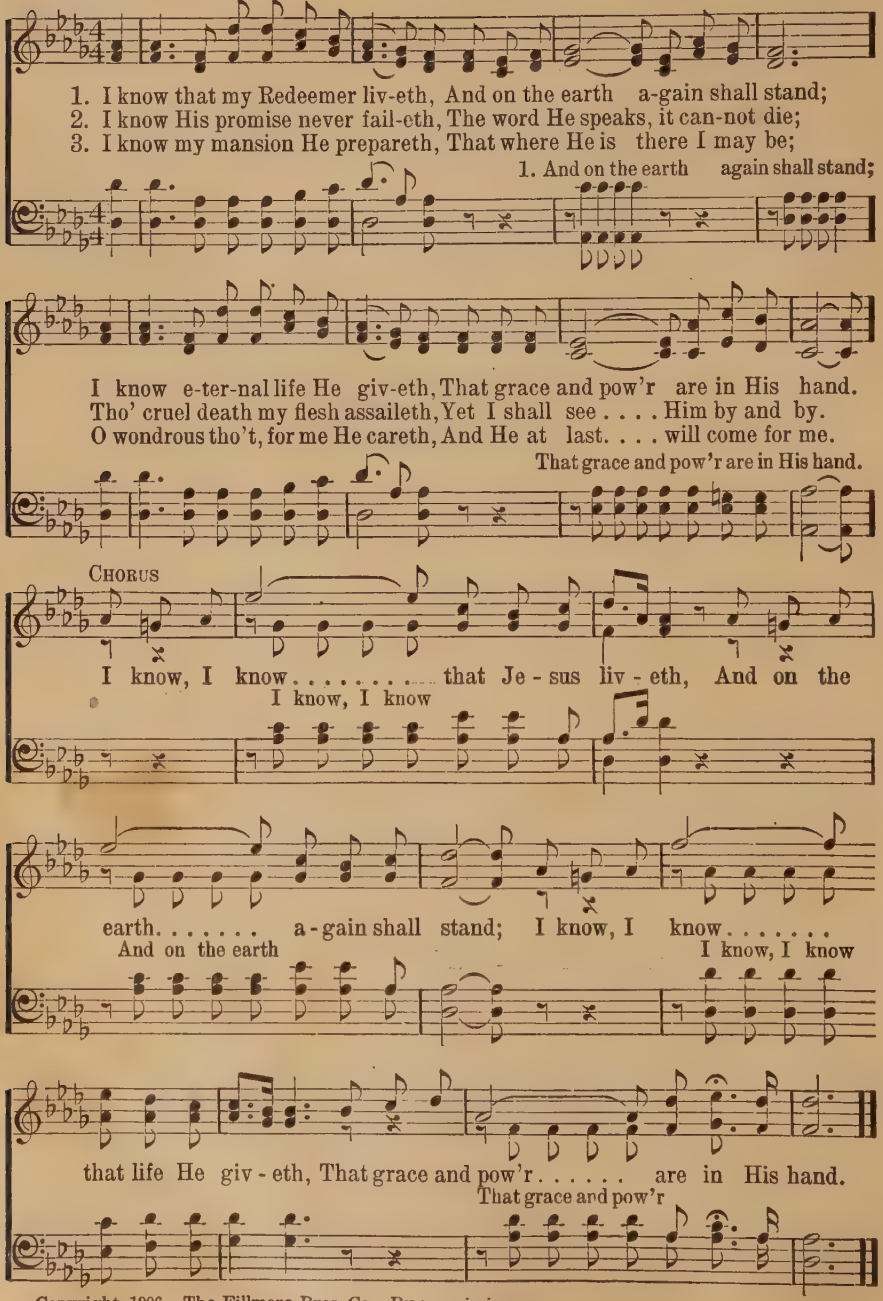
I Know That My Redeemer Liveth

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS — J. H. FILLMORE


1. I know that my Redeemer liv-eth, And on the earth a-gain shall stand;
2. I know His promise never fail-eth, The word He speaks, it can-not die;
3. I know my mansion He prepareth, That where He is there I may be;
1. And on the earth again shall stand;
I know e-ter-nal life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r are in His hand.
Tho' cruel death my flesh assaileth, Yet I shall see . . . . Him by and by.
O wondrous tho't, for me He careth, And He at last. . . . will come for me.
That grace and pow'r are in His hand.
CHORUS
I know, I know . . . . . that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the
I know, I know
earth. . . . . a - gain shall stand; I know, I know. . . . . .
And on the earth
I know, I know
that life He giv - eth, That grace and pow'r . . . . . are in His hand.
That grace and pow'r

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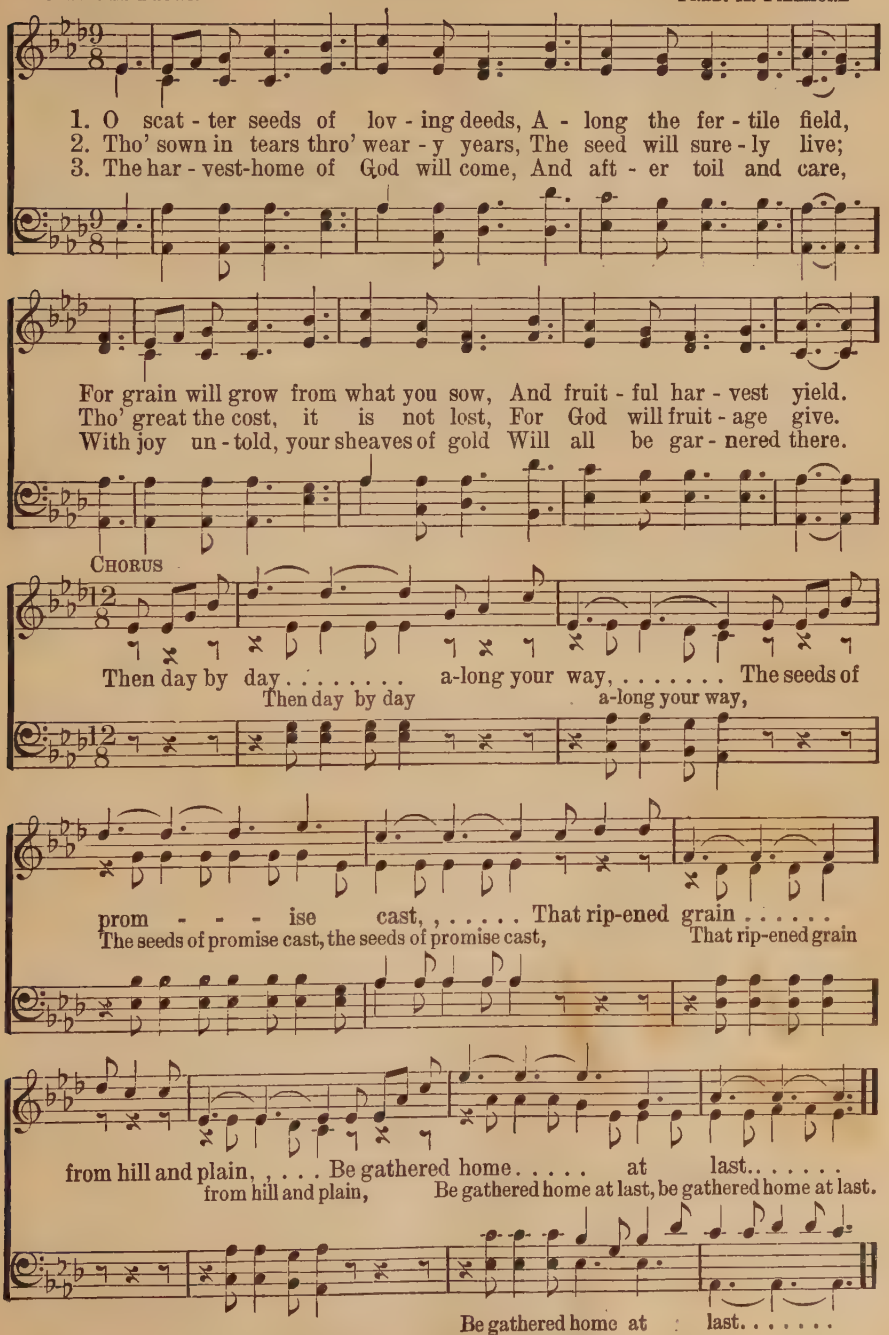
25 O Scatter Seeds of Loving Deeds

JESSIE H. BROWN FRED. A. FILLMORE


1. O scat - ter seeds of lov - ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wear - y years, The seed will sure - ly live;
3. The har - vest-home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care,
For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit - ful har - vest yield.
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruit - age give.
With joy un - told, your sheaves of gold Will all be gar - nered there.
CHORUS
Then day by day . . . . . a-long your way, ... The seeds of
Then day by day a-long your way,
prom - - - - ise cast, , ... That rip-ened grain . . . . .
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That rip-ened grain
from hill and plain, , . . . Be gathered home . . . . . at last. . . . . .
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
Be gathered home at last. . . . . .

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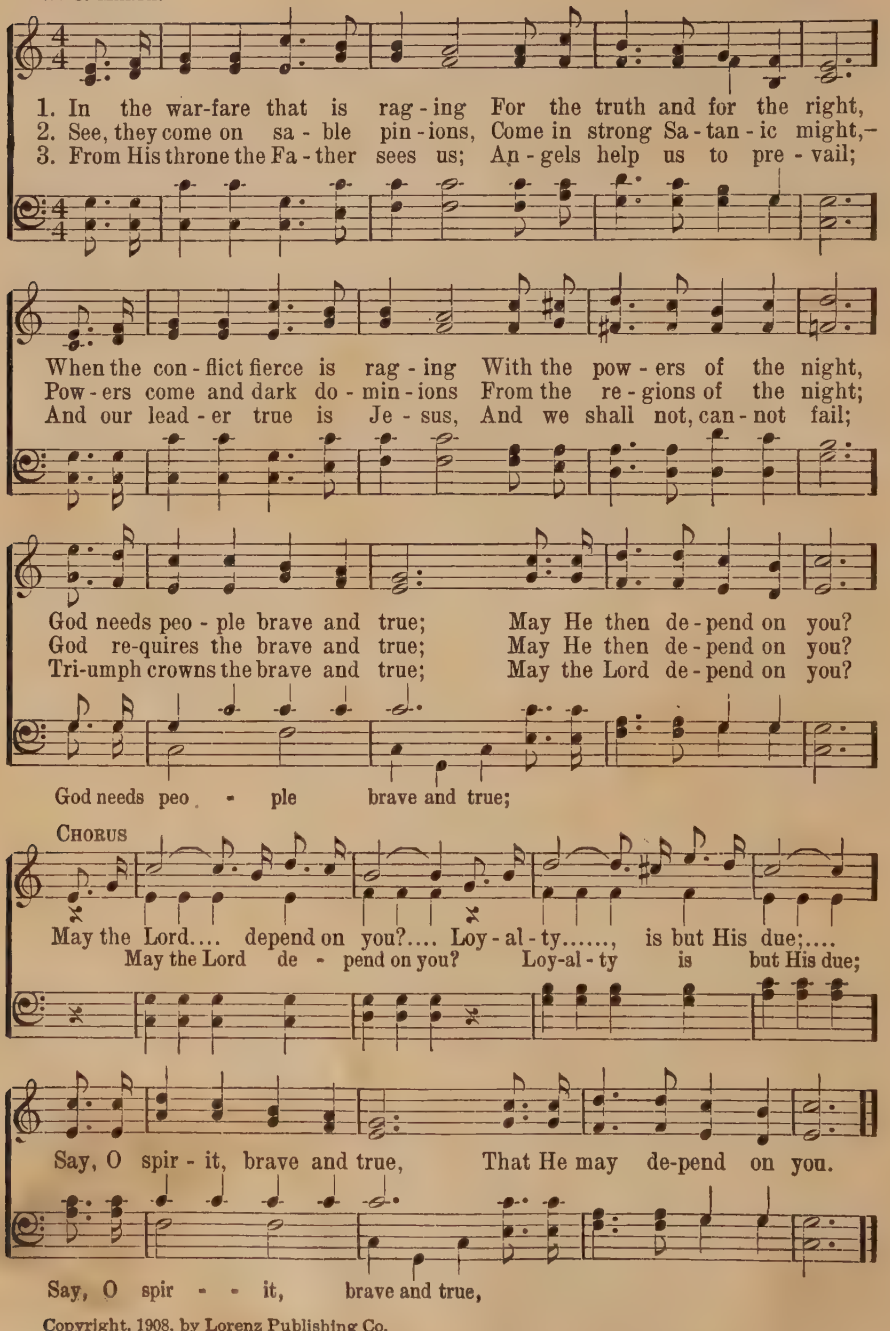
May God Depend On You?

W. C. MARTIN — IRA B. WILSON

1. In the war-fare that is rag - ing For the truth and for the right,
2. See, they come on sa - ble pin - ions, Come in strong Sa - tan - ic might,–
3. From His throne the Fa - ther sees us; An - gels help us to pre - vail;
When the con - flict fierce is rag - ing With the pow - ers of the night,
Pow - ers come and dark do - min - ions From the re - gions of the night;
And our lead - er true is Je - sus, And we shall not, can - not fail;
God needs peo - ple brave and true; May He then de - pend on you?
God re-quires the brave and true; May He then de - pend on you?
Tri-umph crowns the brave and true; May the Lord de - pend on you?
God needs peo - ple brave and true;
CHORUS
May the Lord.... depend on you?.... Loy - al - ty....., is but His due;....
May the Lord de - pend on you? Loy-al - ty is but His due;
Say, O spir - it, brave and true, That He may de-pend on you.
Say, O spir - - it, brave and true,

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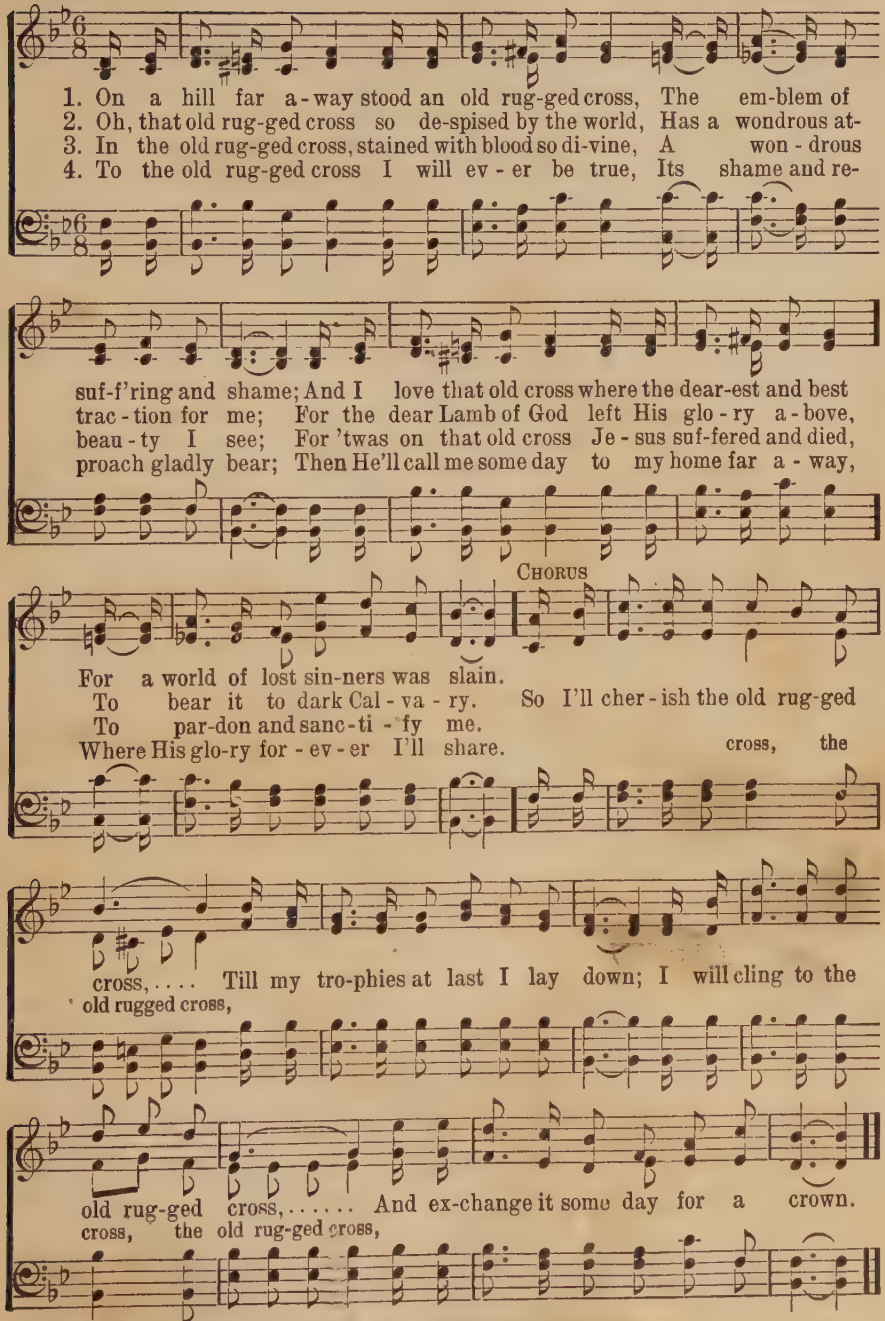
The Old Rugged Cross

Rev. G. B. — Rev. Geo. Bennard


1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-
suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,
Chorus
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.
cross, the
cross, ... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rugged cross,
old rug-ged cross, ... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

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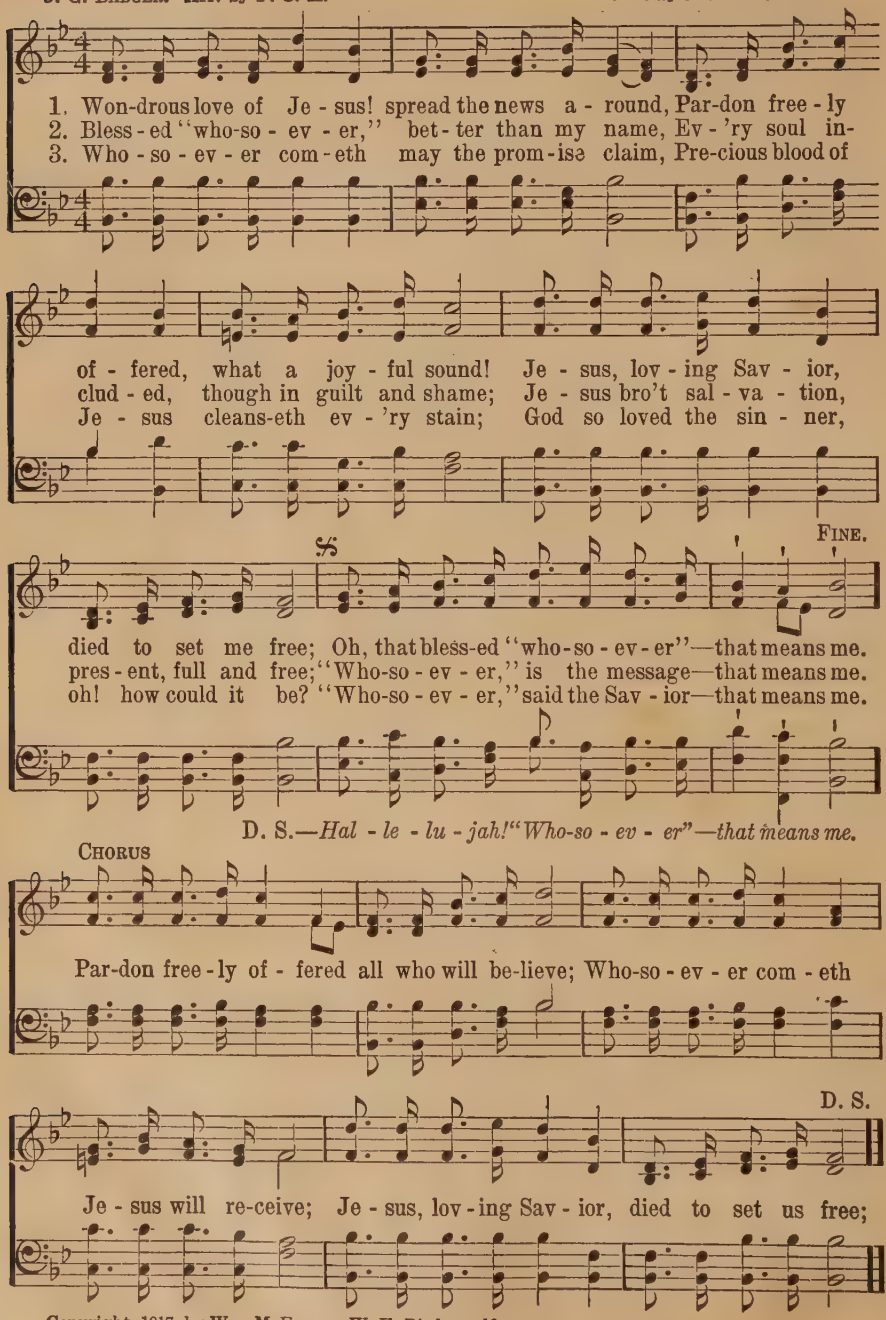
"Whosoever" Means Me

J. G. Badger. Arr. by F. C. H. Arr. by Frank C. Huston


1. Won-drous love of Je - sus! spread the news a - round, Par-don free - ly
2. Bless - ed "who-so - ev - er," bet - ter than my name, Ev - 'ry soul in-
3. Who - so - ev - er com - eth may the prom - ise claim, Pre-cious blood of
of - fered, what a joy - ful sound! Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - ior,
clud - ed, though in guilt and shame; Je - sus bro't sal - va - tion,
Je - sus cleans-eth ev - 'ry stain; God so loved the sin - ner,
FINE.
died to set me free; Oh, that bless-ed "who-so - ev - er"—that means me.
pres - ent, full and free; "Who-so - ev - er," is the message—that means me.
oh! how could it be? "Who-so - ev - er," said the Sav - ior—that means me.
D. S.—Hal - le - lu - jah! "Who-so - ev - er"—that means me.
Chorus
Par-don free - ly of - fered all who will be-lieve; Who-so - ev - er com - eth
D. S.
Je - sus will re-ceive; Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - ior, died to set us free;

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We'll Girdle the Globe

V. A. Dake — Ida M. Dake

1. Be - hold the hands . . . . . stretched out for aid, ... Dark-ened by
2. In hea-then lands . . . . . they watch and wait, ... And sigh for
3. Oh, flash the ti - - - - - dings! shout the sound, ... In dark - est
4. The watch-fires kin - - - - - dle far and near, ... In ev - 'ry

1, Be-hold the hands stretched out for aid,

sin . . . . . and sore dis - mayed; . . . . . Oh, will you
help . . . . . which comes so late, ... And grope in
lands . . . . . the world a - round, ... Till all the
land . . . . . let them ap - pear, ... Till burn - ing

Dark-ened by sin, and sore dis-mayed;

rit.

to . . . . . their res-cue go, ... Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?
sin . . . . . and nature's night, ... For - ev - er vain-ly seek-ing light.
earth, ... from pole to pole, ... Shall full sal-va-tion ech-oes roll.
lines . . . . . of gos - pel fire . . . . . Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Oh, will you to their res-cue go, Lost wand'rers down to end-less woe?

CHORUS

We'll gir - dle the globe with sal-va - tion, With ho - li-ness un - to the Lord;

And light shall il - lu-mine each na - tion, The light from the lamp of His word.

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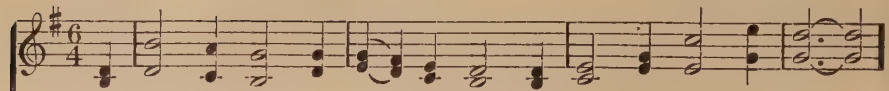
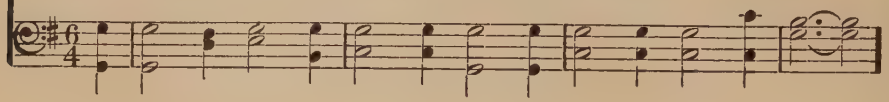
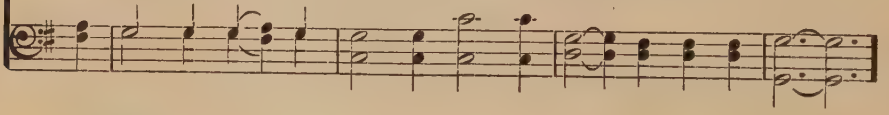
Christ Liveth In Me

EL NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
2. As rays of light from yon - der sun, The flow'rs of earth set free,
3. As lives the flow'r with-in the seed, As in the cone the tree,
4. With long - ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be.

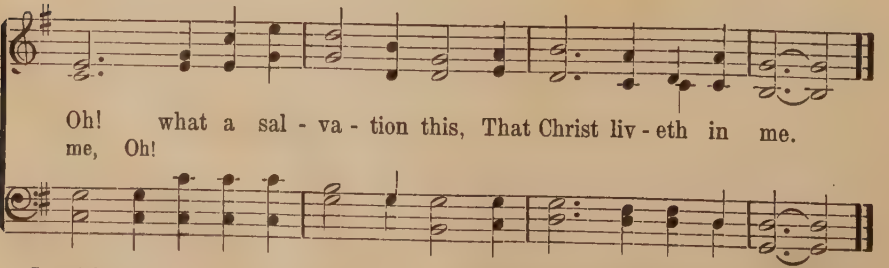


But in God's Word the light I found, Now Christ liv - eth in me.
So life and light and love came forth From Christ liv - ing in me.
So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.
As on the won-drous thought I dwell That Christ liv - eth in me.



CHORUS

Christ liv - eth in me, Christ liv - eth in me,
Christ liv - eth in me, Christ liv - eth in



Oh! what a sal - va - tion this, That Christ liv - eth in me.
me, Oh!

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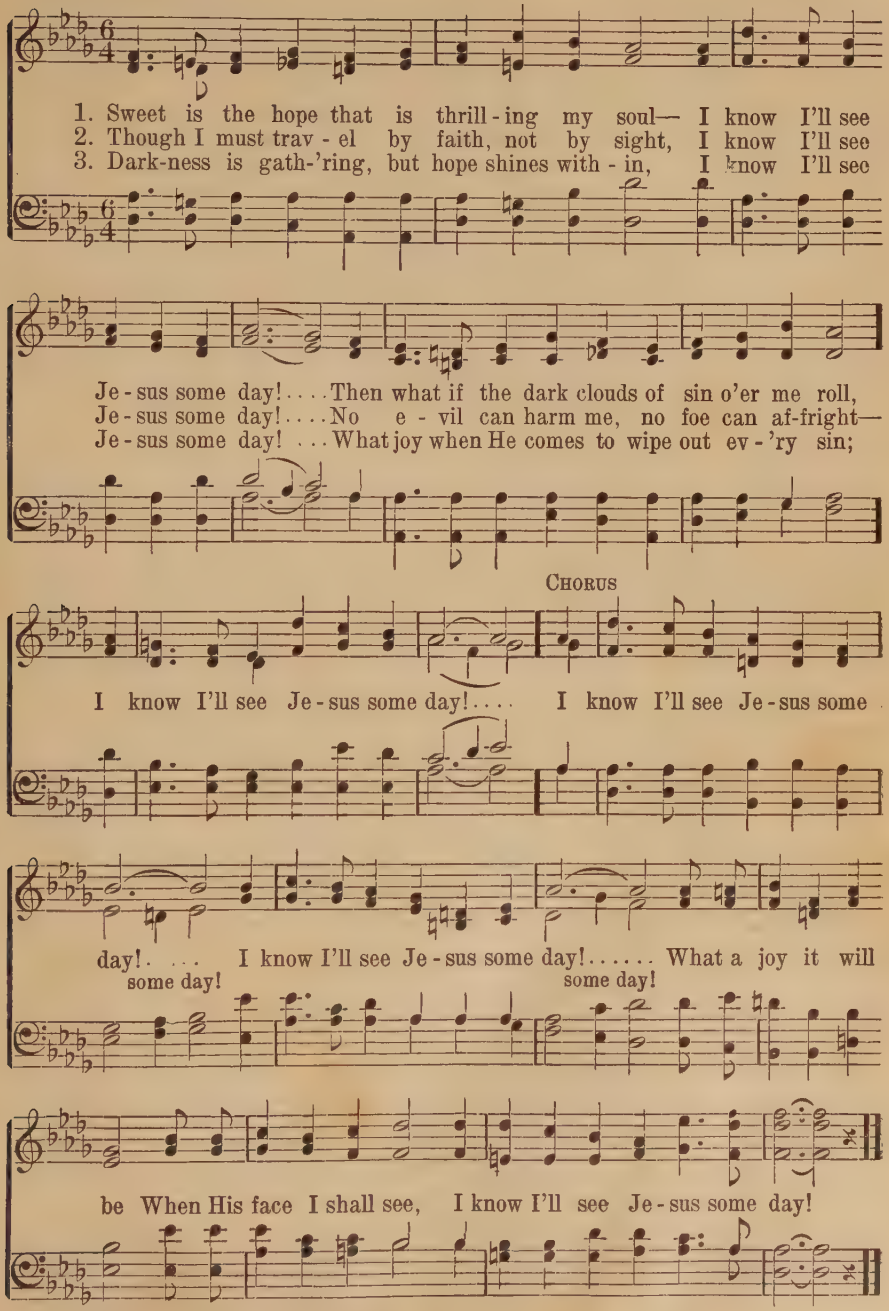
31 I Know I'll See Jesus Some Day

AVIS M. CHRISTIANSEN SCOTT LAWRENCE


1. Sweet is the hope that is thrill-ing my soul— I know I'll see
2. Though I must trav-el by faith, not by sight, I know I'll see
3. Dark-ness is gath-'ring, but hope shines with-in, I know I'll see
Je-sus some day!....Then what if the dark clouds of sin o'er me roll,
Je-sus some day!....No e-vil can harm me, no foe can af-fright—
Je-sus some day! ...What joy when He comes to wipe out ev-'ry sin;
CHORUS
I know I'll see Je-sus some day!.... I know I'll see Je-sus some
day!... I know I'll see Je-sus some day!..... What a joy it will
some day!
some day!
be When His face I shall see, I know I'll see Je-sus some day!

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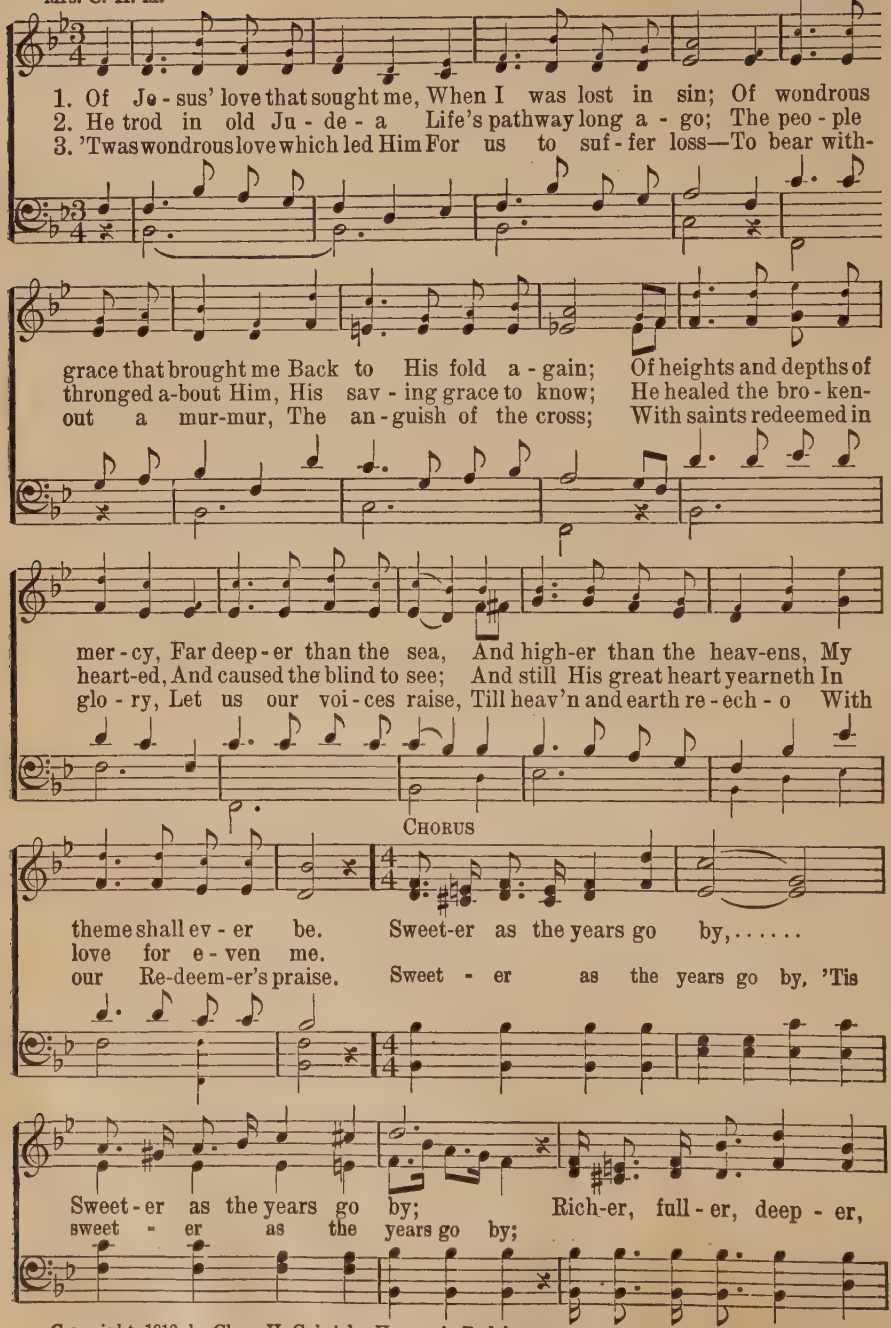
Sweeter As the Years Go By

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris


1. Of Je - sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss—To bear with-
grace that brought me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of
throngèd a-bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro - ken-
out a mur-mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in
mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high-er than the heav-ens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voi - ces raise, Till heav'n and earth re - ech - o With
Chorus
theme shall ev - er be. Sweet-er as the years go by, ...
love for e - ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis
Sweet - er as the years go by; Rich-er, full - er, deep - er,
sweet - er as the years go by;

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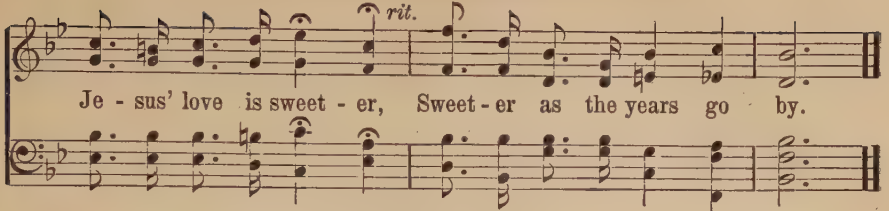
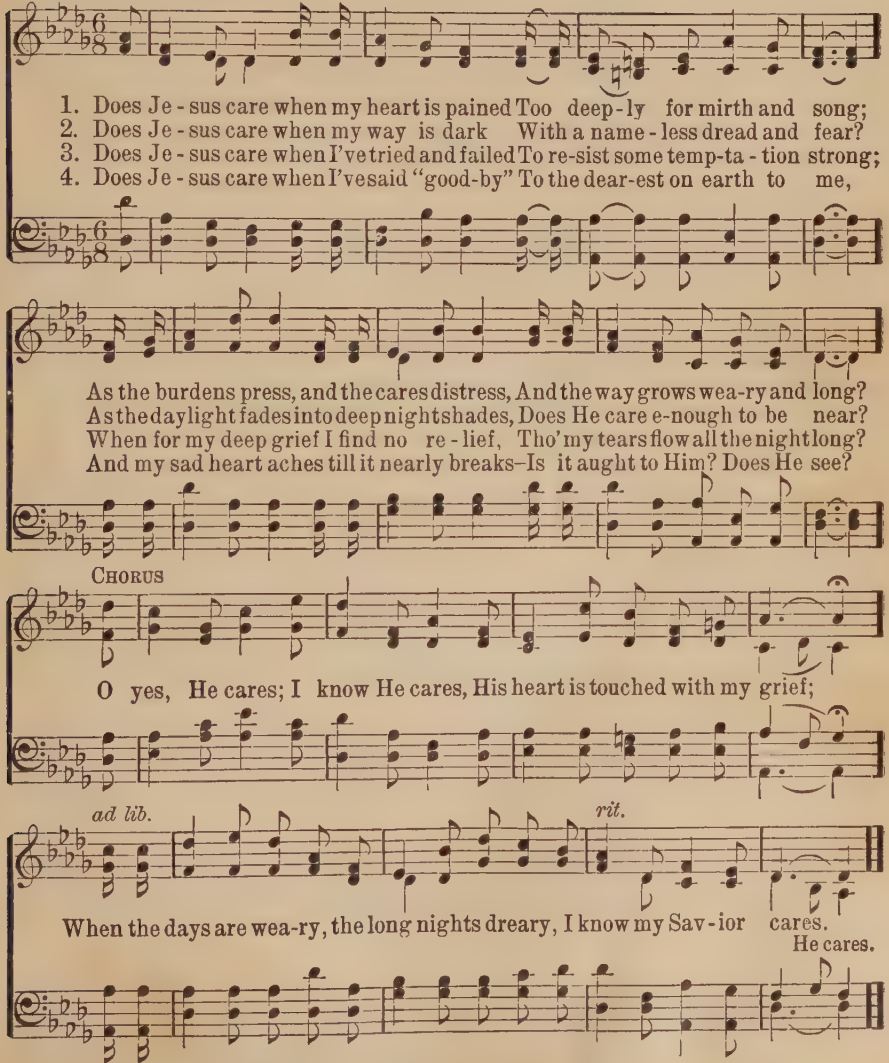
Sweeter As the Years Go By

33 Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF J. LINCOLN HALL


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth and song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temp-ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-by" To the dear-est on earth to me,
As the burdens press, and the cares distress, And the way grows wea-ry and long?
As the daylight fades into deep night shades, Does He care e-nough to be near?
When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks–Is it aught to Him? Does He see?
CHORUS
O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;
ad lib.
rit.
When the days are wea-ry, the long nights dreary, I know my Sav - ior cares.
He cares.

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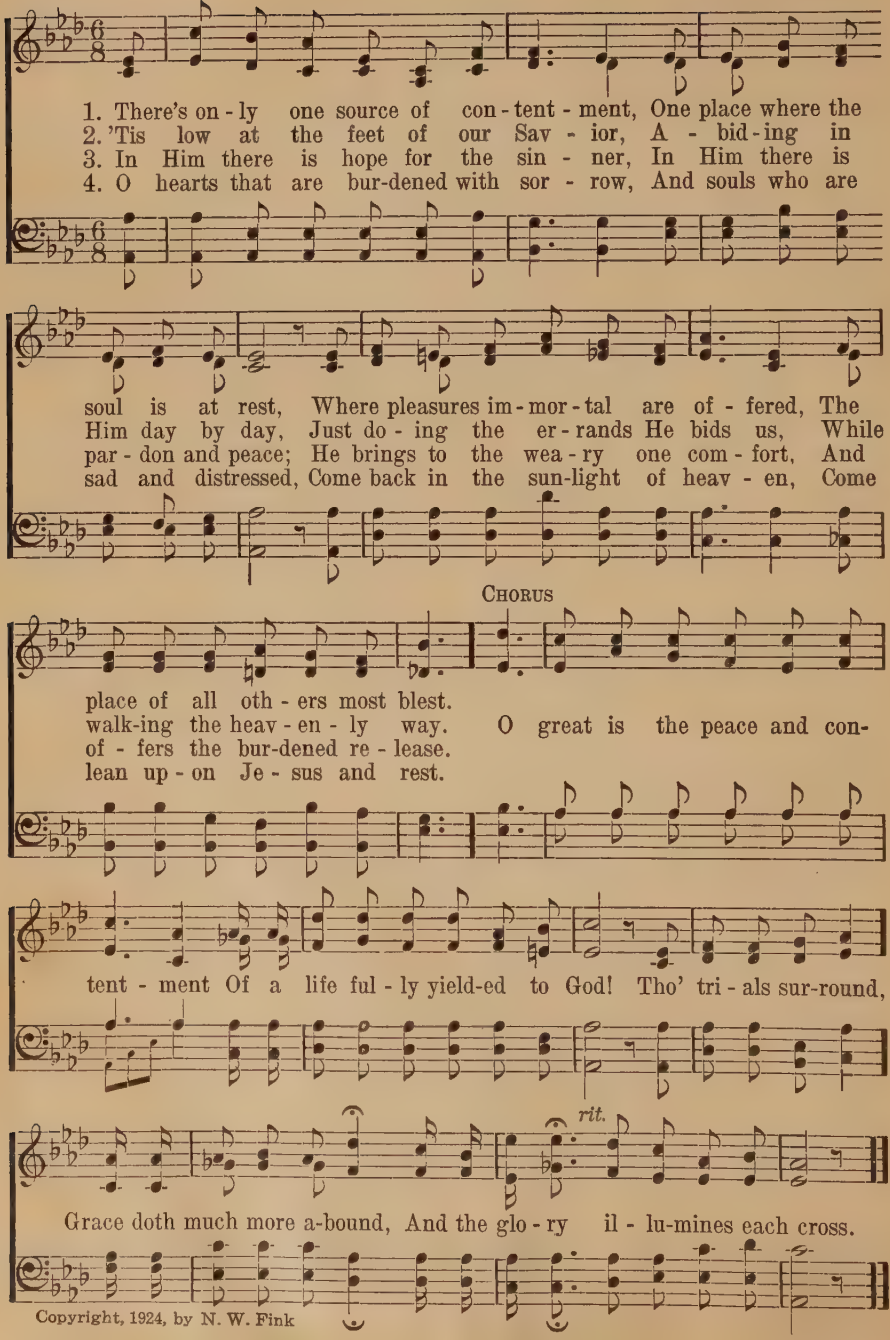
Contentment

KATIE V. HALL MARY DAKE FINK

1. There's on - ly one source of con - tent - ment, One place where the
2. 'Tis low at the feet of our Sav - ior, A - bid - ing in
3. In Him there is hope for the sin - ner, In Him there is
4. O hearts that are bur-dened with sor - row, And souls who are
soul is at rest, Where pleasures im - mor - tal are of - fered, The
Him day by day, Just do - ing the er - rands He bids us, While
par - don and peace; He brings to the wea - ry one com - fort, And
sad and distressed, Come back in the sun-light of heav - en, Come
CHORUS
place of all oth - ers most blest.
walk-ing the heav - en - ly way. O great is the peace and con-
of - fers the bur-dened re - lease.
lean up - on Je - sus and rest.
tent - ment Of a life ful - ly yield-ed to God! Tho' tri - als sur-round,
rit.
Grace doth much more a-bound, And the glo - ry il - lu-mines each cross.

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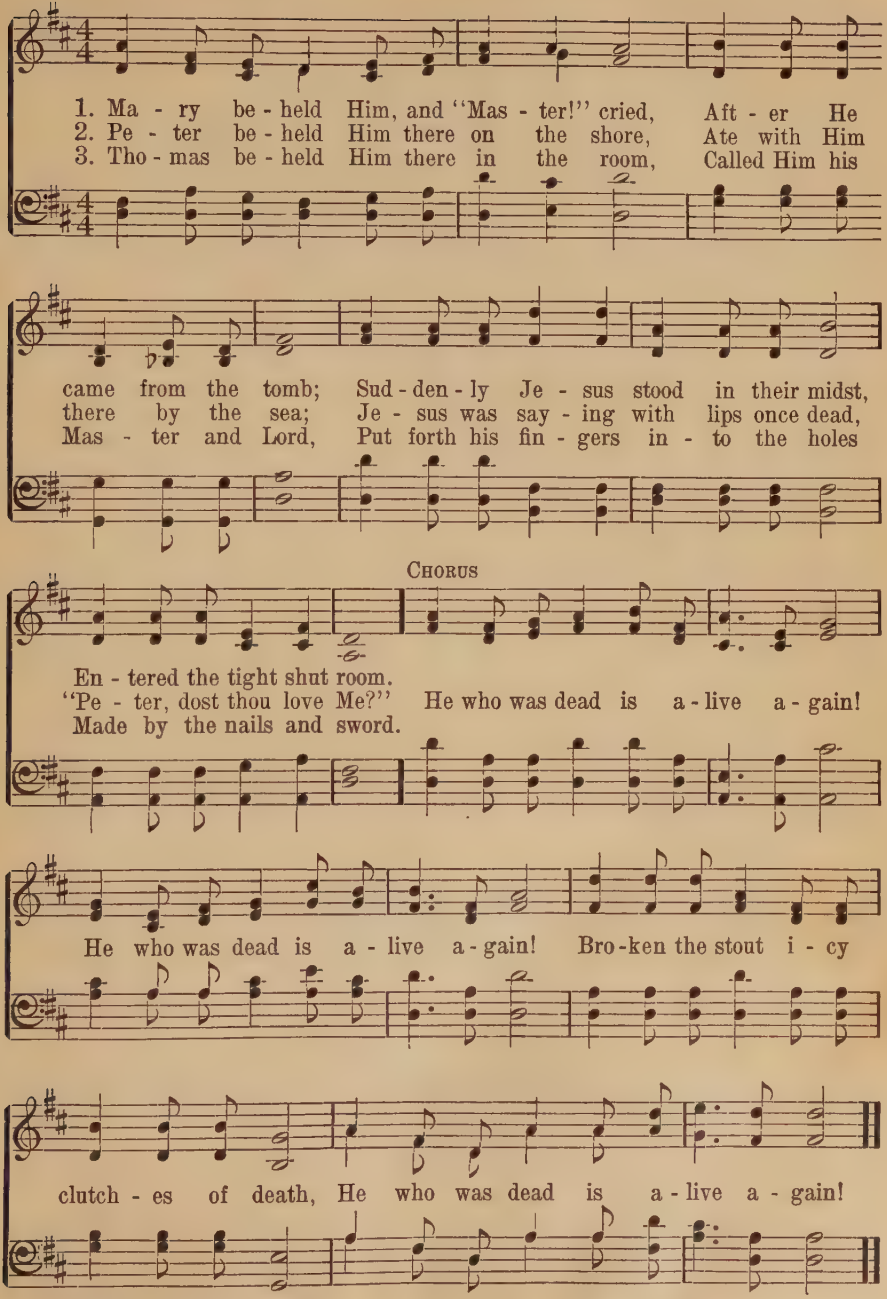
Alive Again

Words by PAUL RADER

Music by PAUL RADER

1. Ma - ry be - held Him, and "Mas - ter!" cried, Aft - er He
2. Pe - ter be - held Him there on the shore, Ate with Him
3. Tho - mas be - held Him there in the room, Called Him his
came from the tomb; Sud - den - ly Je - sus stood in their midst,
there by the sea; Je - sus was say - ing with lips once dead,
Mas - ter and Lord, Put forth his fin - gers in - to the holes
CHORUS
En - tered the tight shut room.
"Pe - ter, dost thou love Me?" He who was dead is a - live a - gain!
Made by the nails and sword.
He who was dead is a - live a - gain! Bro - ken the stout i - cy
clutch - es of death, He who was dead is a - live a - gain!

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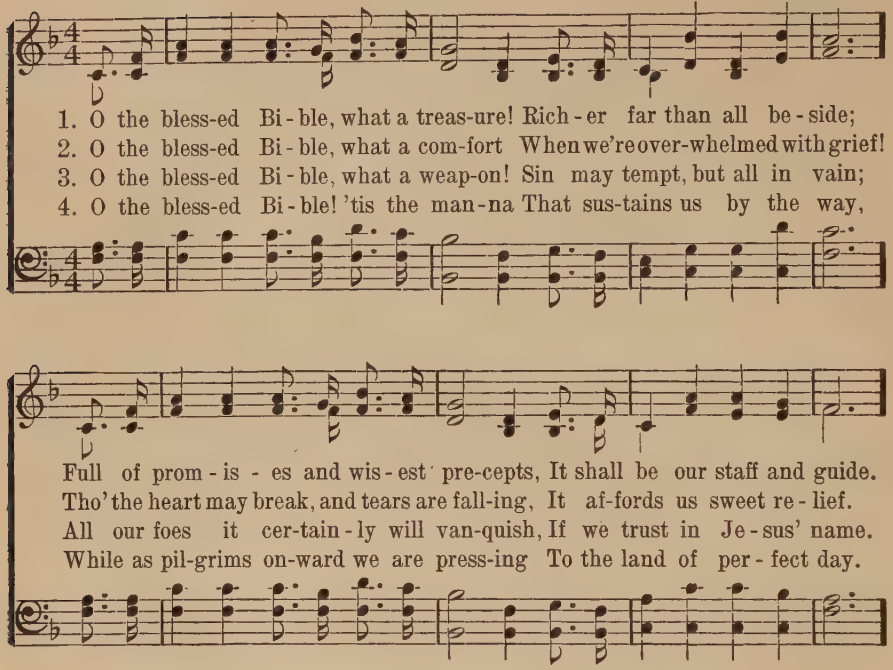
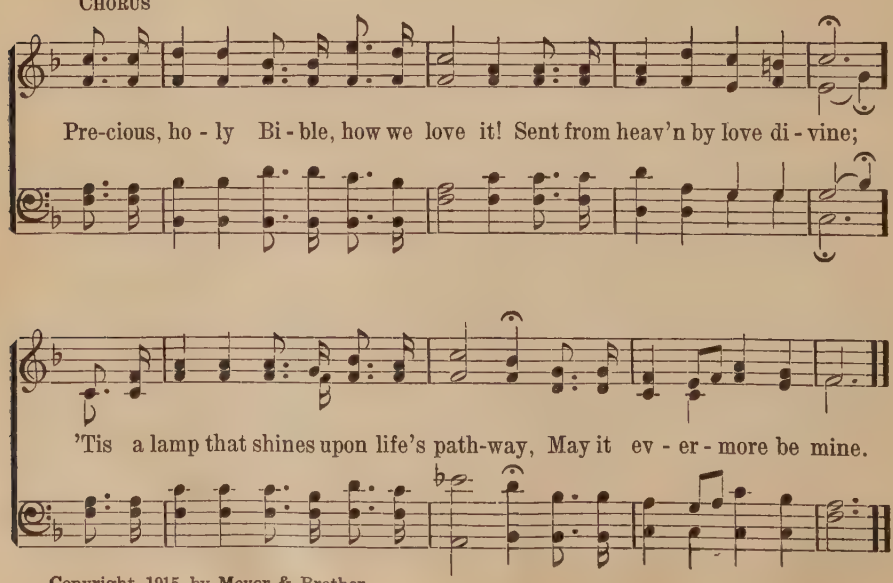
The Blessed Bible

"Seek ye out of the book of the Lord."—ISAIAH 34: 16

J. S. N. J. S. NORRIS


1. O the bless-ed Bi - ble, what a treas-ure! Rich - er far than all be - side;
2. O the bless-ed Bi - ble, what a com-fort When we're over-whelmed with grief!
3. O the bless-ed Bi - ble, what a weap-on! Sin may tempt, but all in vain;
4. O the bless-ed Bi - ble! 'tis the man - na That sus-tains us by the way,
Full of prom - is - es and wis - est pre-cepts, It shall be our staff and guide.
Tho' the heart may break, and tears are fall-ing, It af-fords us sweet re - lief.
All our foes it cer-tain - ly will van-quish, If we trust in Je - sus' name.
While as pil-grims on-ward we are press-ing To the land of per - fect day.

CHORUS


Pre-cious, ho - ly Bi - ble, how we love it! Sent from heav'n by love di - vine;
'Tis a lamp that shines upon life's path-way, May it ev - er - more be mine.

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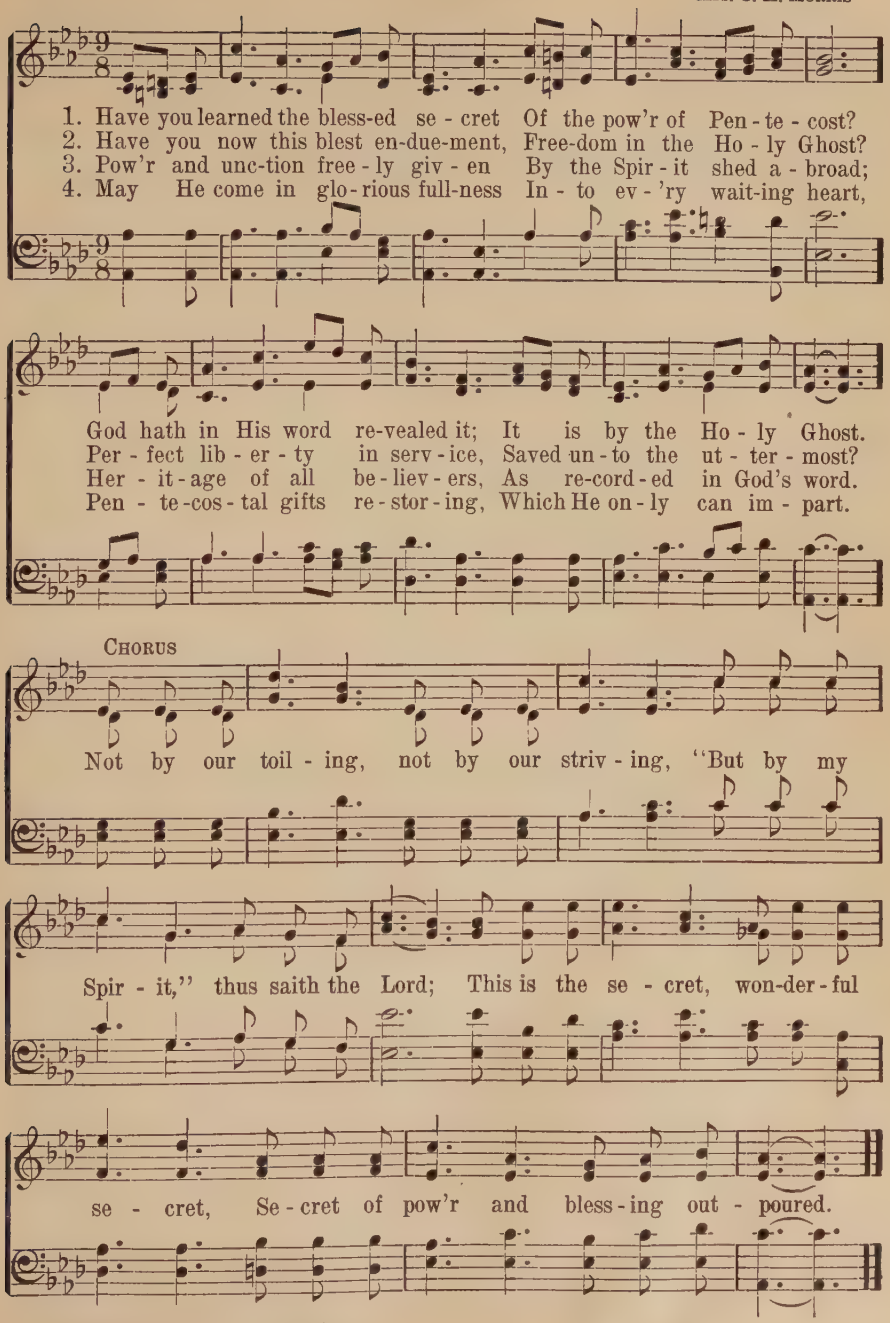
Secret of Power

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. Have you learned the bless-ed se - cret Of the pow'r of Pen - te - cost?
2. Have you now this blest en-due-ment, Free-dom in the Ho - ly Ghost?
3. Pow'r and unc-tion free - ly giv - en By the Spir - it shed a - broad;
4. May He come in glo - rious full-ness In - to ev - 'ry wait-ing heart,
God hath in His word re-vealed it; It is by the Ho - ly Ghost.
Per - fect lib - er - ty in serv - ice, Saved un - to the ut - ter - most?
Her - it - age of all be - liev - ers, As re-cord - ed in God's word.
Pen - te-cos - tal gifts re - stor - ing, Which He on - ly can im - part.
Chorus
Not by our toil - ing, not by our striv - ing, "But by my
Spir - it," thus saith the Lord; This is the se - cret, won-der - ful
se - cret, Se - cret of pow'r and bless - ing out - poured.

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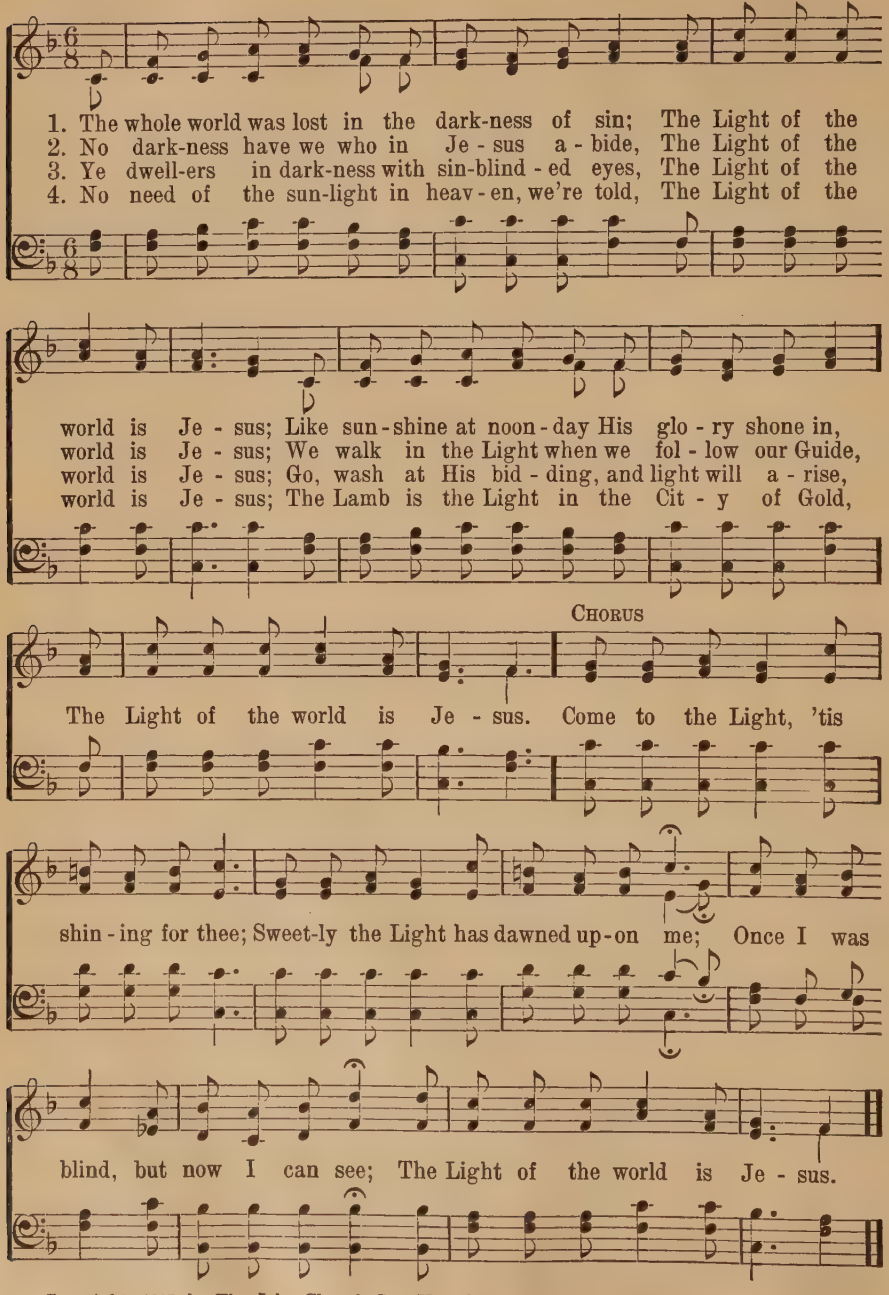
38 The Light of the World is Jesus

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss


1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind - ed eyes, The Light of the
4. No need of the sun-light in heav - en, we're told, The Light of the
world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo - ry shone in,
world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide,
world is Je - sus; Go, wash at His bid - ding, and light will a - rise,
world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the Light in the Cit - y of Gold,
Chorus
The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light, 'tis
shin - ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me; Once I was
blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je - sus.

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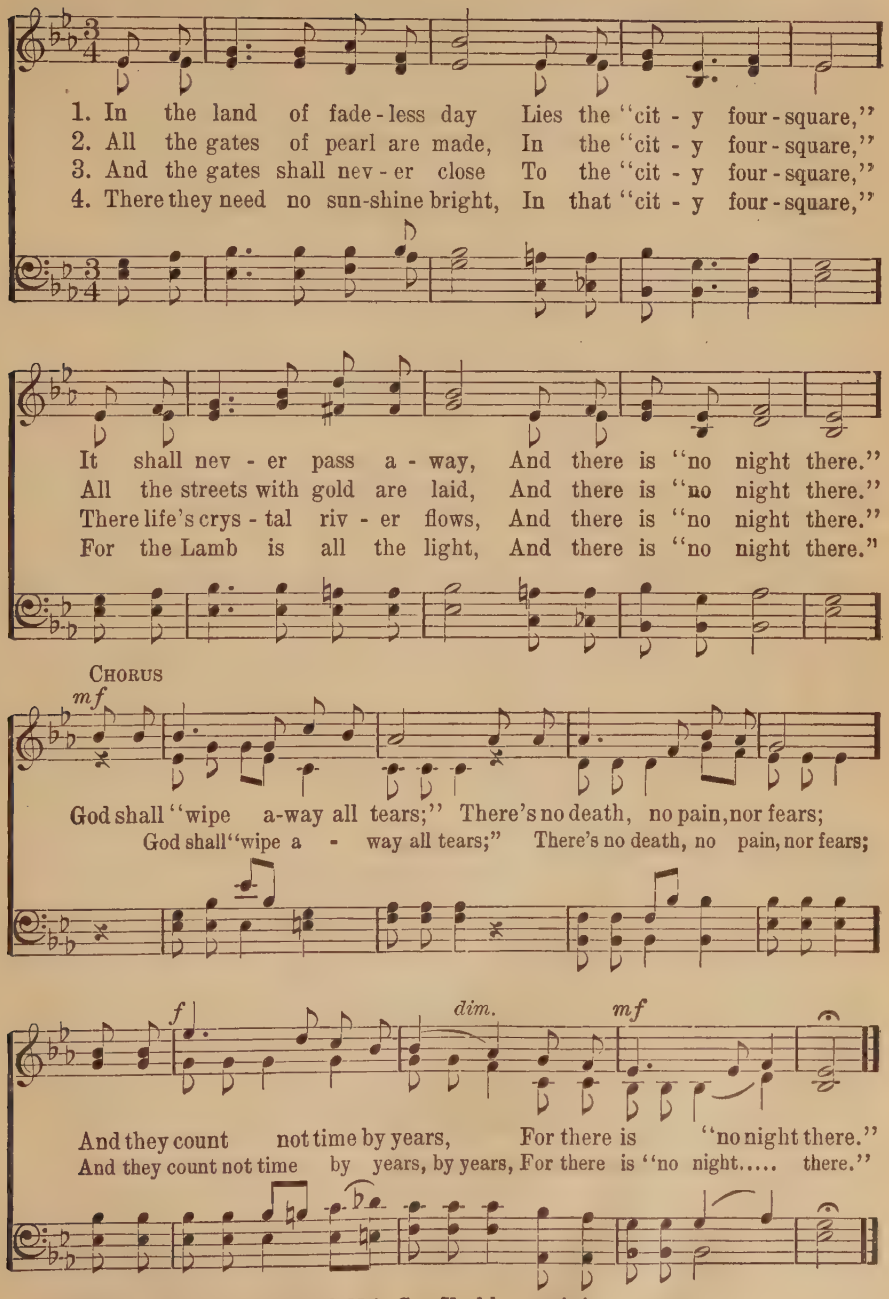
No Night There

JOHN R. CLEMENTS H. P. DANKS


1. In the land of fade - less day Lies the "cit - y four - square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the "cit - y four - square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four - square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In that "cit - y four - square,"
It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."
CHORUS
mf
God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
f
dim.
mf
And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

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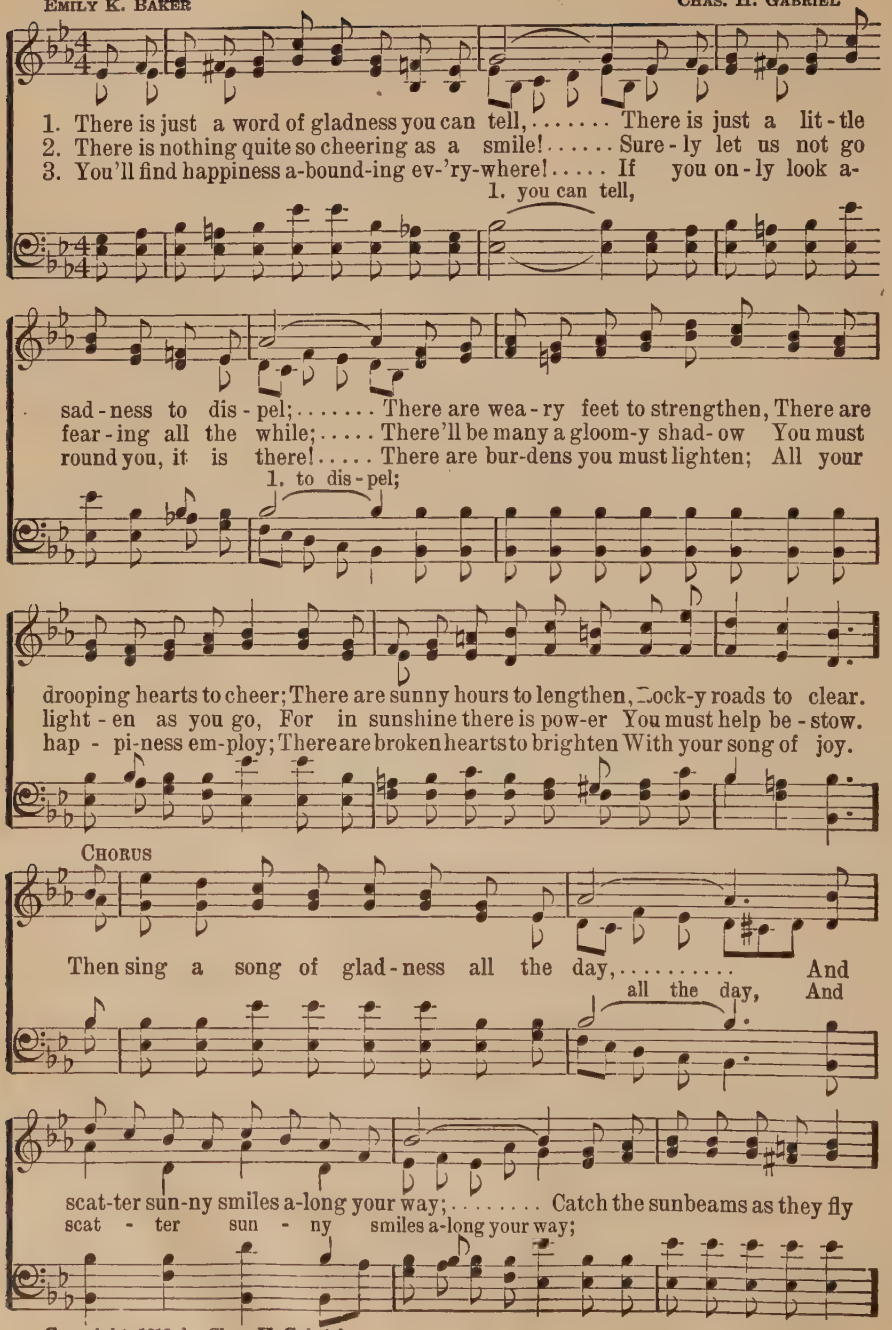
As You Go

EMILY K. BAKER

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. There is just a word of gladness you can tell, ... There is just a lit-tle
2. There is nothing quite so cheering as a smile! . . . . . Sure-ly let us not go
3. You'll find happiness a-bound-ing ev-'ry-where! . . . . . If you on-ly look a-
1. you can tell,
sad-ness to dis-pel; . . . . . There are wea-ry feet to strengthen, There are
fear-ing all the while; . . . . . There'll be many a gloom-y shad-ow You must
round you, it is there! . . . . . There are bur-dens you must lighten; All your
1. to dis-pel;
drooping hearts to cheer; There are sunny hours to lengthen, Rock-y roads to clear.
light-en as you go, For in sunshine there is pow-er You must help be-stow.
hap-pi-ness em-ploy; There are broken hearts to brighten With your song of joy.
CHORUS
Then sing a song of glad-ness all the day, ... And
all the day, And
scat-ter sun-ny smiles a-long your way; . . . . . Catch the sunbeams as they fly
scat-ter sun-ny smiles a-long your way;

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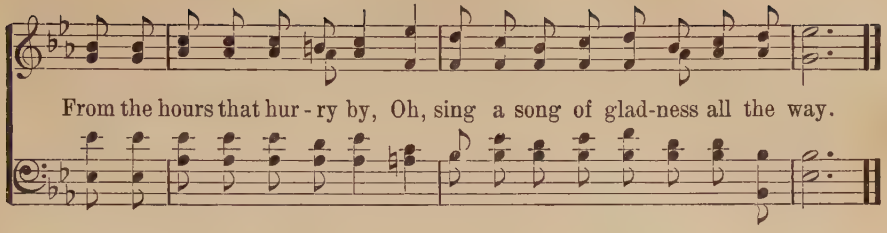
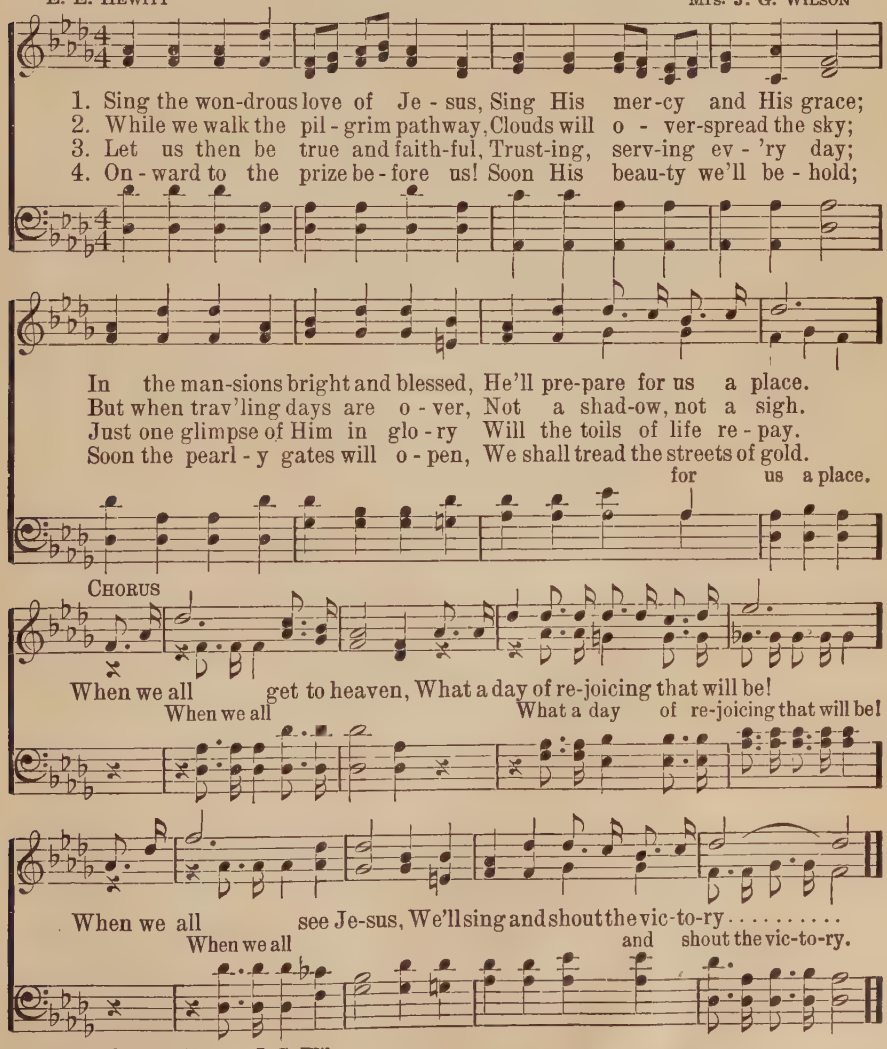
As You Go



41 When We All Get to Heaven

E. E. HEWITT — Mrs. J. G. WILSON


1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;
In the man-sions bright and blessed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS
When we all get to heaven, What a day of re-joicing that will be!
When we all
What a day of re-joicing that will be!
When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry . . . . . .
When we all
and shout the vic-to-ry.

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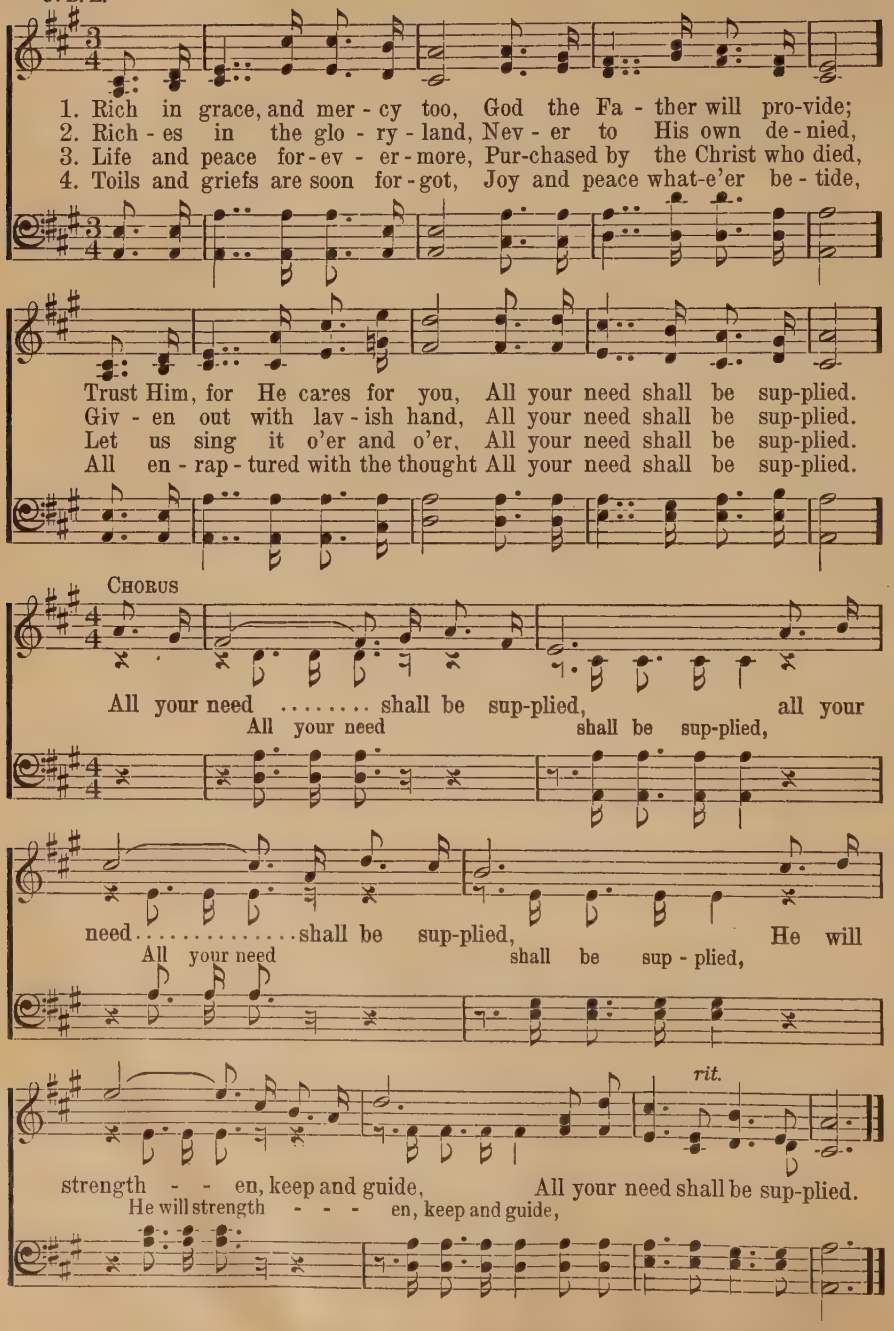
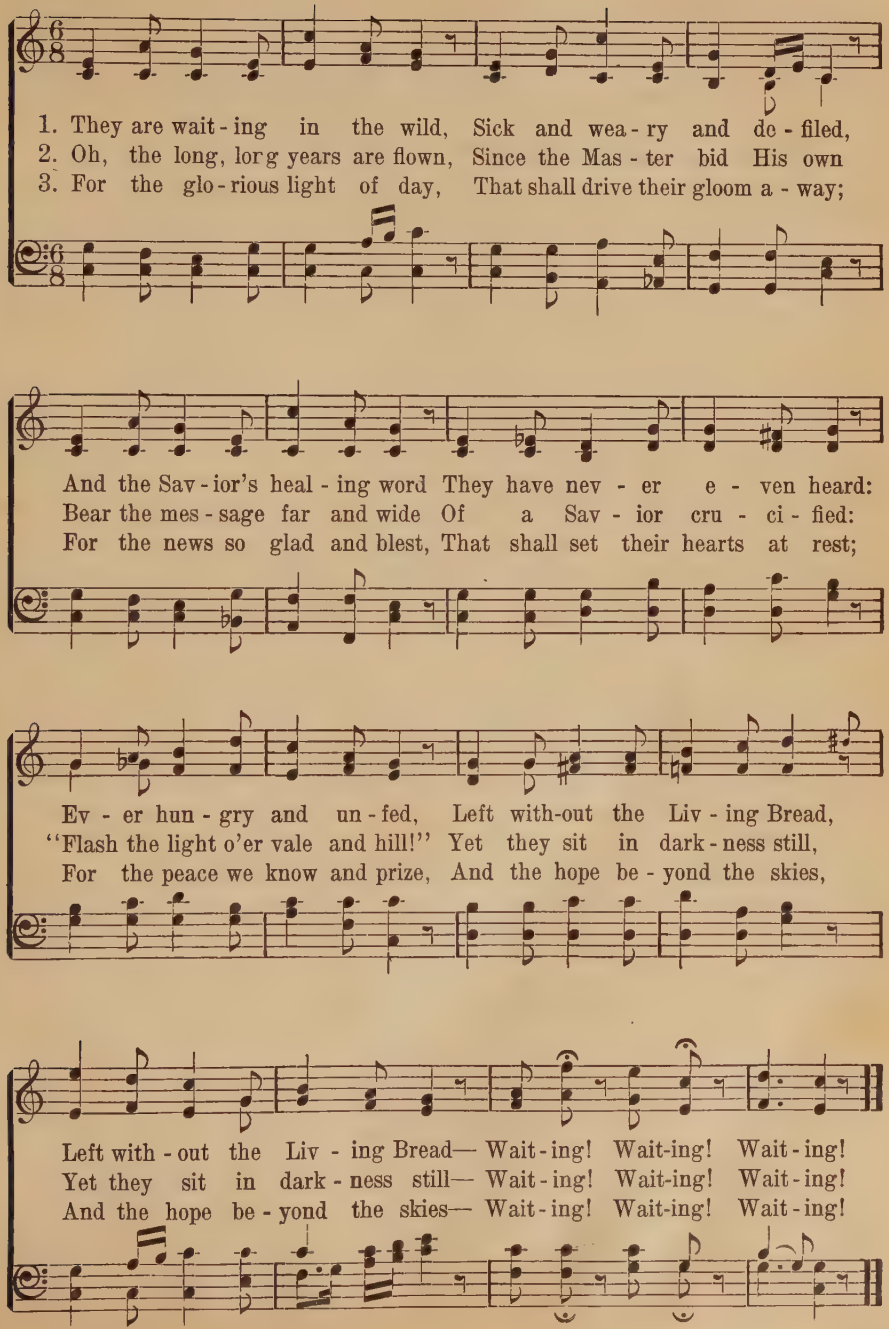
All Your Need Shall Be Supplied

"My God shall supply all your need."—PHILIPPIANS 4: 19

J. B. L. J. B. LUTZ

1. Rich in grace, and mer - cy too, God the Fa - ther will pro-vide;
2. Rich - es in the glo - ry - land, Nev - er to His own de - nied,
3. Life and peace for - ev - er - more, Pur-chased by the Christ who died,
4. Toils and griefs are soon for - got, Joy and peace what-e'er be - tide,
Trust Him, for He cares for you, All your need shall be sup-plied.
Giv - en out with lav - ish hand, All your need shall be sup-plied.
Let us sing it o'er and o'er, All your need shall be sup-plied.
All en - rap - tured with the thought All your need shall be sup-plied.
CHORUS
All your need ..... shall be sup-plied, all your need ..... shall be sup-plied,
All your need shall be sup-plied,
need ..... shall be sup-plied, He will strength - - - en, keep and guide,
All your need shall be sup - plied,
rit.
strength - - - en, keep and guide, All your need shall be sup-plied.
He will strength - - - en, keep and guide,

Waiting

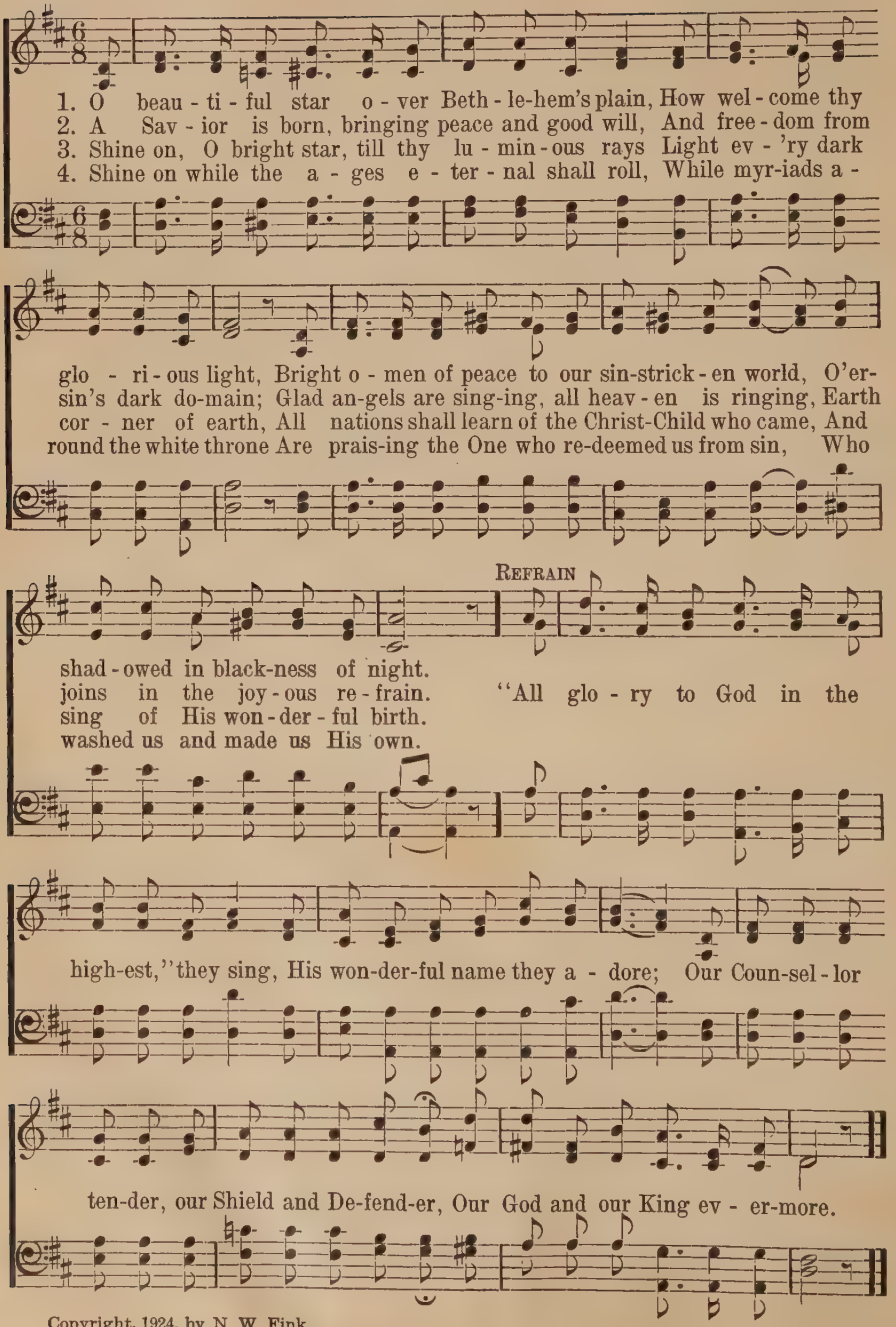
Alt. R. F. B.

RUSSELL F. BRIGGS

1. They are wait - ing in the wild, Sick and wea - ry and de - filed,
2. Oh, the long, long years are flown, Since the Mas - ter bid His own
3. For the glo - rious light of day, That shall drive their gloom a - way;
And the Sav - ior's heal - ing word They have nev - er e - ven heard:
Bear the mes - sage far and wide Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied:
For the news so glad and blest, That shall set their hearts at rest;
Ev - er hun - gry and un - fed, Left with-out the Liv - ing Bread,
"Flash the light o'er vale and hill!" Yet they sit in dark - ness still,
For the peace we know and prize, And the hope be - yond the skies,
Left with - out the Liv - ing Bread— Wait - ing! Wait-ing! Wait - ing!
Yet they sit in dark - ness still— Wait - ing! Wait-ing! Wait - ing!
And the hope be - yond the skies— Wait - ing! Wait-ing! Wait - ing!

Glory to God

KATIE V. HALL

MARY DAKE FINK


1. O beau - ti - ful star o - ver Beth - le-hem's plain, How wel - come thy
2. A Sav - ior is born, bringing peace and good will, And free - dom from
3. Shine on, O bright star, till thy lu - min - ous rays Light ev - 'ry dark
4. Shine on while the a - ges e - ter - nal shall roll, While myr-iads a -
glo - ri - ous light, Bright o - men of peace to our sin-strick - en world, O'er-
sin's dark do-main; Glad an-gels are sing-ing, all heav - en is ringing, Earth
cor - ner of earth, All nations shall learn of the Christ-Child who came, And
round the white throne Are prais-ing the One who re-deemed us from sin, Who
REFRAIN
shad - owed in black-ness of night.
joins in the joy - ous re - frain.
sing of His won - der - ful birth.
washed us and made us His own.
"All glo - ry to God in the
high-est," they sing, His won-der-ful name they a - dore; Our Coun-sel - lor
ten-der, our Shield and De-fend-er, Our God and our King ev - er-more.

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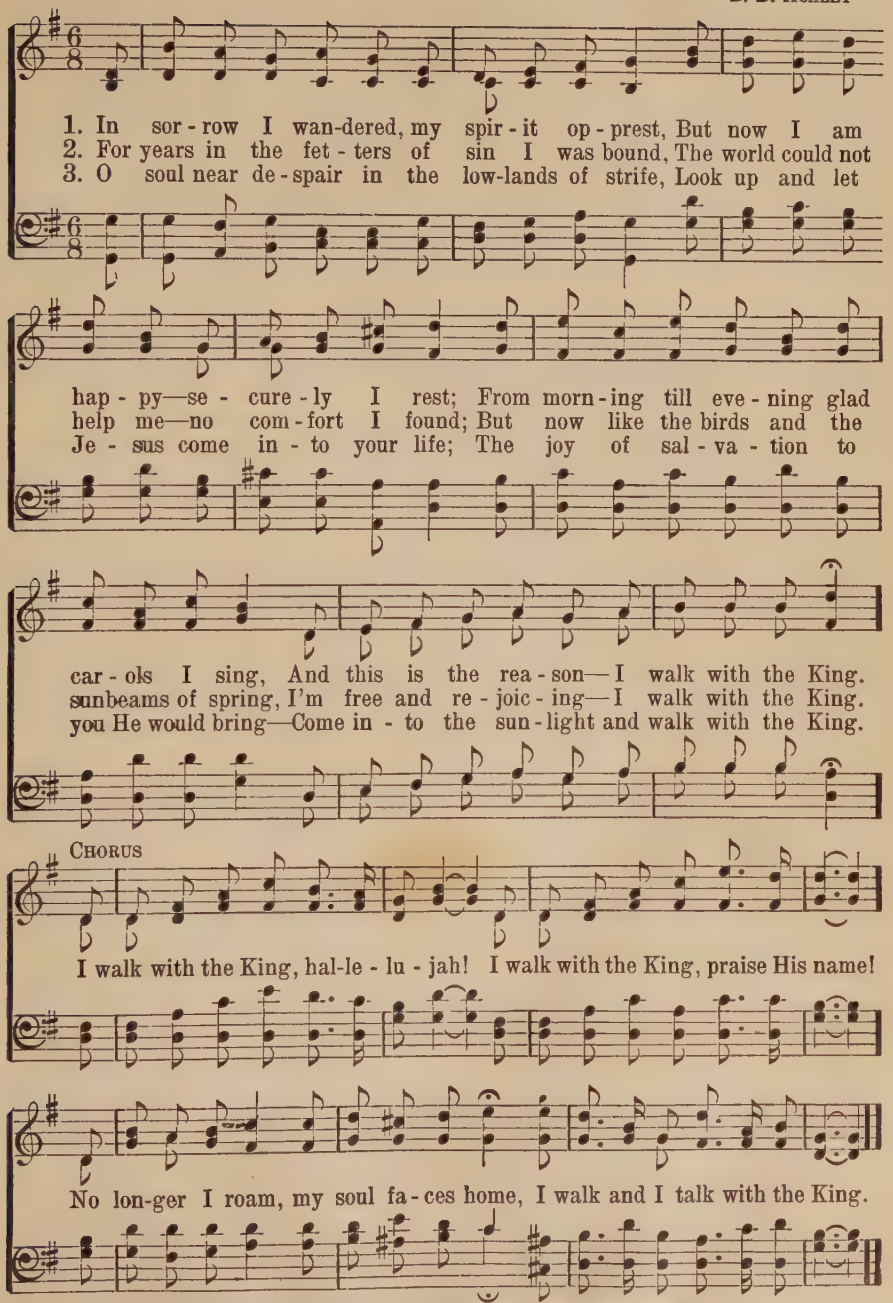
45 I Walk With the King

JAMES ROWE B. D. ACKLEY

1. In sor - row I wan-dered, my spir - it op - prest, But now I am
2. For years in the fet - ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de - spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let
hap - py—se - cure - ly I rest; From morn - ing till eve - ning glad
help me—no com - fort I found; But now like the birds and the
Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to
car - ols I sing, And this is the rea - son—I walk with the King.
sunbeams of spring, I'm free and re - joic - ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come in - to the sun - light and walk with the King.
CHORUS
I walk with the King, hal-le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No lon-ger I roam, my soul fa - ces home, I walk and I talk with the King.

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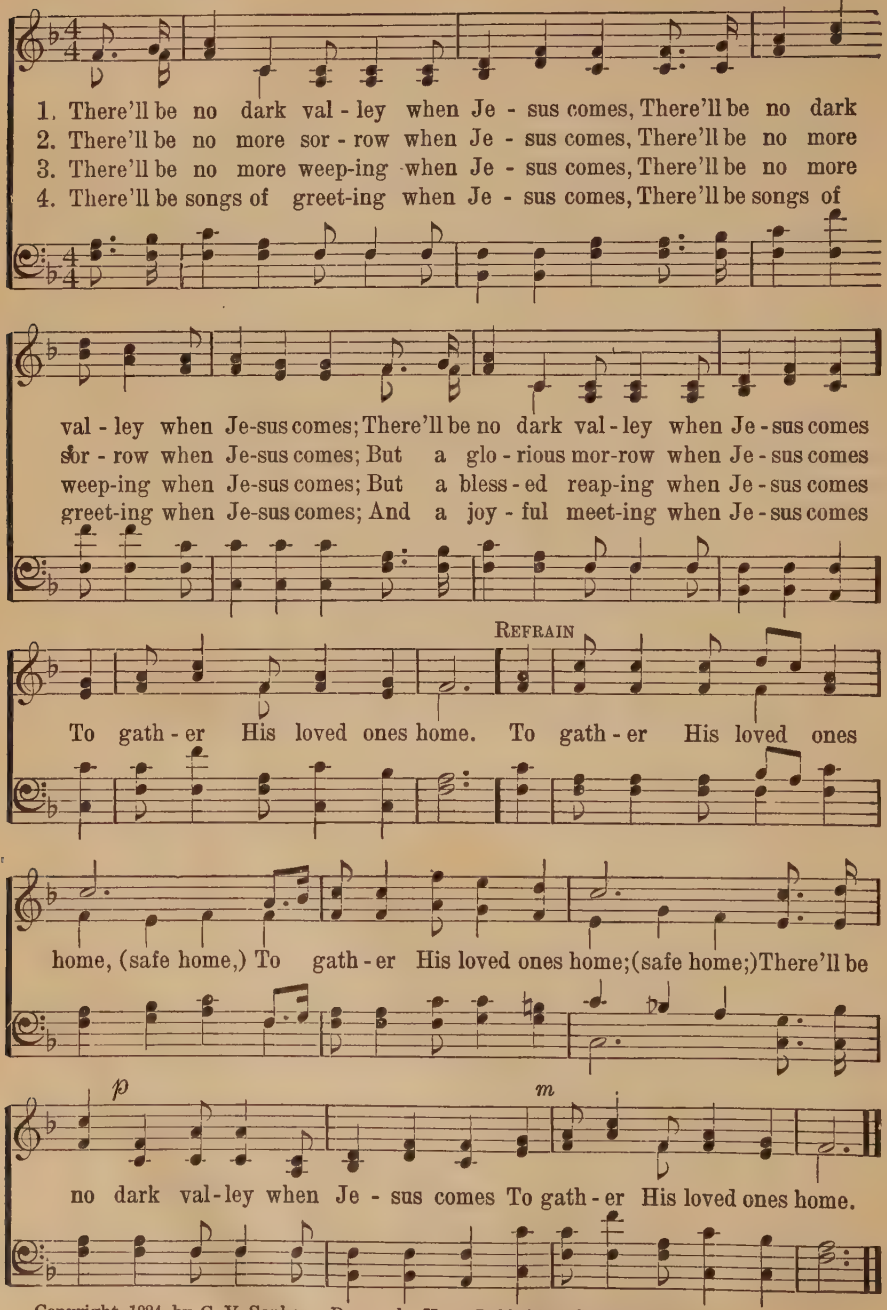
There'll Be No Dark Valley

WILLIAM O. CUSHING — IRA D. SANKEY


1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
2. There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of
val - ley when Je-sus comes; There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes
sor - row when Je-sus comes; But a glo - rious mor-row when Je - sus comes
weep-ing when Je-sus comes; But a bless - ed reap-ing when Je - sus comes
greet-ing when Je-sus comes; And a joy - ful meet-ing when Je - sus comes
REFRAIN
To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones
home, (safe home,) To gath - er His loved ones home; (safe home;) There'll be
p
m
no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

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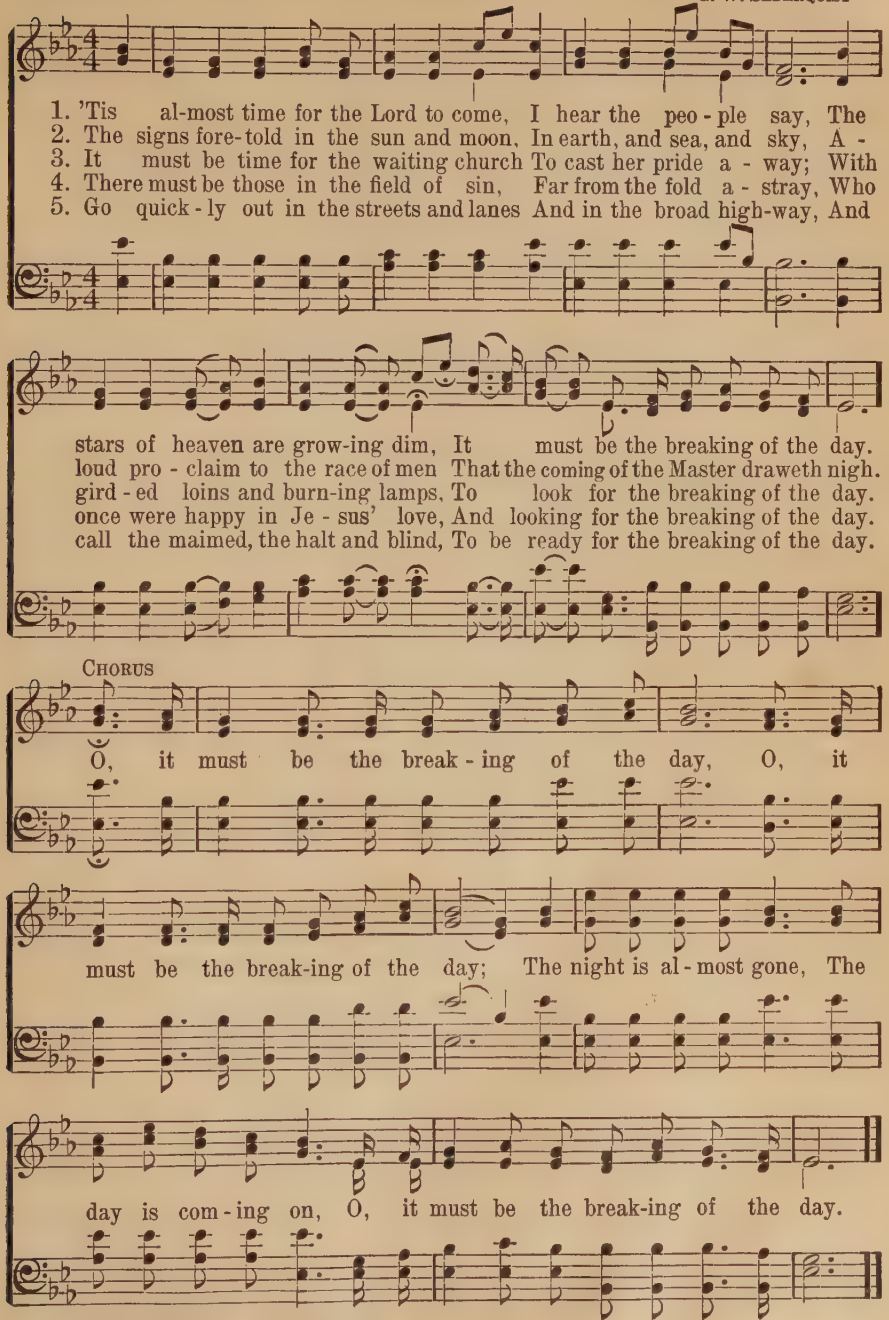
The Breaking of the Day

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST

1. 'Tis al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo-ple say, The
2. The signs fore-told in the sun and moon, In earth, and sea, and sky, A-
3. It must be time for the waiting church To cast her pride a-way; With
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a-stray, Who
5. Go quick-ly out in the streets and lanes And in the broad high-way, And
stars of heaven are grow-ing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.
loud pro-claim to the race of men That the coming of the Master draweth nigh.
gird-ed loins and burn-ing lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.
once were happy in Je-sus' love, And looking for the breaking of the day.
call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be ready for the breaking of the day.
CHORUS
O, it must be the break-ing of the day, O, it
must be the break-ing of the day; The night is al-most gone, The
day is com-ing on, O, it must be the break-ing of the day.

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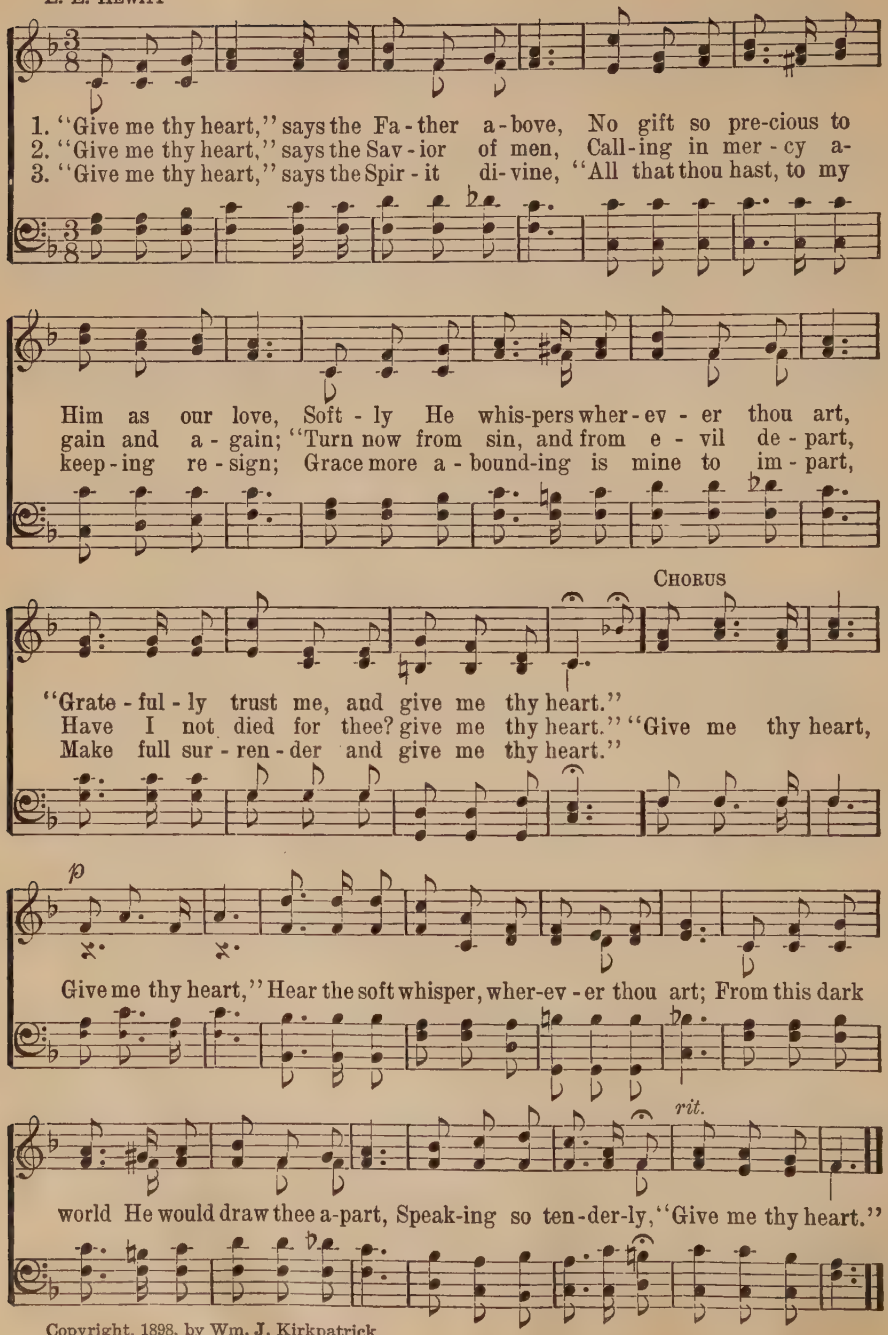
Give Me Thy Heart

E. E. Hewitt

Annie F. Bourne

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa - ther a - bove, No gift so pre-cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav - ior of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a-
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir - it di- vine, "All that thou hast, to my
Him as our love, Soft - ly He whis-pers wher - ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound-ing is mine to im - part,
Chorus
"Grate - ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart."
p
Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev - er thou art; From this dark
rit.
world He would draw thee a-part, Speak-ing so ten-der-ly, "Give me thy heart."

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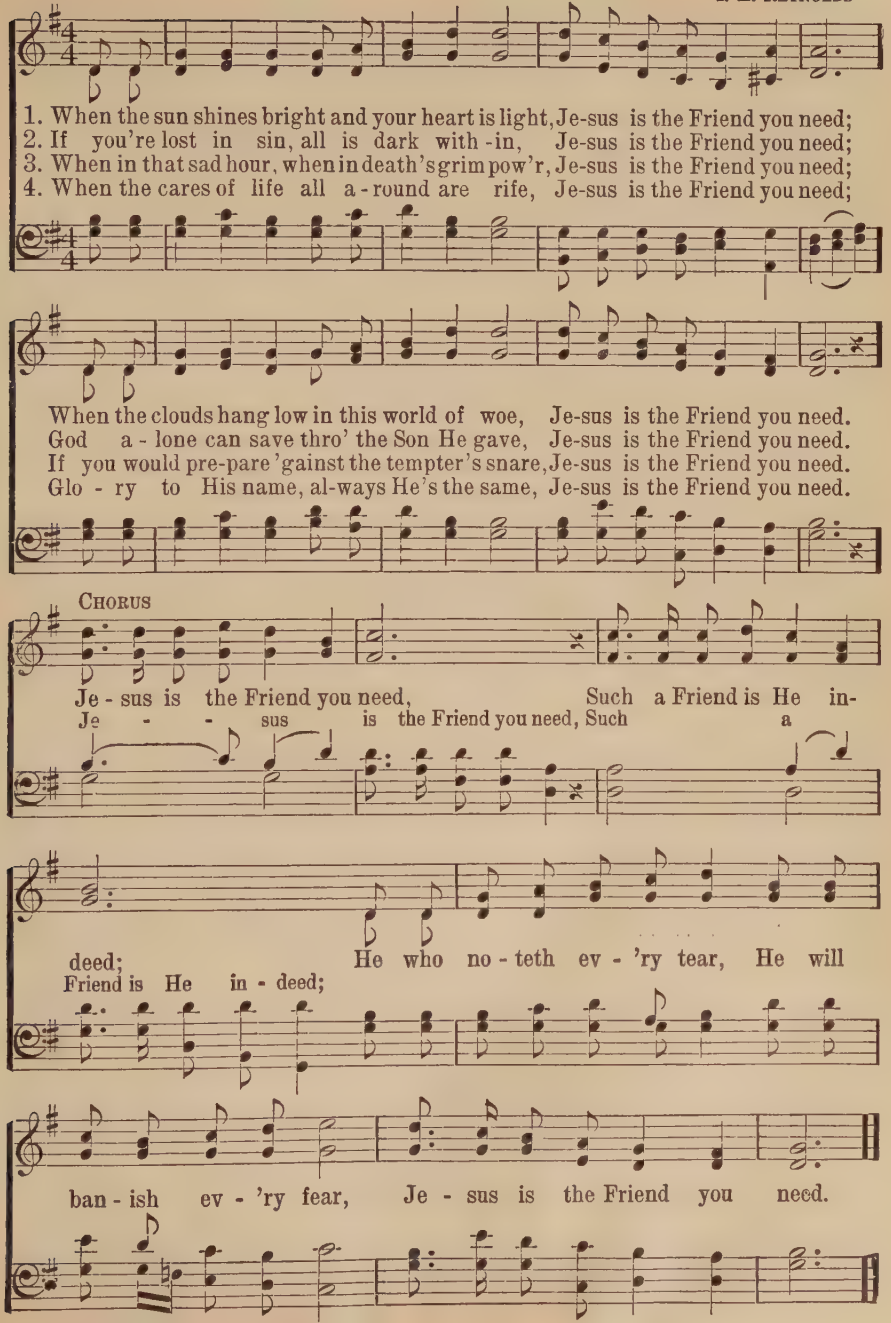
49 Jesus is the Friend You Need

I. E. R. I. E. Reynolds

1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
3. When in that sad hour, when in death's grim pow'r, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
God a-lone can save thro' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
If you would pre-pare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
Glo-ry to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
Chorus
Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-deed;
Je - - sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-deed;
He who no-teth ev-'ry tear, He will ban-ish ev-'ry fear,
Je - sus is the Friend you need.

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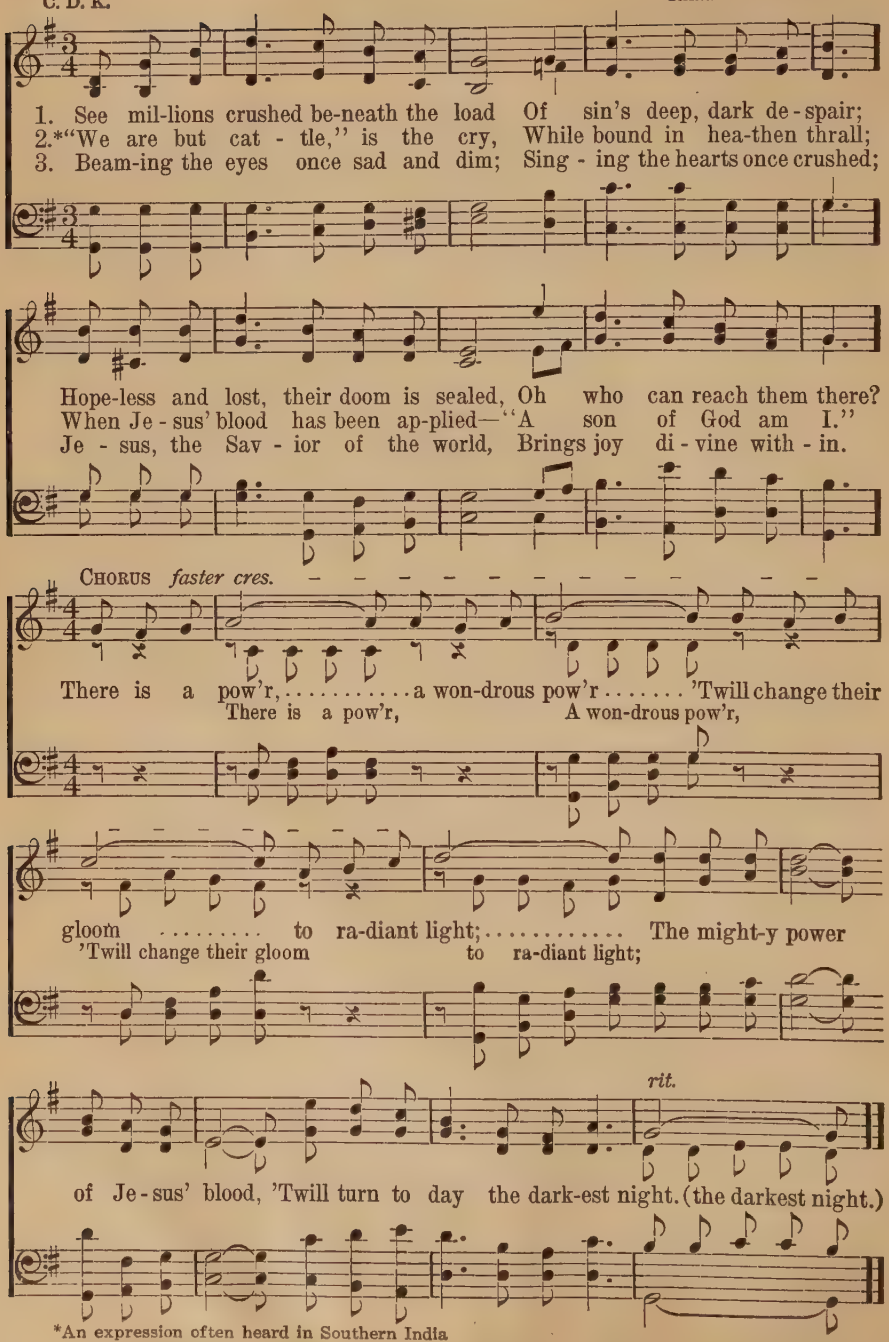
A Wondrous Power

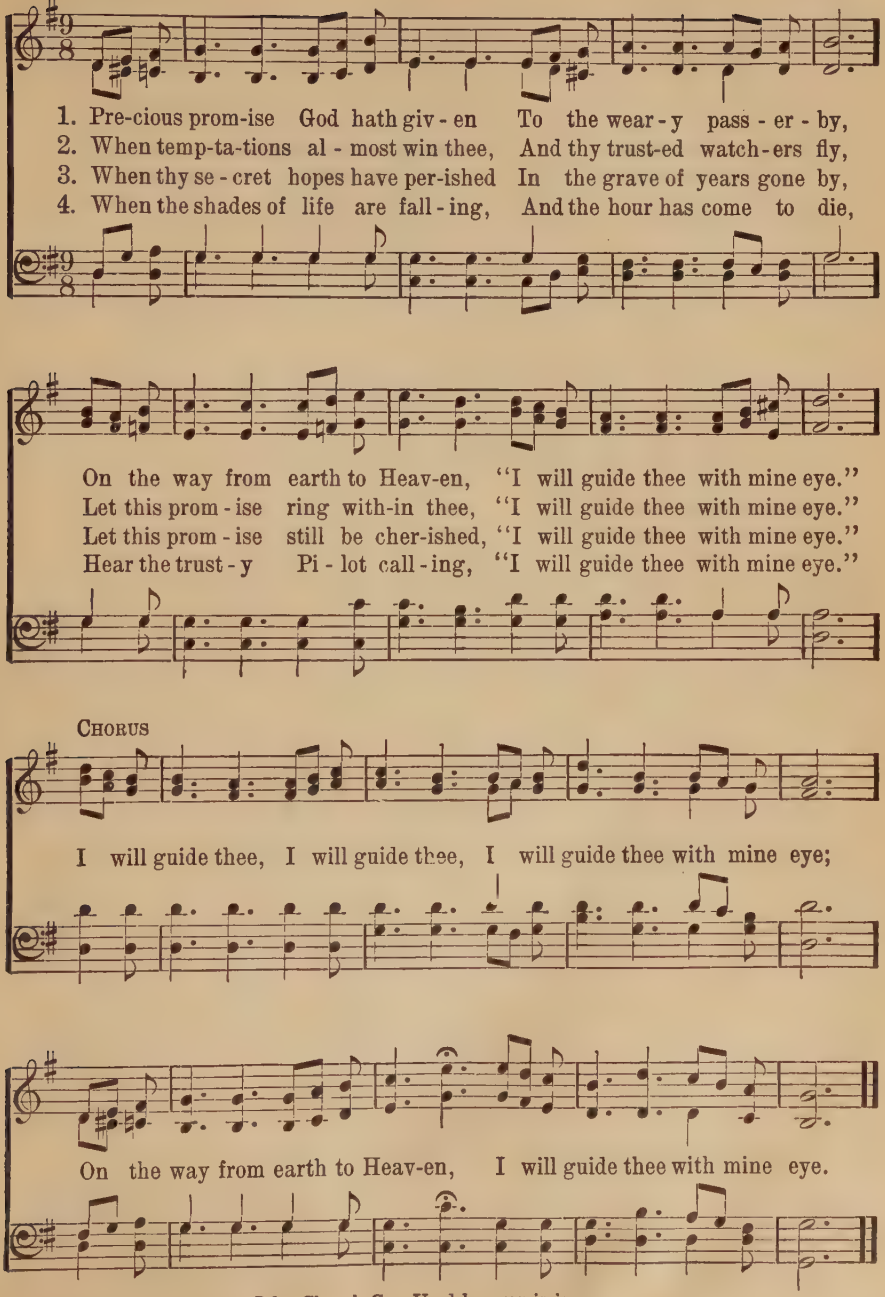
C. D. K.

CARRIE DAKE KLINE


1. See mil-lions crushed be-neath the load Of sin's deep, dark de-spair;
2.*"We are but cat-tle," is the cry, While bound in hea-then thrall;
3. Beam-ing the eyes once sad and dim; Sing-ing the hearts once crushed;
Hope-less and lost, their doom is sealed, Oh who can reach them there?
When Je-sus' blood has been ap-plied—"A son of God am I."
Je-sus, the Sav-ior of the world, Brings joy di-vine with-in.
CHORUS faster cres.
There is a pow'r, ... a won-drous pow'r . . . . . 'Twill change their
There is a pow'r, A won-drous pow'r,
gloom . . . . . to ra-diant light; . . . . . The might-y power
'Twill change their gloom to ra-diant light;
rit.
of Je-sus' blood, 'Twill turn to day the dark-est night. (the darkest night.)

*An expression often heard in Southern India

Precious Promise

NATHANIEL NILES P. P. BLISS

1. Pre-cious prom-ise God hath giv - en To the wear - y pass - er - by,
2. When temp-ta-tions al - most win thee, And thy trust-ed watch-ers fly,
3. When thy se - cret hopes have per-ished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,
On the way from earth to Heav-en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom - ise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom - ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Hear the trust - y Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
CHORUS
I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to Heav-en, I will guide thee with mine eye.

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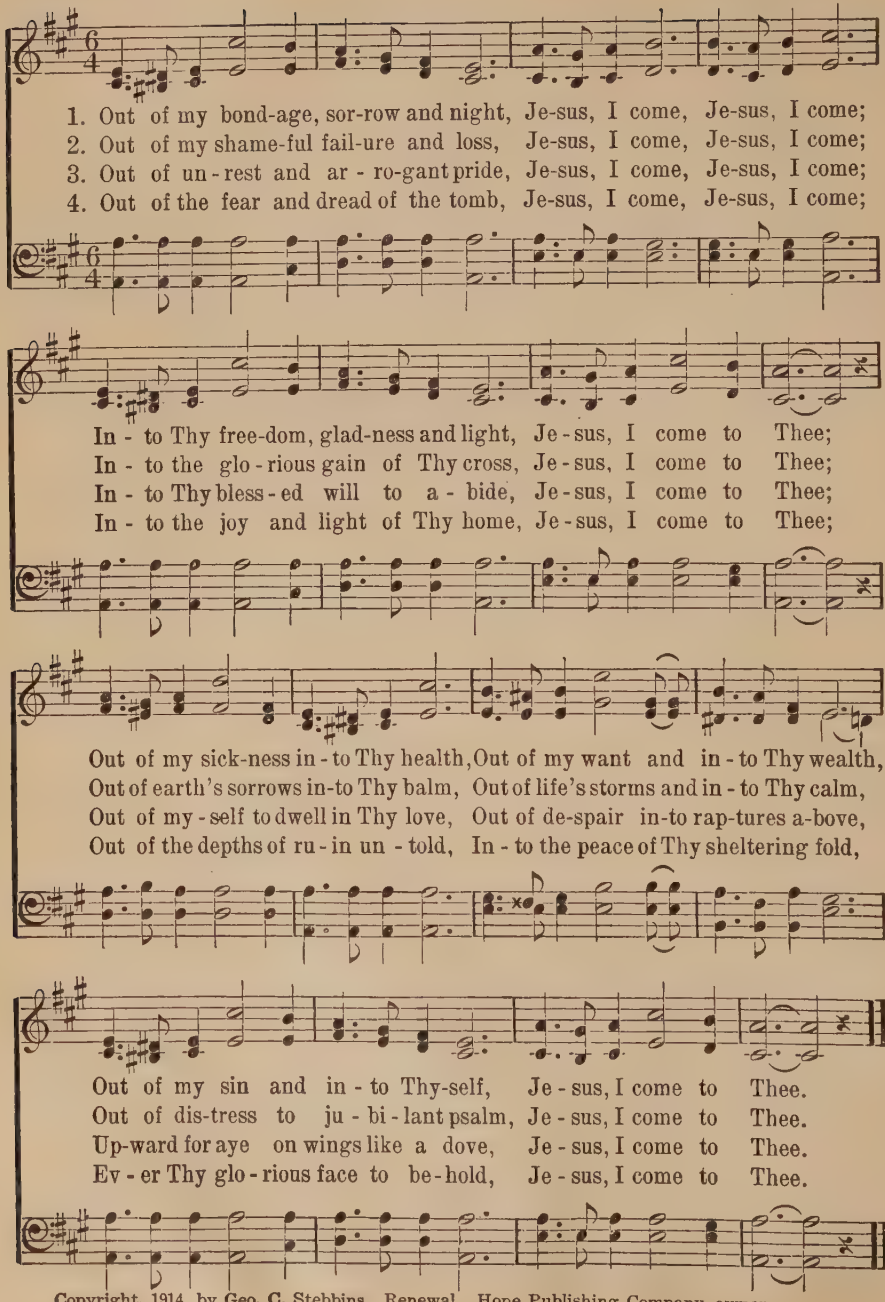
Jesus, I Come

W. T. SLEEPER

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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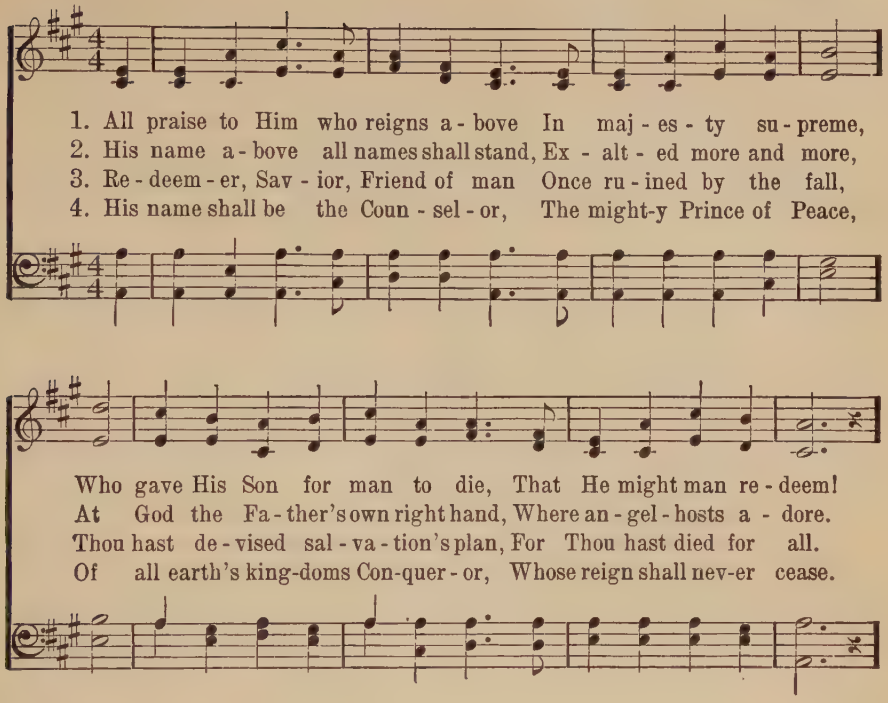
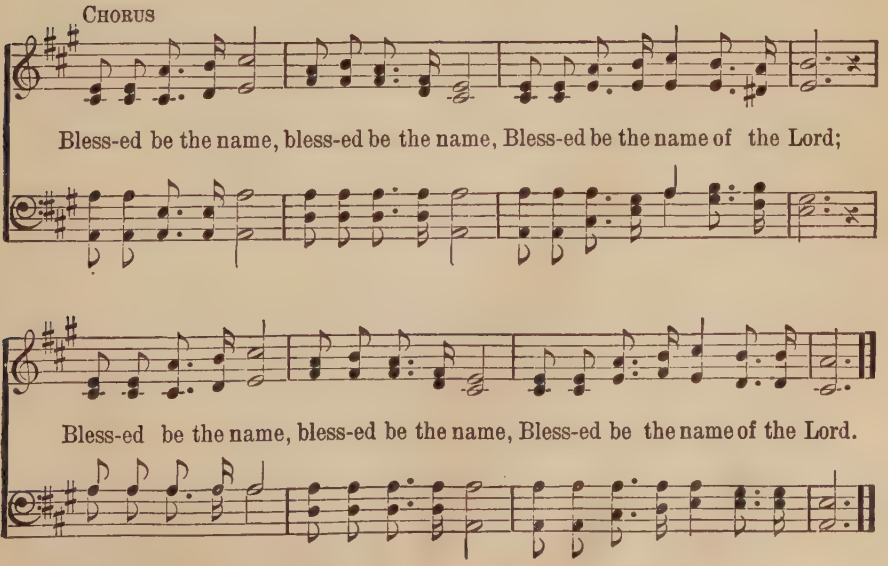
Blessed Be the Name

W. H. CLARK

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK


1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove In maj - es - ty su - preme,
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might-y Prince of Peace,
Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem!
At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel - hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's king-doms Con-quer - or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.

CHORUS


Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

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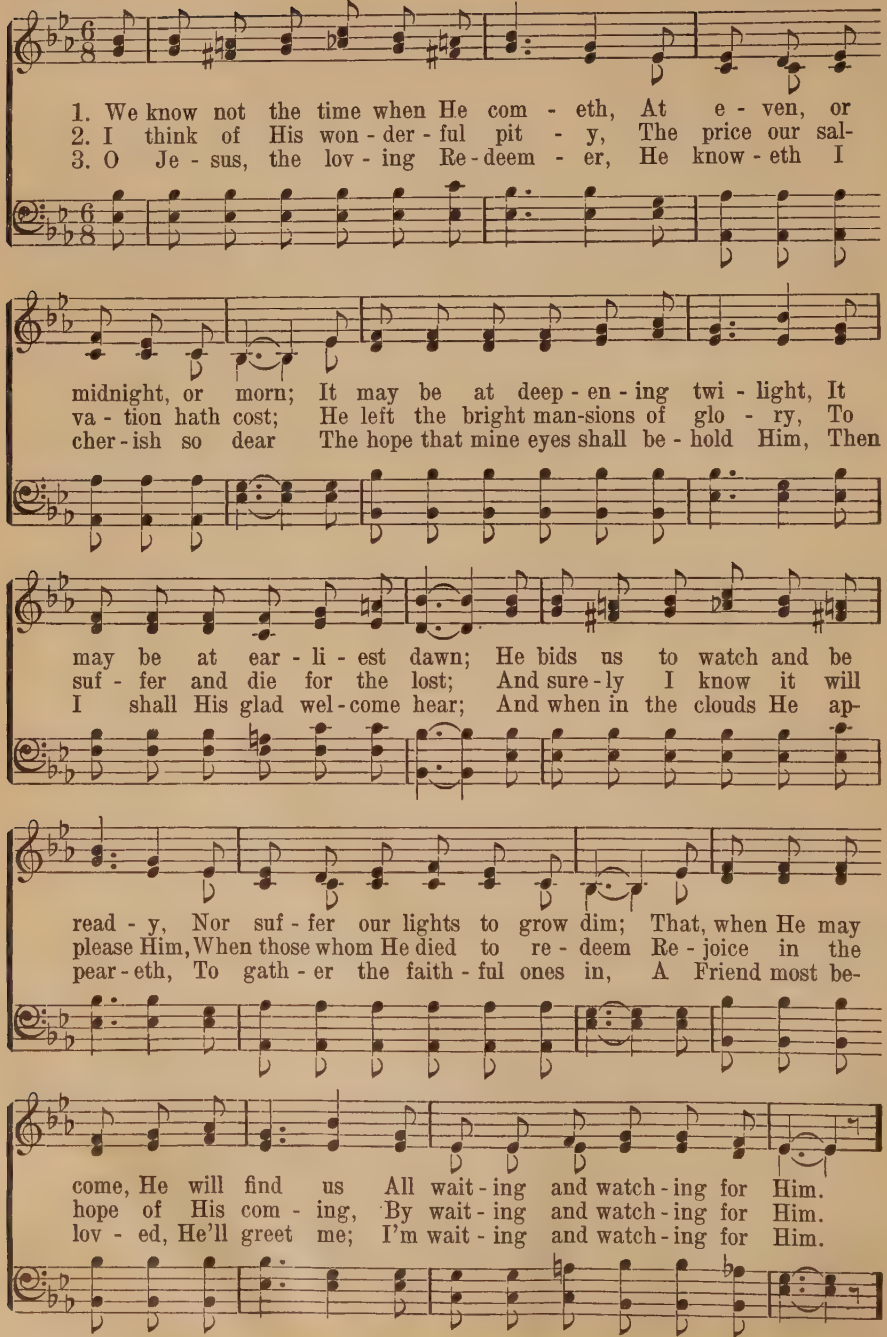
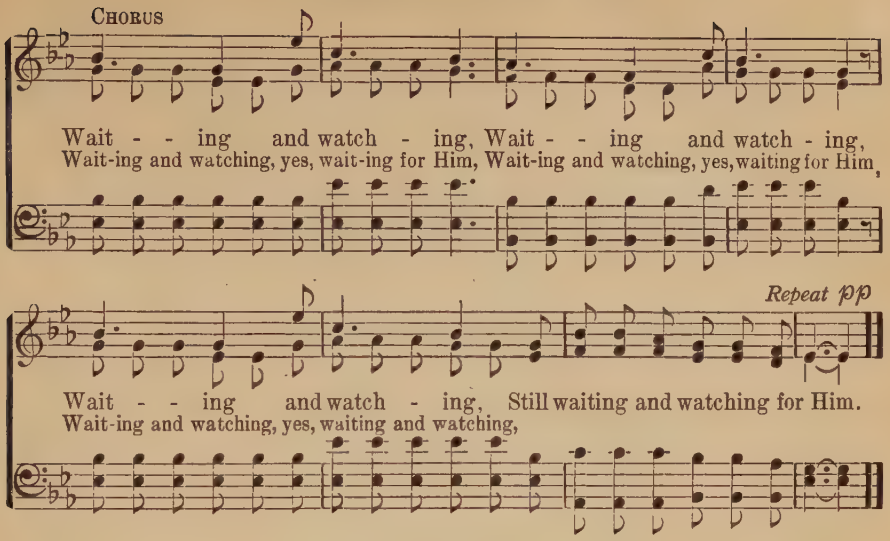
Waiting and Watching

Words arr.

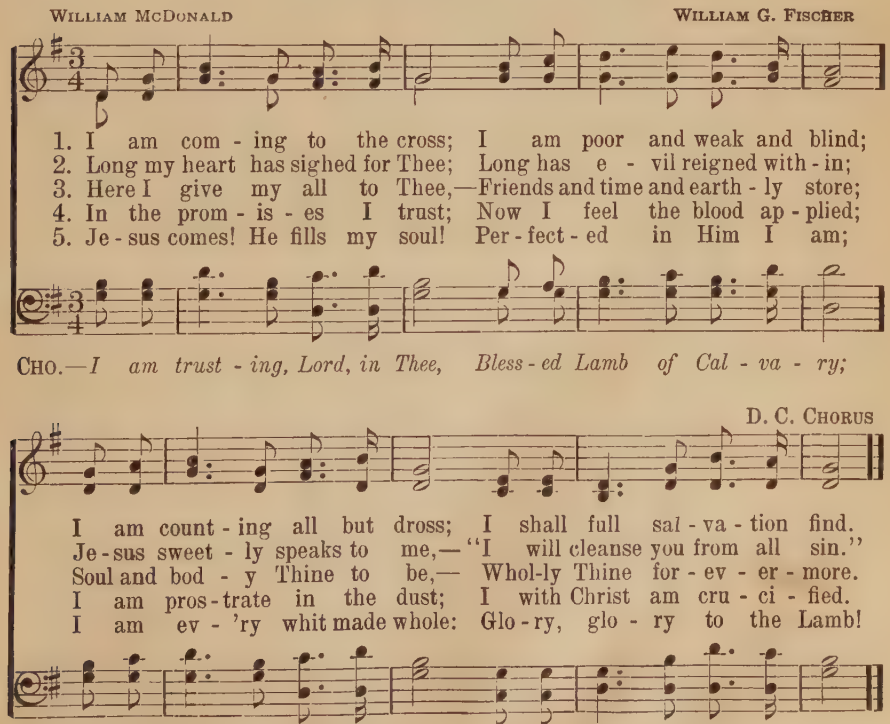
W. H. Pontius


1. We know not the time when He com - eth, At e - ven, or
2. I think of His won - der - ful pit - y, The price our sal-
3. O Je - sus, the lov - ing Re - deem - er, He know - eth I
midnight, or morn; It may be at deep - en - ing twi - light, It
va - tion hath cost; He left the bright man-sions of glo - ry, To
cher - ish so dear The hope that mine eyes shall be - hold Him, Then
may be at ear - li - est dawn; He bids us to watch and be
suf - fer and die for the lost; And sure - ly I know it will
I shall His glad wel - come hear; And when in the clouds He ap-
read - y, Nor suf - fer our lights to grow dim; That, when He may
please Him, When those whom He died to re - deem Re - joice in the
pear - eth, To gath - er the faith - ful ones in, A Friend most be-
come, He will find us All wait - ing and watch - ing for Him.
hope of His com - ing, By wait - ing and watch - ing for Him.
lov - ed, He'll greet me; I'm wait - ing and watch - ing for Him.

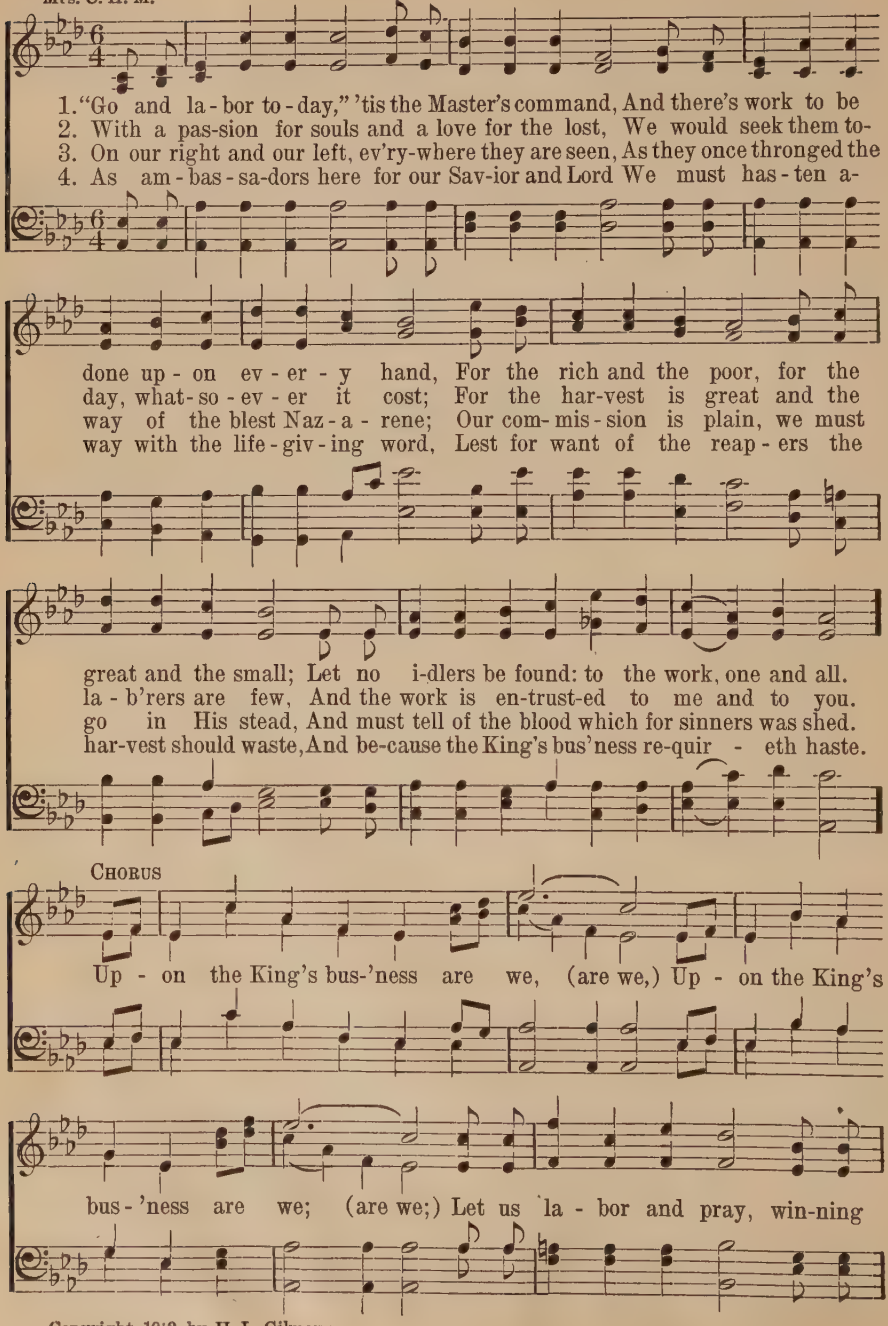
Waiting and Watching


Chorus
Wait - - ing and watch - ing, Wait - - ing and watch - ing,
Wait-ing and watching, yes, wait-ing for Him, Wait-ing and watching, yes, waiting for Him,
Repeat pp
Wait - - ing and watch - ing, Still waiting and watching for Him.
Wait-ing and watching, yes, waiting and watching,

55 I Am Coming to the Cross


William McDonald
William G. Fischer
1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee,—Friends and time and earth - ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;
Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D. C. Chorus
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,— Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

56 Upon the King's Business Are We

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris

1."Go and la-bor to-day," 'tis the Master's command, And there's work to be done up-on ev-er-y hand, For the rich and the poor, for the great and the small; Let no i-dlers be found: to the work, one and all.
2. With a pas-sion for souls and a love for the lost, We would seek them to-day, what-so-ev-er it cost; For the har-vest is great and the la-b'rers are few, And the work is en-trust-ed to me and to you.
3. On our right and our left, ev'ry-where they are seen, As they once thronged the way of the blest Naz-a-rene; Our com-mis-sion is plain, we must go in His stead, And must tell of the blood which for sinners was shed.
4. As am-bas-sa-dors here for our Sav-ior and Lord We must has-ten a-way with the life-giv-ing word, Lest for want of the reap-ers the har-vest should waste, And be-cause the King's bus'ness re-quir-eth haste.
Chorus
Up-on the King's bus-'ness are we, (are we,) Up-on the King's bus-'ness are we; (are we;) Let us la-bor and pray, win-ning

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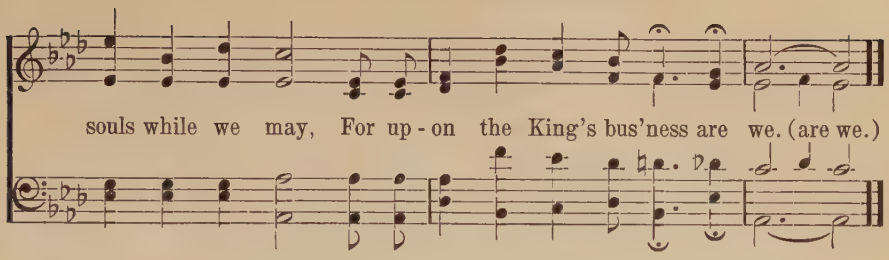
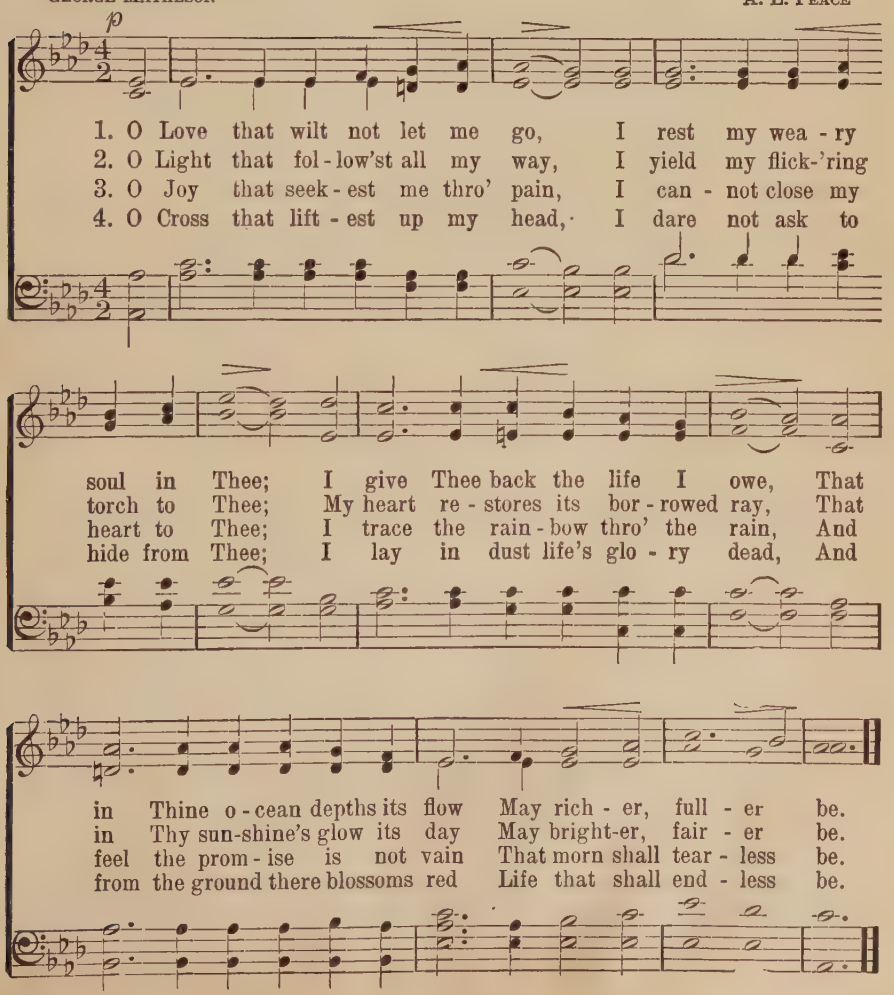
Upon the King's Business Are We

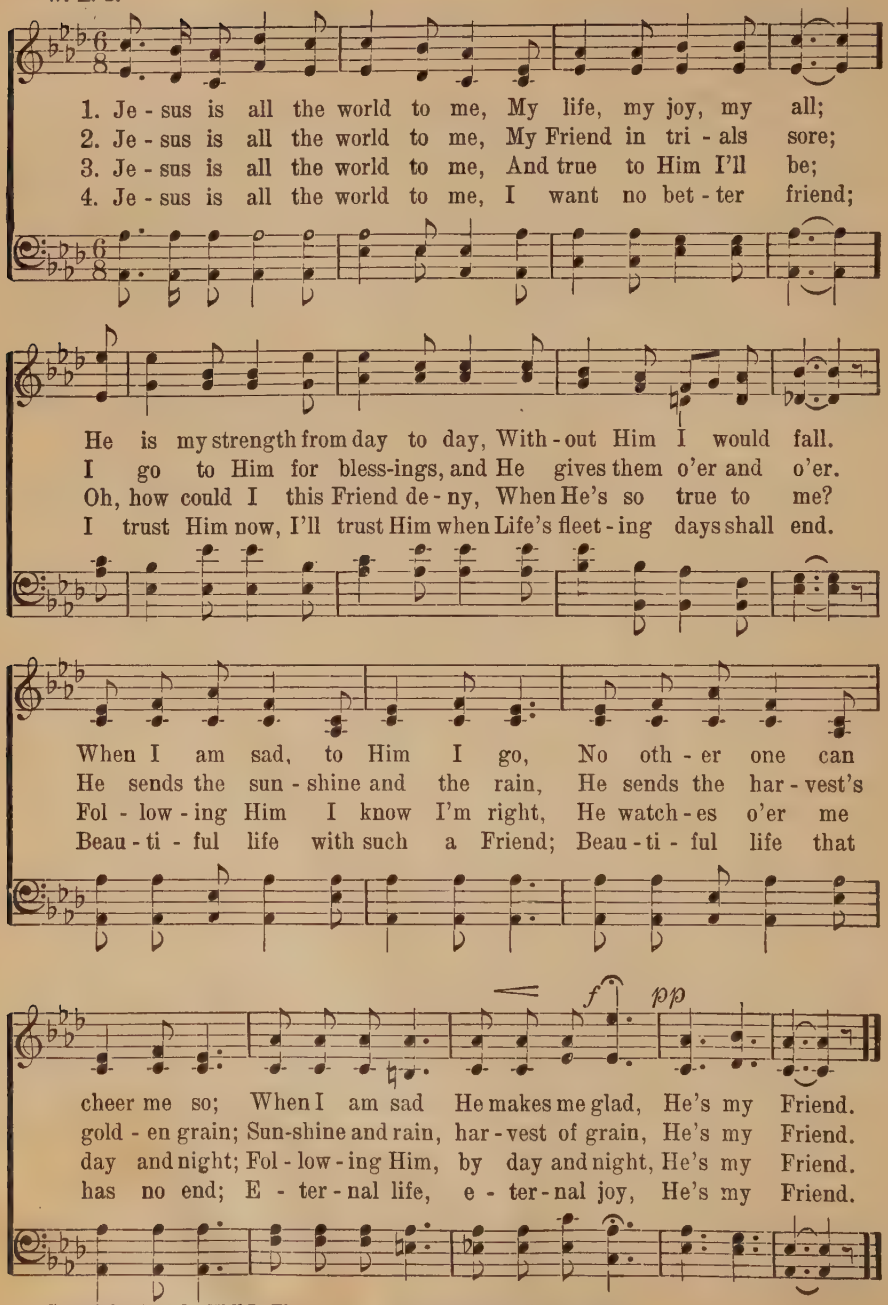


57 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

GEORGE MATHESON A. L. PEACE

p
1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
2. O Light that fol - low'st all my way, I yield my flick-'ring
3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to
soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That
heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the rain, And
hide from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And
in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

Jesus is All the World to Me

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that
f
pp
cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

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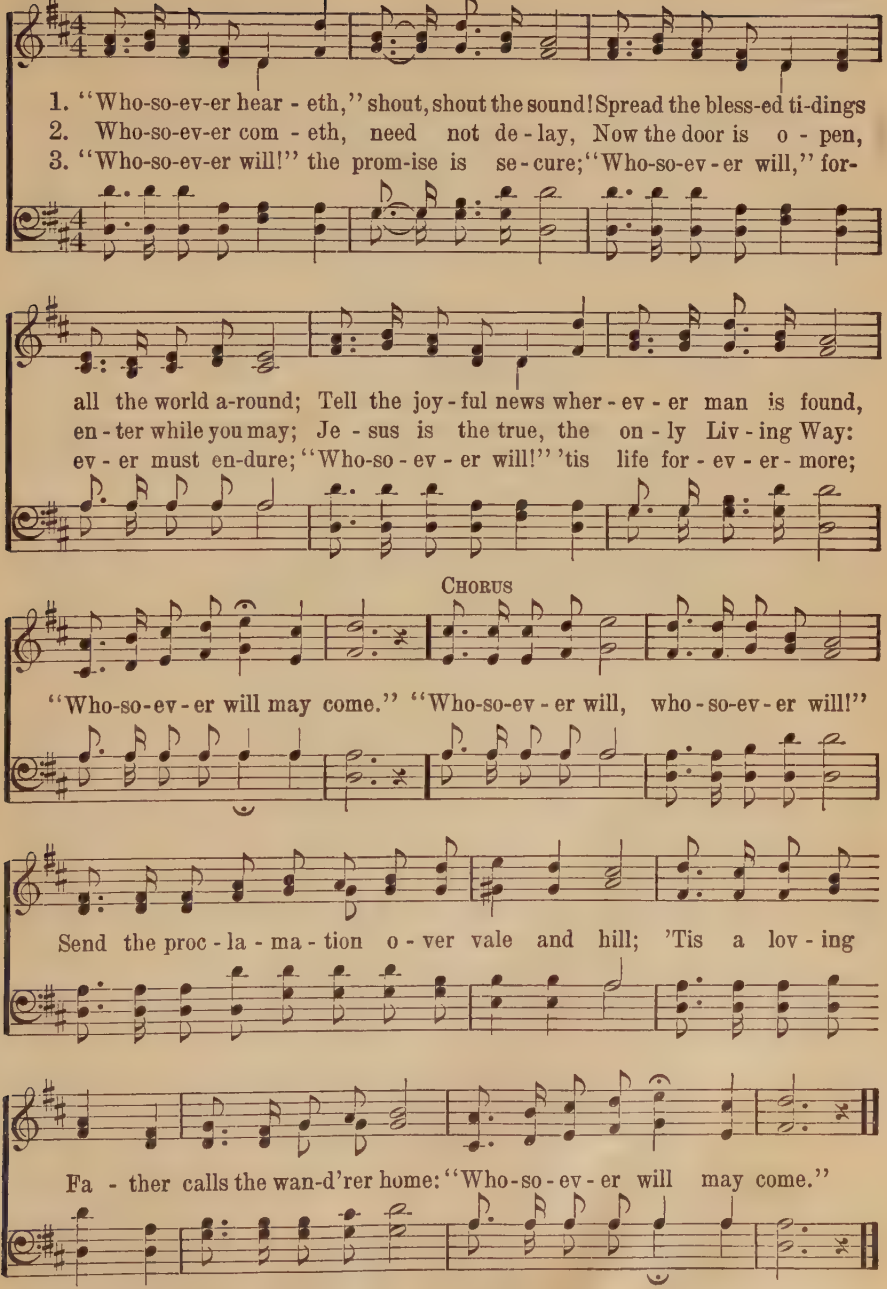
"Whosoever Will"

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti-dings
2. Who-so-ev-er com - eth, need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the prom-ise is se - cure; "Who-so-ev - er will," for-
all the world a-round; Tell the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found,
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who-so - ev - er will!" 'tis life for - ev - er - more;
Chorus
"Who-so-ev - er will may come." "Who-so-ev - er will, who - so-ev - er will!"
Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing
Fa - ther calls the wan-d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will may come."

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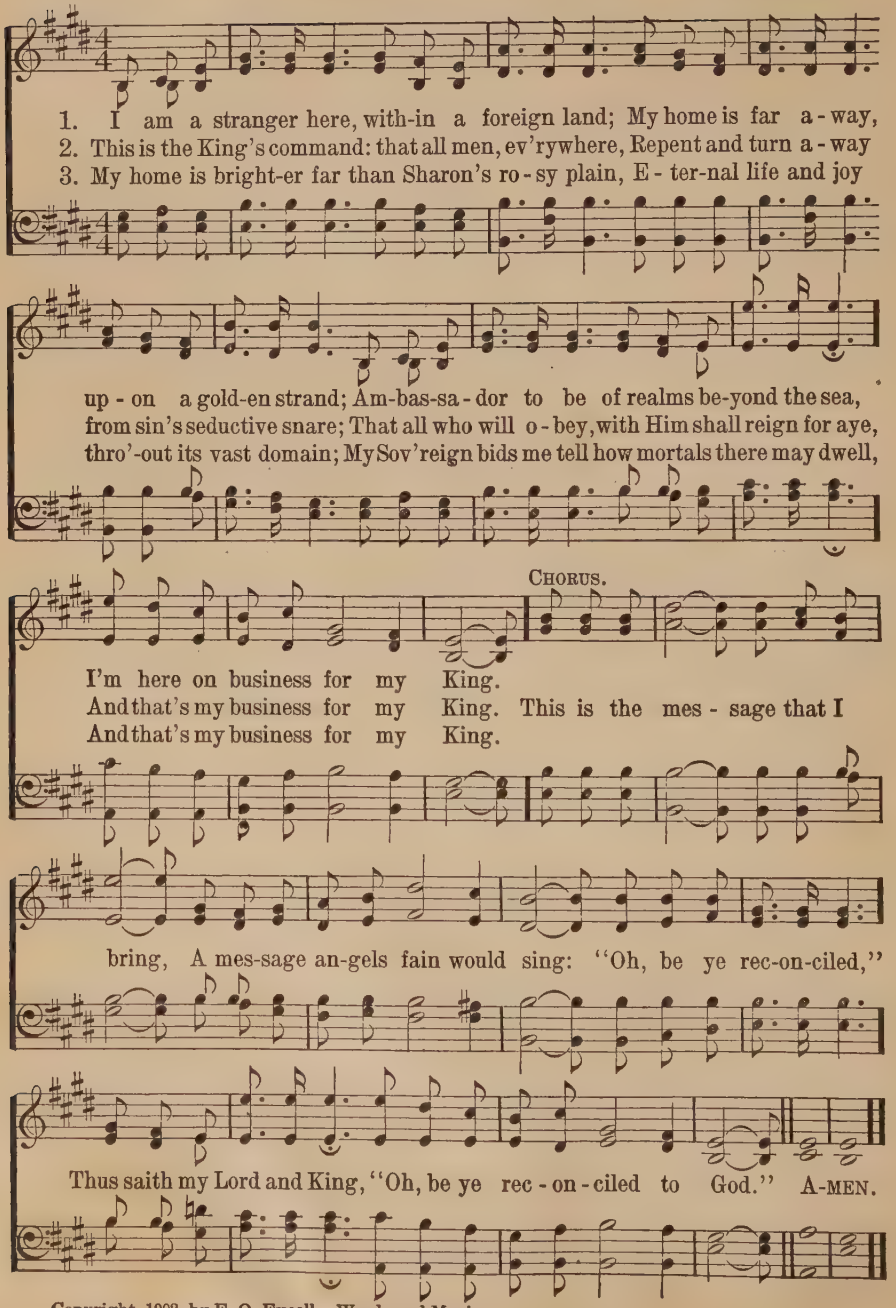
The King's Business

DR. E. T. CASSEL FLORA H. CASSEL


1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy
up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,
CHORUS.
I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.
bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"
Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

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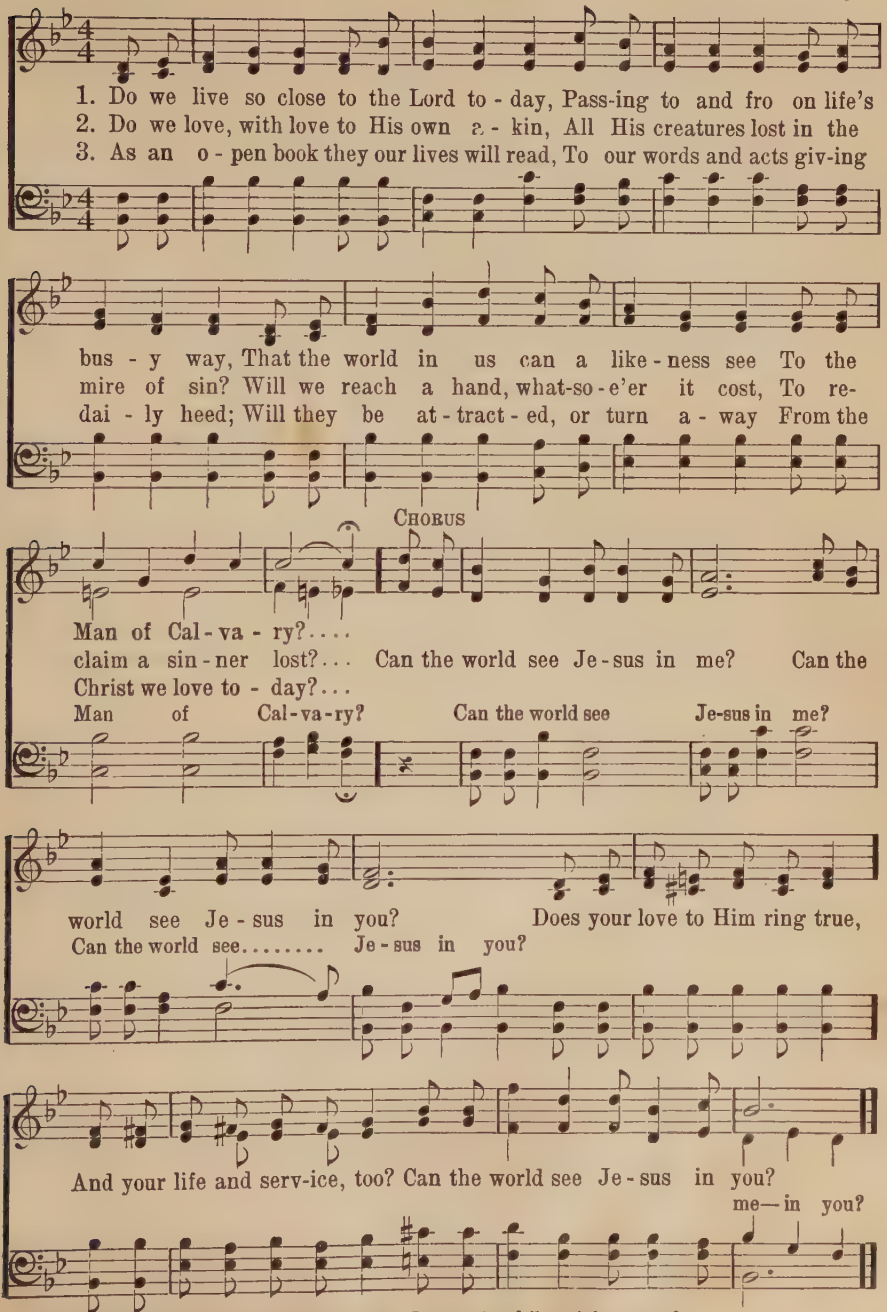
61 Can the World See Jesus in You?

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. Do we live so close to the Lord to - day, Pass-ing to and fro on life's bus - y way, That the world in us can a like - ness see To the
2. Do we love, with love to His own ɛ - kin, All His creatures lost in the mire of sin? Will we reach a hand, what-so-e'er it cost, To re-
3. As an o - pen book they our lives will read, To our words and acts giv-ing dai - ly heed; Will they be at - tract - ed, or turn a - way From the
Chorus
Man of Cal - va - ry?....
claim a sin - ner lost?... Can the world see Je - sus in me? Can the
Christ we love to - day?...
Man of Cal-va-ry? Can the world see Je-sus in me?
world see Je - sus in you? Does your love to Him ring true,
Can the world see..... Je - sus in you?
And your life and serv-ice, too? Can the world see Je - sus in you?
me—in you?

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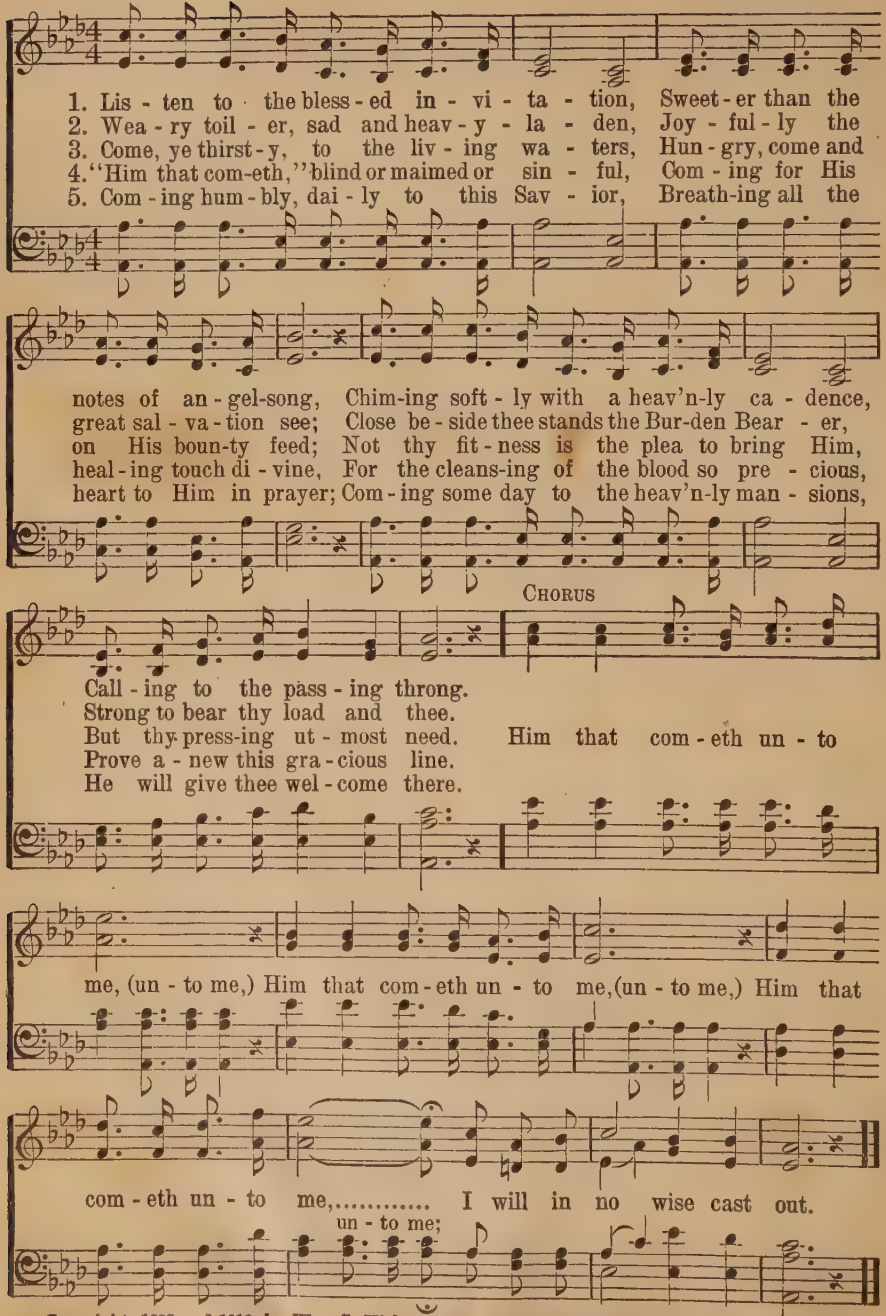
Him That Cometh Unto Me

E. E. Hewitt

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. Lis - ten to the bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweet - er than the
2. Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y - la - den, Joy - ful - ly the
3. Come, ye thirst - y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun - gry, come and
4. "Him that com-eth," blind or maimed or sin - ful, Com - ing for His
5. Com - ing hum - bly, dai - ly to this Sav - ior, Breath-ing all the
notes of an - gel-song, Chim-ing soft - ly with a heav'n-ly ca - dence,
great sal - va - tion see; Close be - side thee stands the Bur-den Bear - er,
on His boun-ty feed; Not thy fit - ness is the plea to bring Him,
heal - ing touch di - vine, For the cleans-ing of the blood so pre - cious,
heart to Him in prayer; Com - ing some day to the heav'n-ly man - sions,
Chorus
Call - ing to the pass - ing throng.
Strong to bear thy load and thee.
But thy press-ing ut - most need.
Prove a - new this gra - cious line.
He will give thee wel - come there.
Him that com - eth un - to
me, (un - to me,) Him that com - eth un - to me, (un - to me,) Him that
com - eth un - to me,..... I will in no wise cast out.
un - to me;

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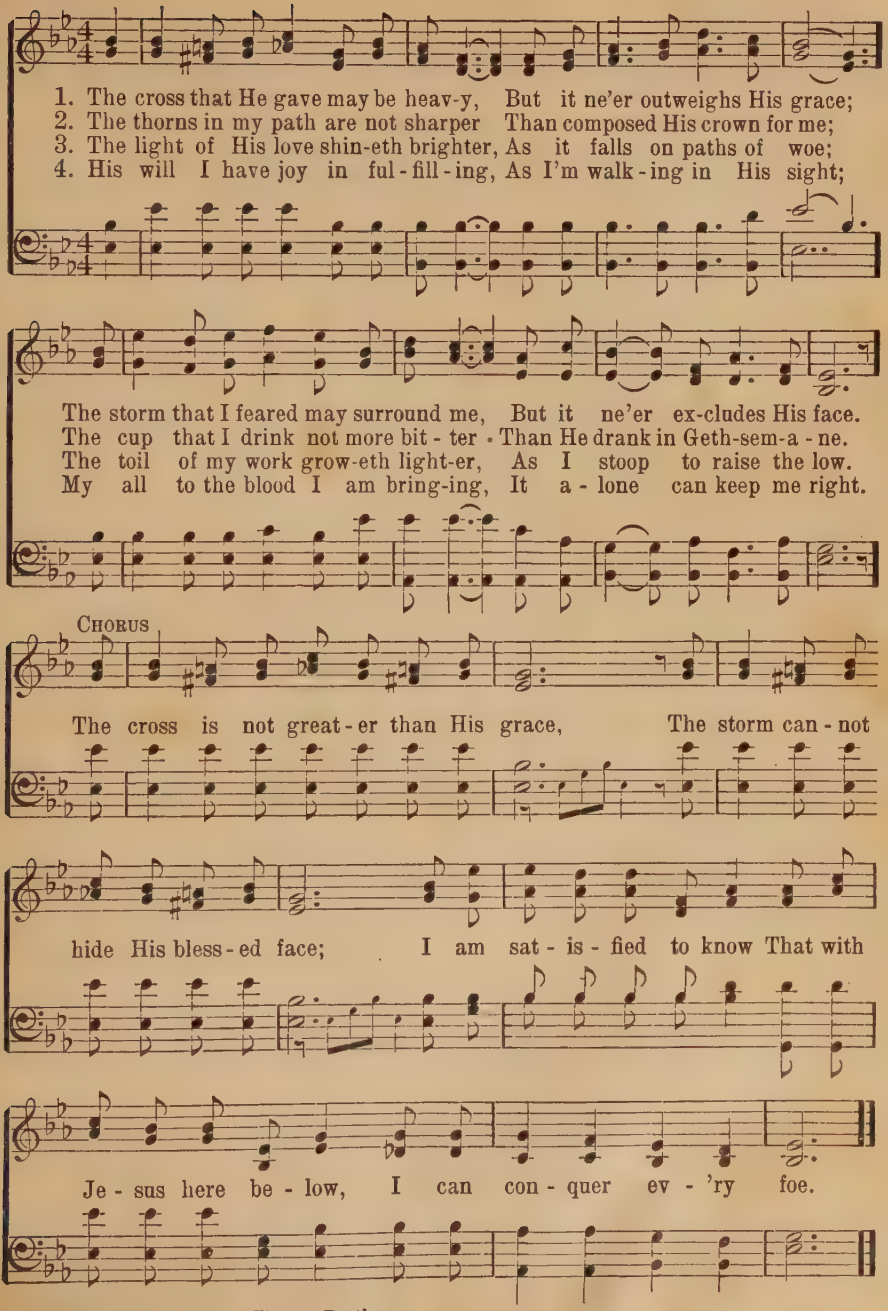
The Cross is Not Greater

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shin-eth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight;
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work grow-eth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.
CHORUS
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not
hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with
Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

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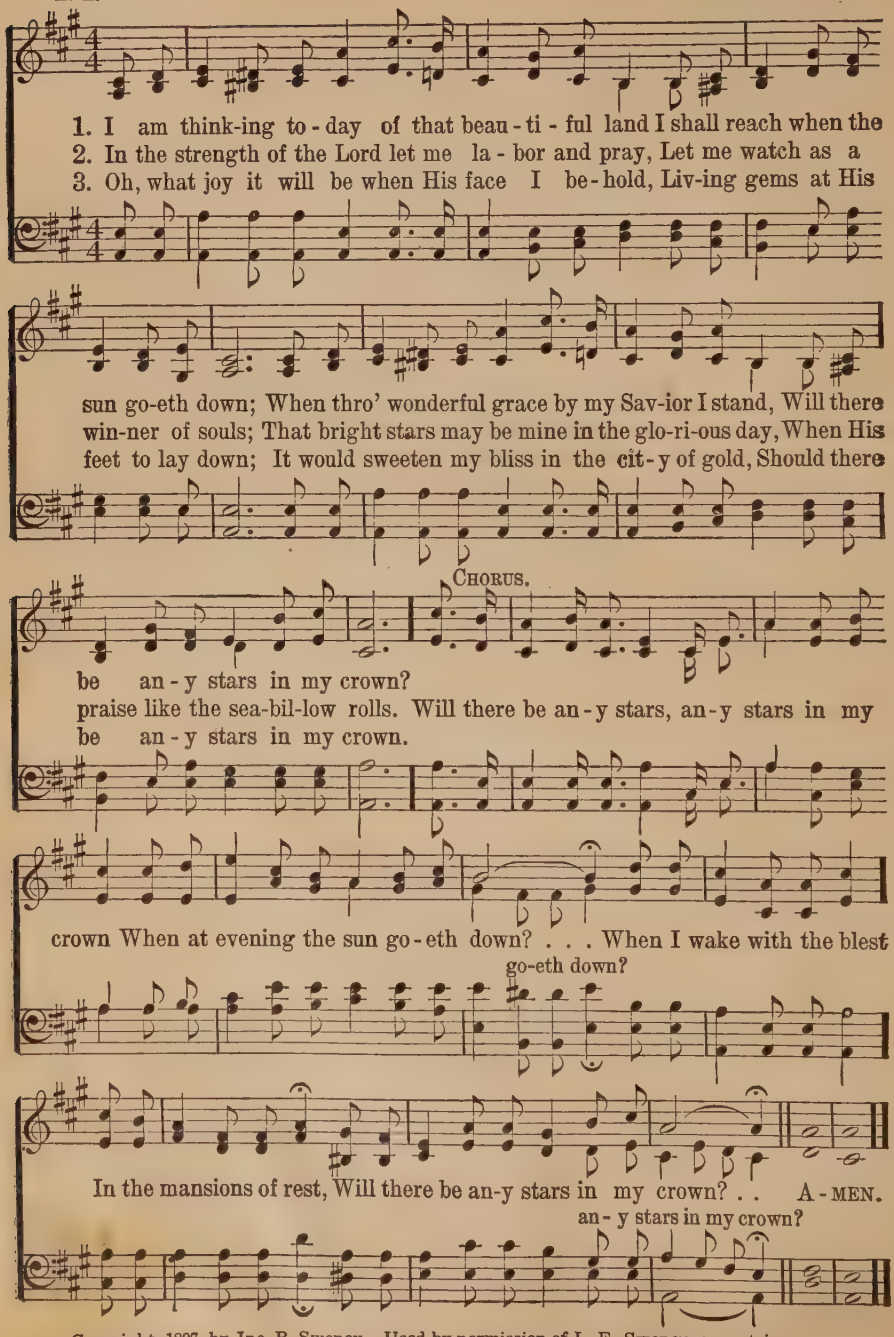
Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt

Jno. R. Sweney

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
Chorus.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my
be an-y stars in my crown.
crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . A-men.
an-y stars in my crown?

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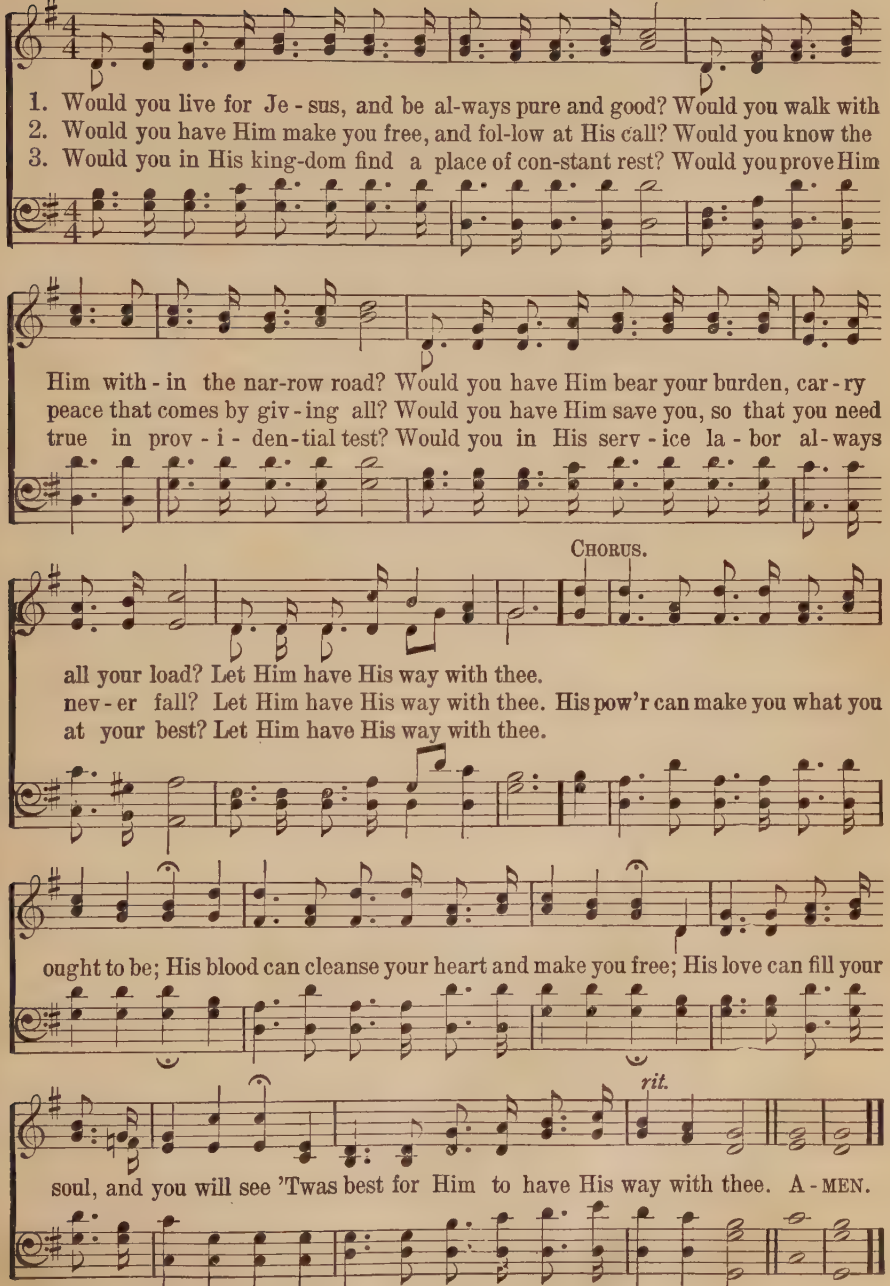
His Way With Thee

C. S. N

CYRUS S. NUSBAUM

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways
CHORUS.
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your
rit.
soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

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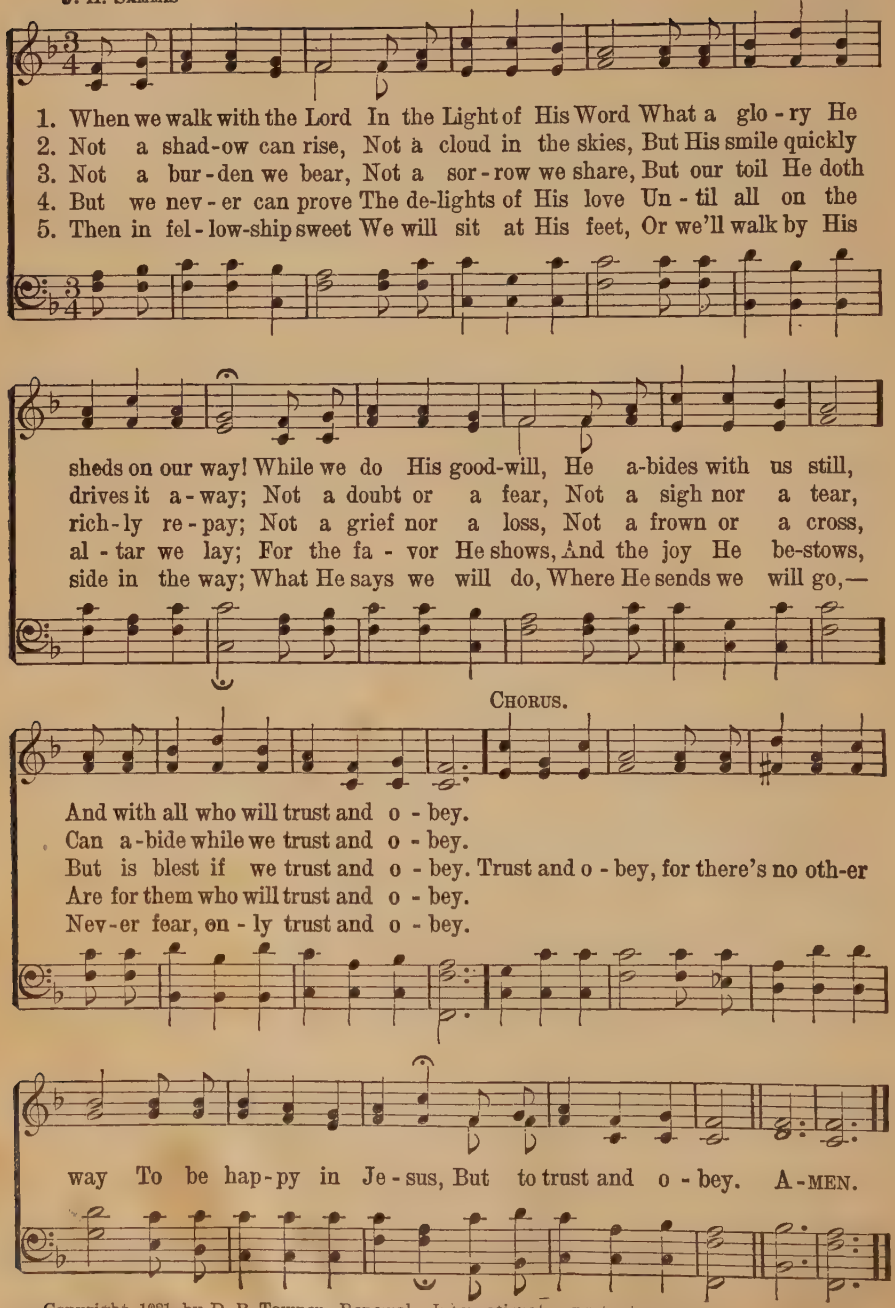
Trust and Obey

J. H. SAMMIS

D. B. TOWNER


1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich-ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—
CHORUS.
And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth-er
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
way To be hap-py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey. A-MEN.

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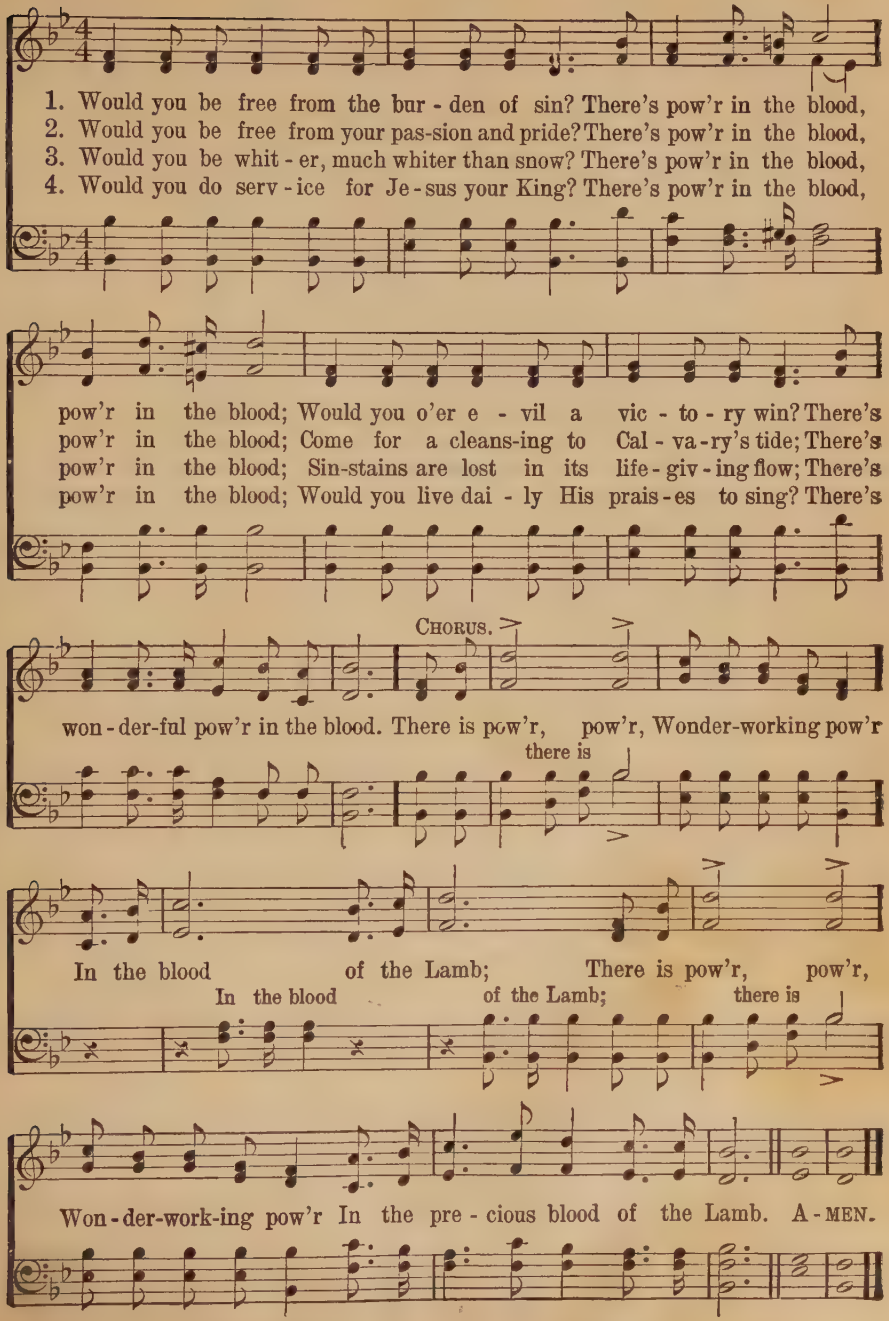
There is Power in the Blood

L. E. J. L. E. JONES

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow; There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's
CHORUS.
won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
there is
In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
In the blood of the Lamb; there is
Won - der-work-ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - MEN.

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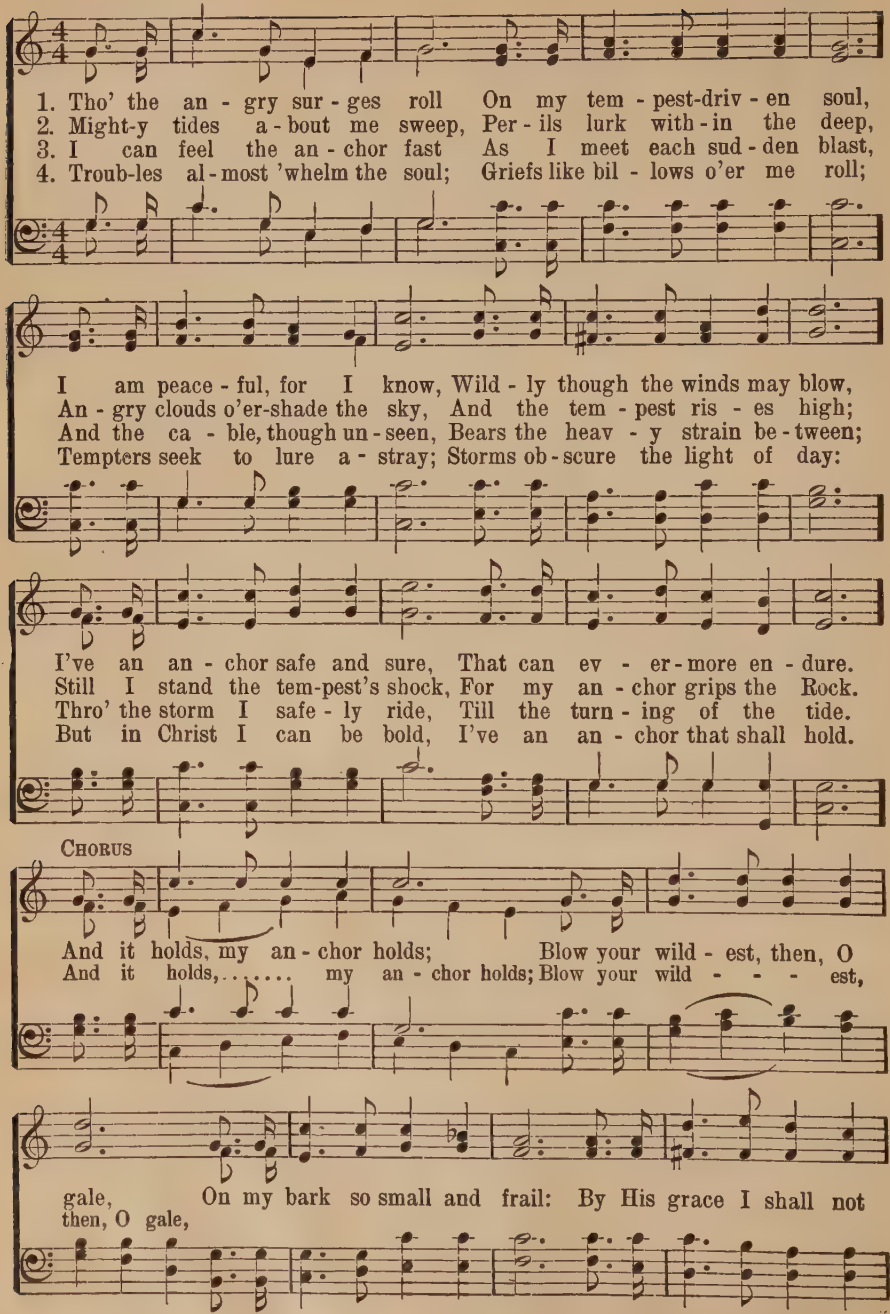
My Anchor Holds

W. C. MARTIN, arr. D. B. TOWNER


1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
4. Troub-les al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:
I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.
Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.
CHORUS
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds, ... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - - - est,
gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not
then, O gale,

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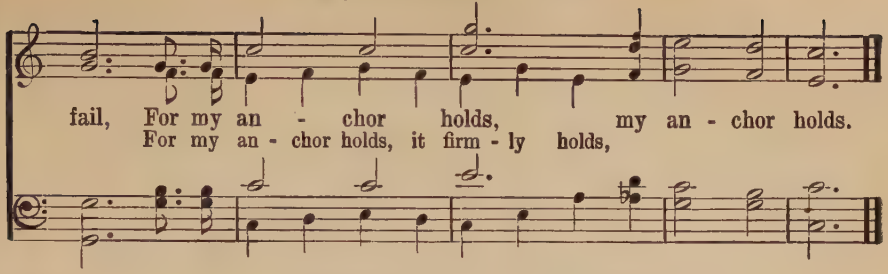
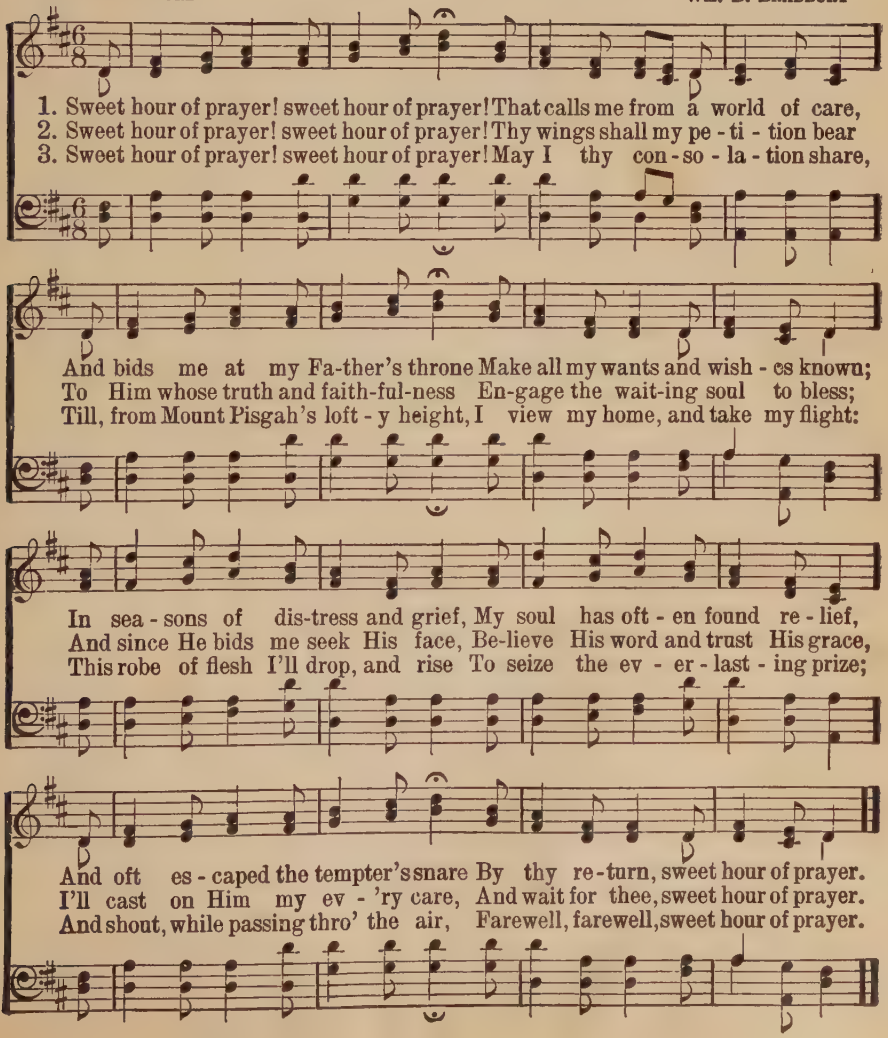
My Anchor Holds



69 Sweet Hour of Prayer

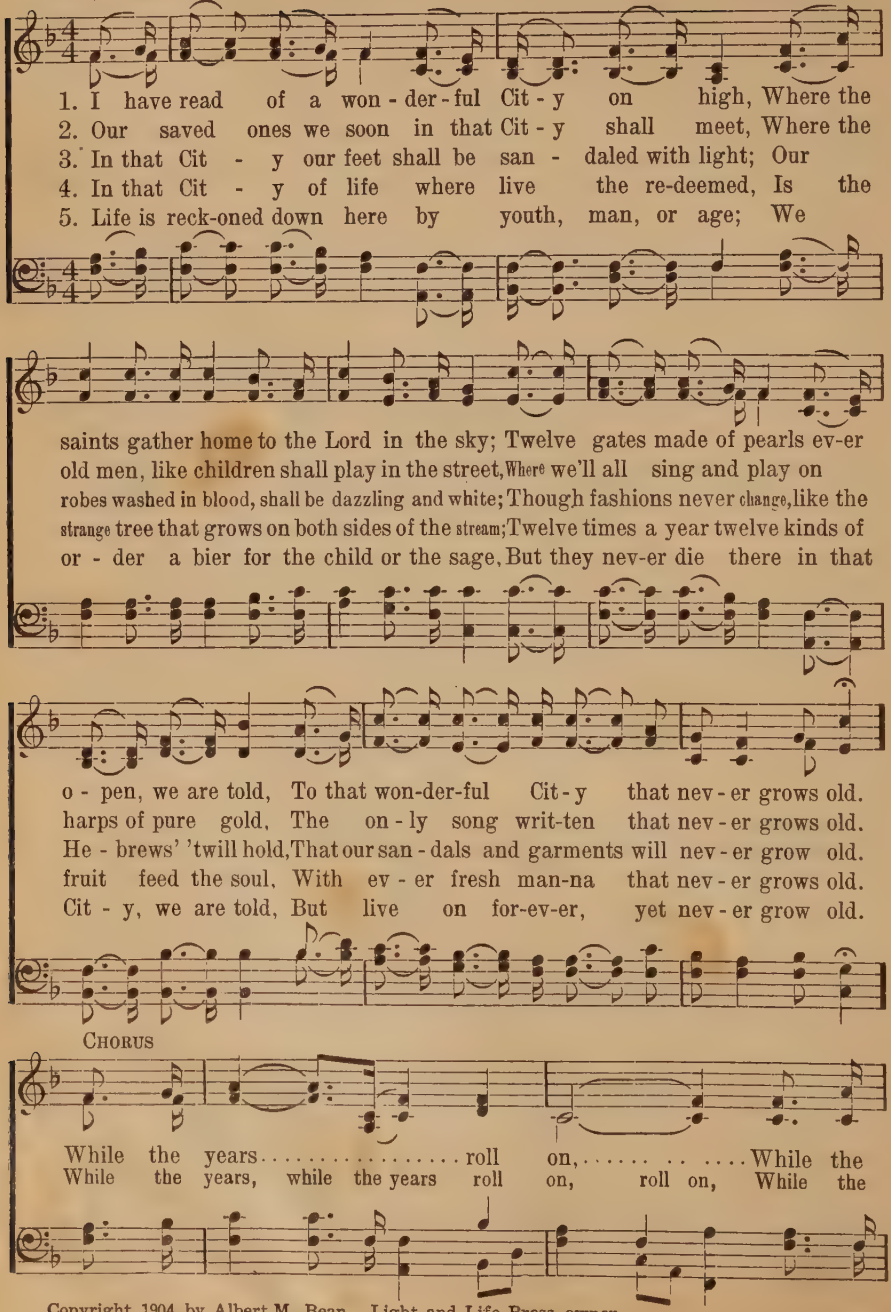
W. W. WALFORD — WM. B. BRADBURY


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es - caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

The Saints' Home

Words and Music by
Rev. A. M. Bean

Harmonized by
T. M. Bowdish


1. I have read of a won - der - ful Cit - y on high, Where the
2. Our saved ones we soon in that Cit - y shall meet, Where the
3. In that Cit - y our feet shall be san - daled with light; Our
4. In that Cit - y of life where live the re-deemed, Is the
5. Life is reck-oned down here by youth, man, or age; We
saints gather home to the Lord in the sky; Twelve gates made of pearls ev-er
old men, like children shall play in the street, Where we'll all sing and play on
robes washed in blood, shall be dazzling and white; Though fashions never change, like the
strange tree that grows on both sides of the stream; Twelve times a year twelve kinds of
or - der a bier for the child or the sage, But they nev-er die there in that
o - pen, we are told, To that won-der-ful Cit - y that nev - er grows old.
harps of pure gold, The on - ly song writ-ten that nev - er grows old.
He - brews' 'twill hold, That our san - dals and garments will nev - er grow old.
fruit feed the soul, With ev - er fresh man-na that nev - er grows old.
Cit - y, we are told, But live on for-ev-er, yet nev - er grow old.
Chorus
While the years . . . . . roll on, ... While the
While the years, while the years roll on, roll on, While the

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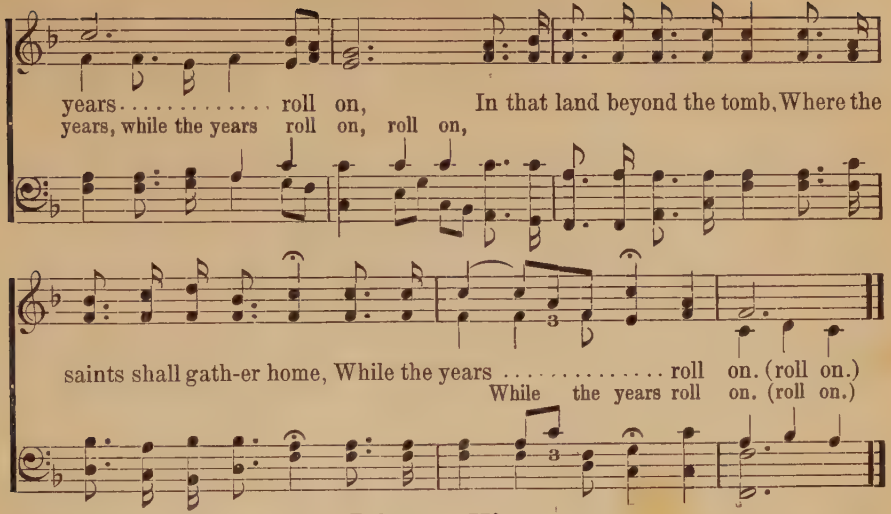
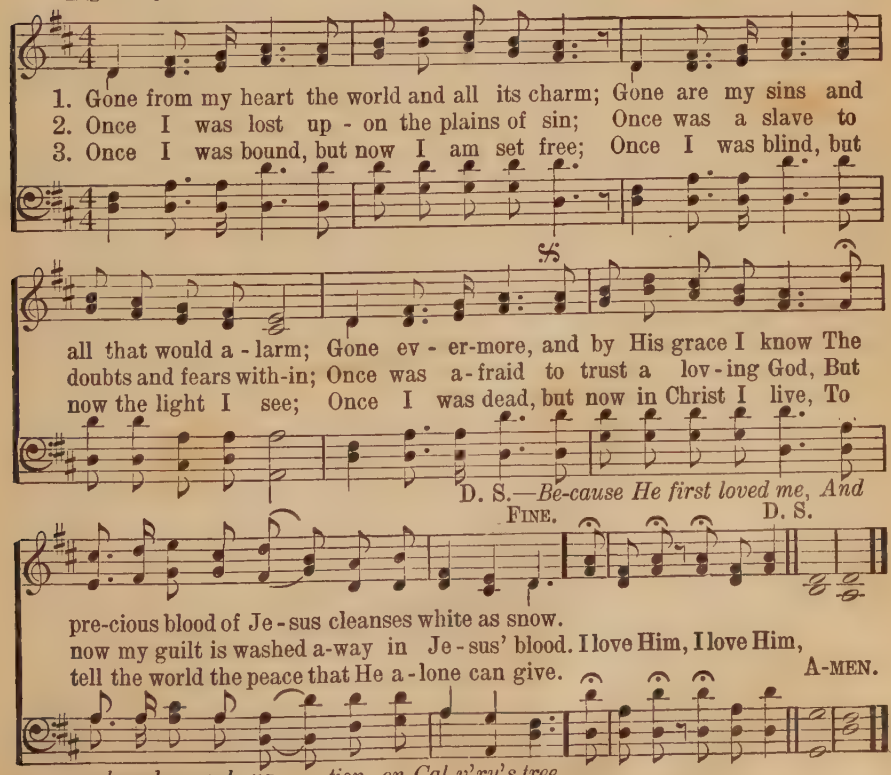
The Saints' Home


years . . . . . roll on, In that land beyond the tomb, Where the
years, while the years roll on, roll on,
saints shall gath-er home, While the years . . . . . roll on. (roll on.)
While the years roll on. (roll on.)

71 I Love Him

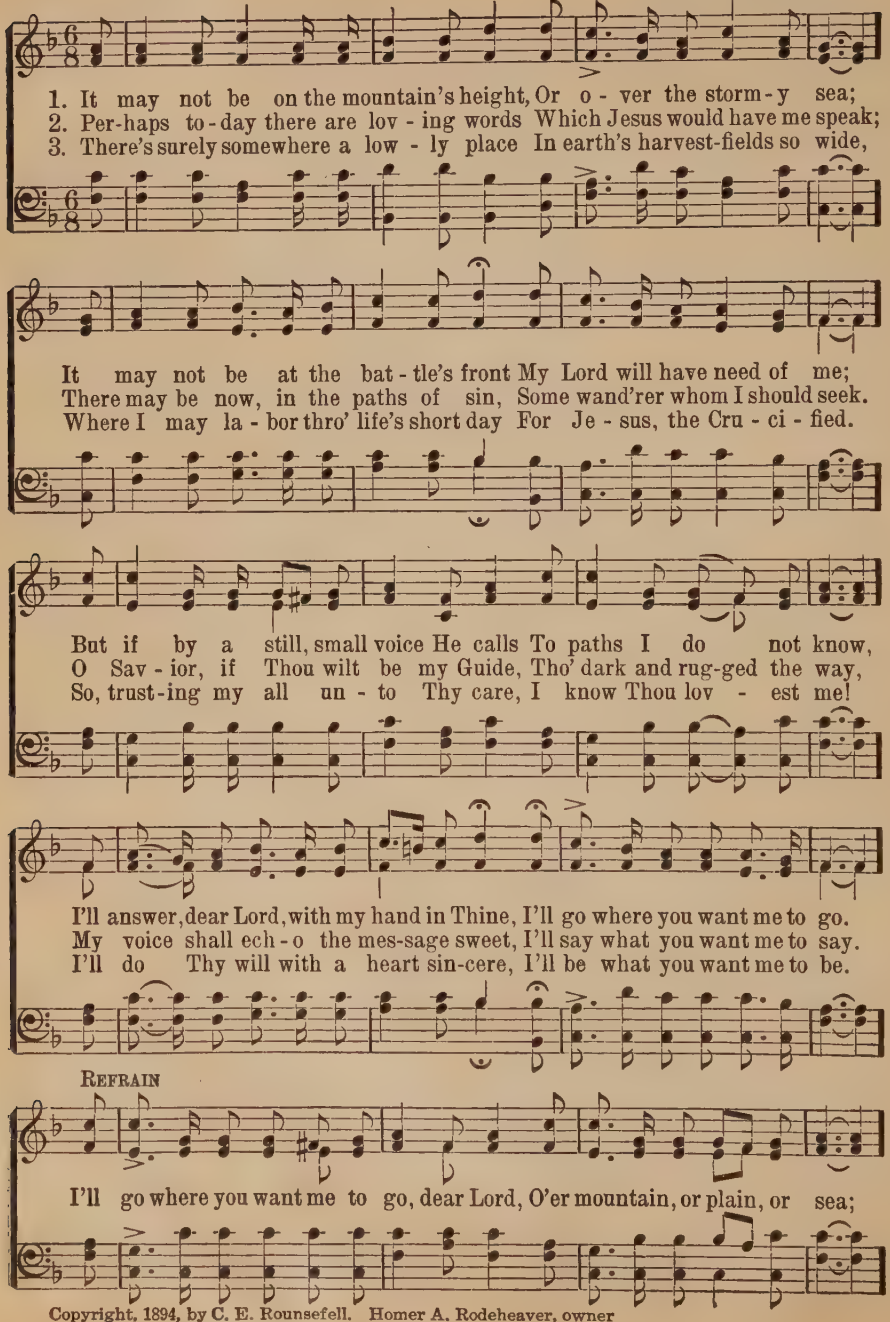
English Hymn Book

S. C. Foster


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears with-in; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, And
Fine.
D. S.
pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.
A-men.
purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

MARY BROWN — CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

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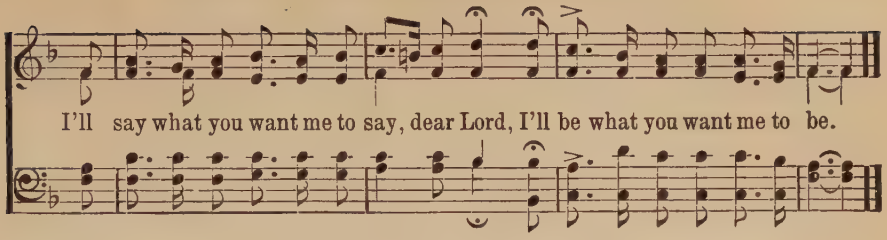
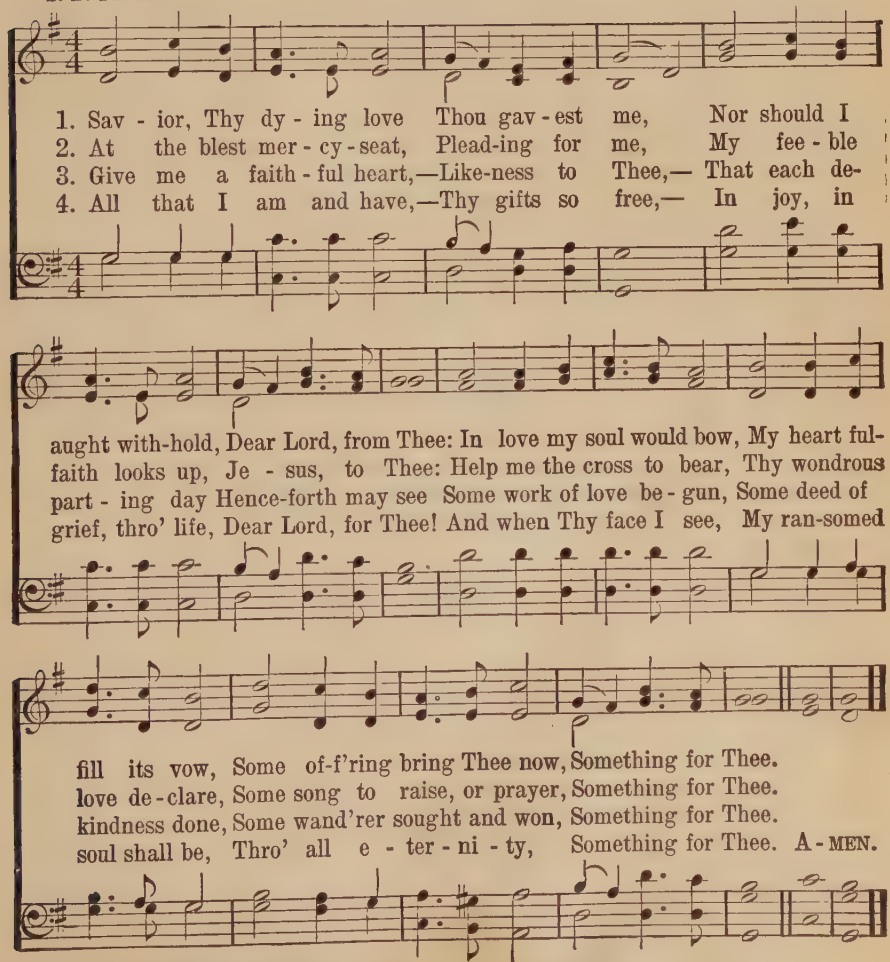
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go



73 Something For Jesus

S. D. PHELPS ROBERT LOWRY


1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart,—Like-ness to Thee,— That each de-
4. All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran-somed
fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee. A - MEN.

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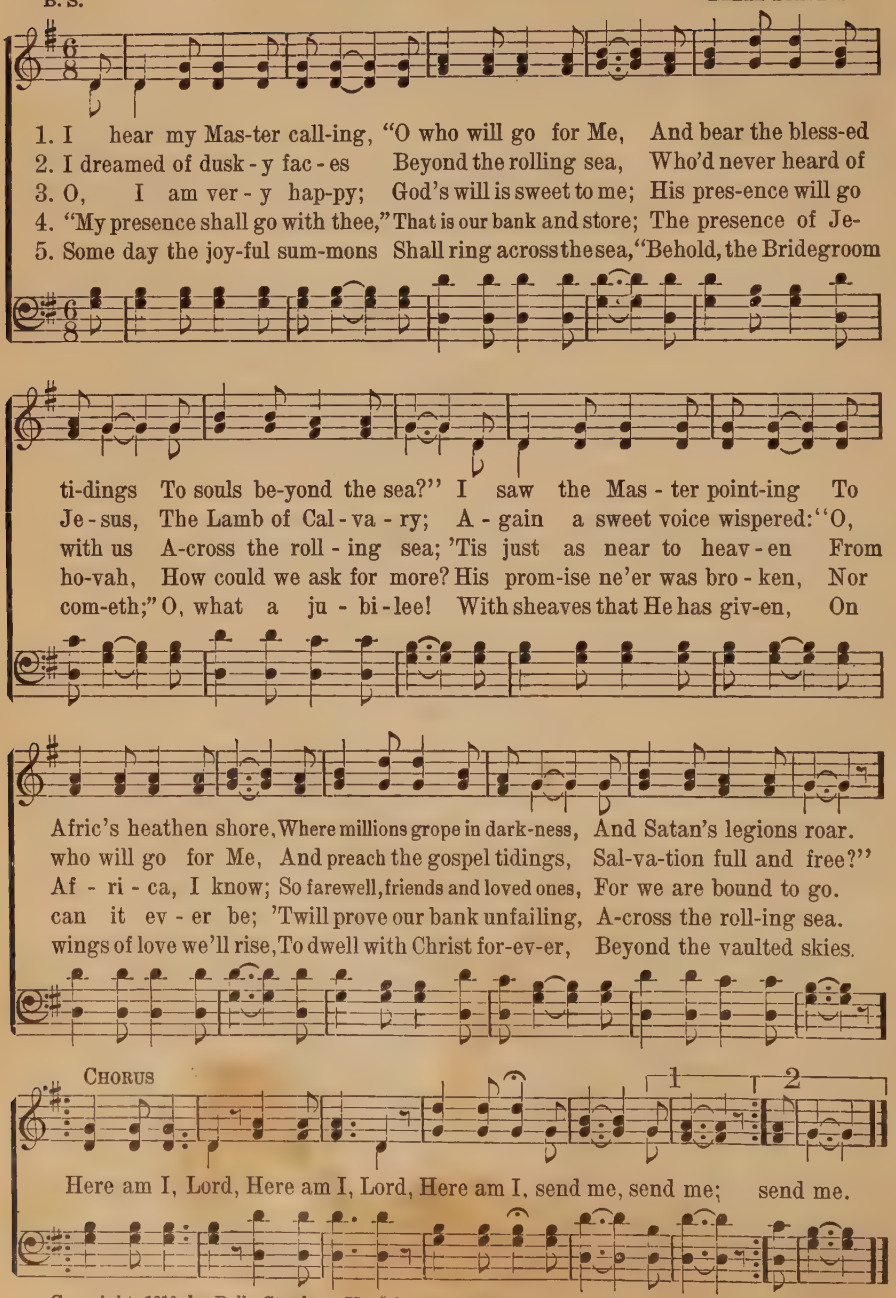
The Master's Call

(Dedicated to God and African Missions)

B. S. BELLE STAPLES


1. I hear my Mas-ter call-ing, "O who will go for Me, And bear the bless-ed
2. I dreamed of dusk-y fac-es Beyond the rolling sea, Who'd never heard of
3. O, I am ver-y hap-py; God's will is sweet to me; His pres-ence will go
4. "My presence shall go with thee," That is our bank and store; The presence of Je-
5. Some day the joy-ful sum-mons Shall ring across the sea, "Behold, the Bridegroom
ti-dings To souls be-yond the sea?" I saw the Mas-ter point-ing To
Je-sus, The Lamb of Cal-va-ry; A-gain a sweet voice wispered: "O,
with us A-cross the roll-ing sea; 'Tis just as near to heav-en From
ho-vah, How could we ask for more? His prom-ise ne'er was bro-ken, Nor
com-eth;" O, what a ju-bi-lee! With sheaves that He has giv-en, On
Afric's heathen shore, Where millions grope in dark-ness, And Satan's legions roar.
who will go for Me, And preach the gospel tidings, Sal-va-tion full and free?"
Af-ri-ca, I know; So farewell, friends and loved ones, For we are bound to go.
can it ev-er be; 'Twill prove our bank unfailing, A-cross the roll-ing sea.
wings of love we'll rise, To dwell with Christ for-ev-er, Beyond the vaulted skies.
CHORUS
1
2
Here am I, Lord, Here am I, Lord, Here am I, send me, send me; send me.

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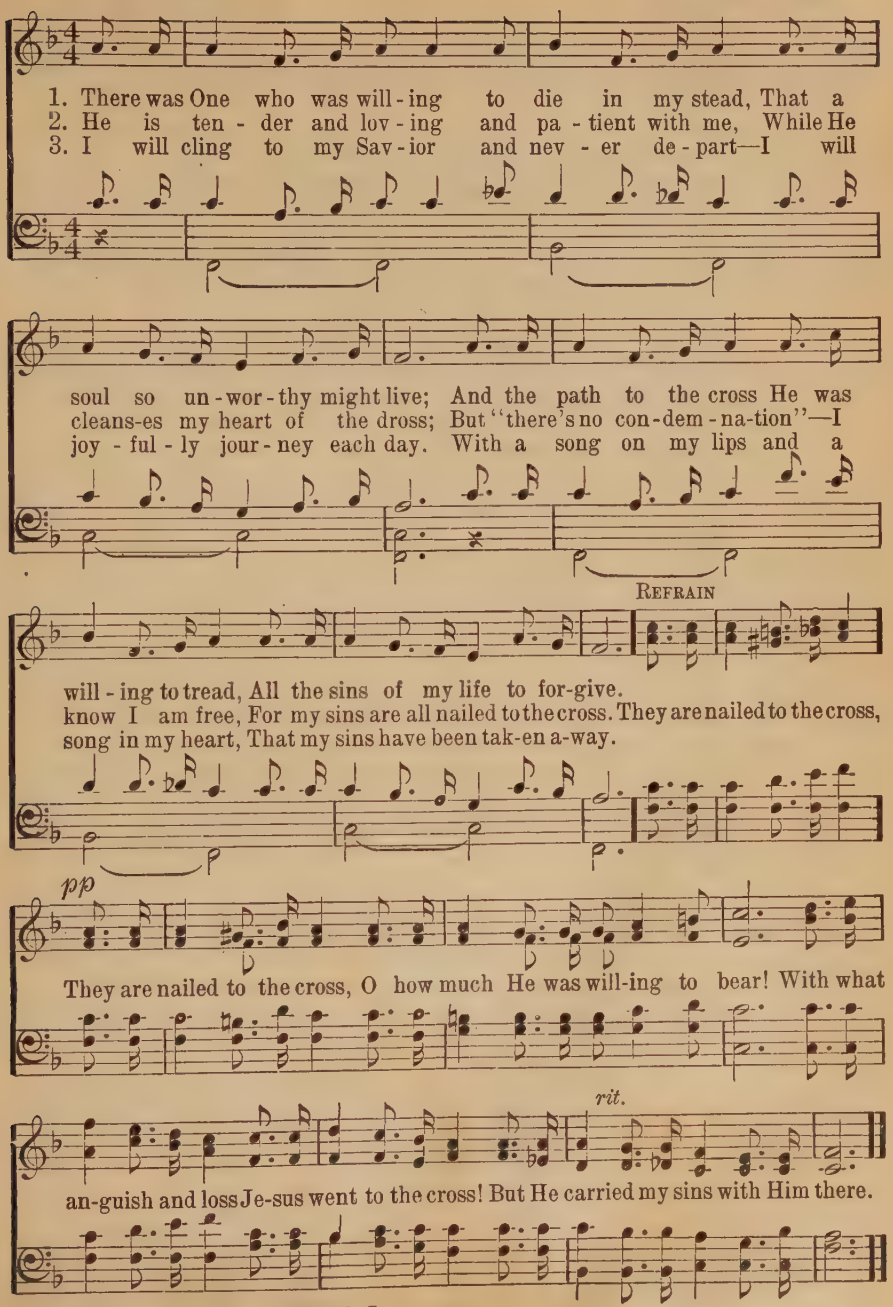
Nailed to the Cross

Mrs. Frank A. Breck — Grant Colfax Tullar

1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead, That a
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He
3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part—I will
soul so un - wor - thy might live; And the path to the cross He was
cleans-es my heart of the dross; But "there's no con-dem - na-tion"—I
joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day. With a song on my lips and a
Refrain
will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.
know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross. They are nailed to the cross,
song in my heart, That my sins have been tak-en a-way.
pp
They are nailed to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what
rit.
an-guish and loss Je-sus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

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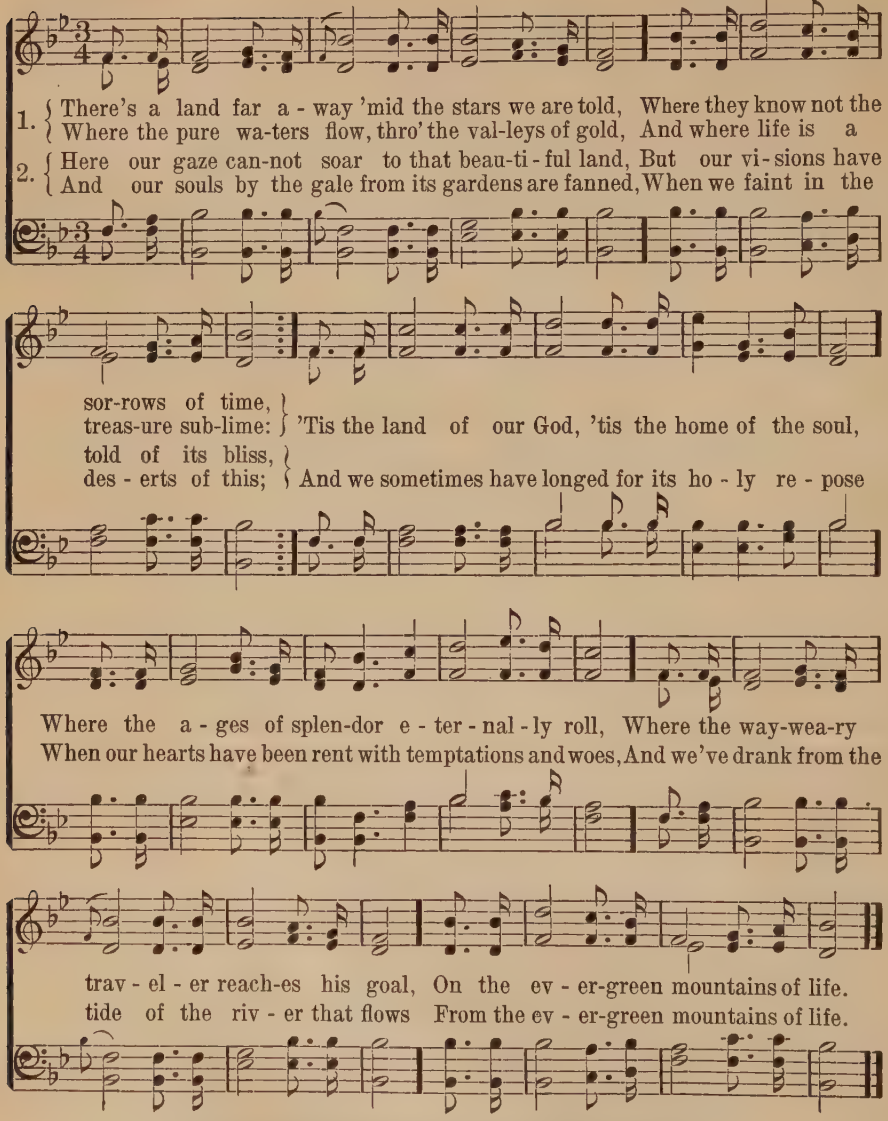
There's a Land Far Away

JAMES G. CLARK — Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN

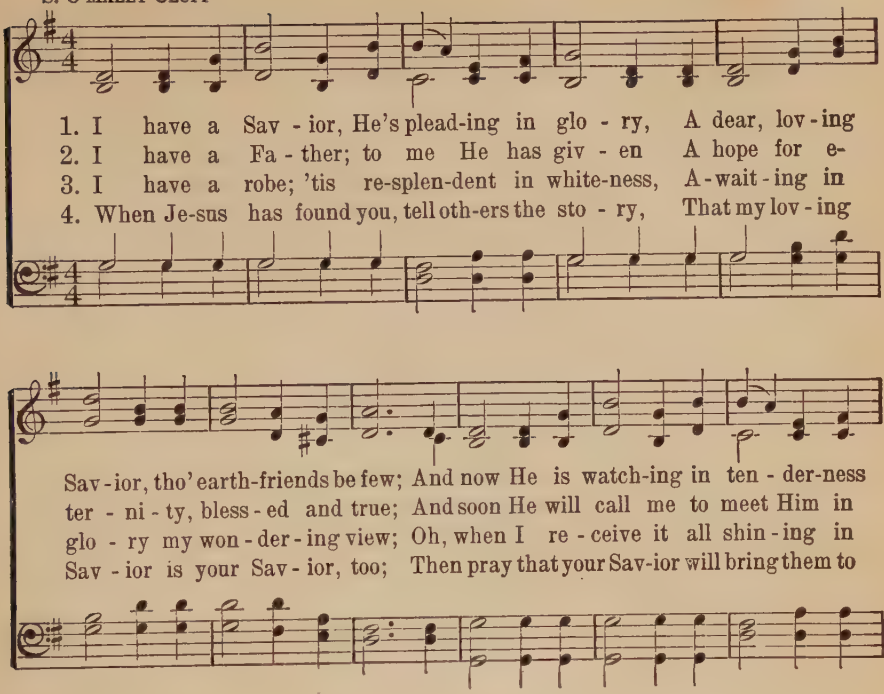

1. There's a land far a - way 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the
Where the pure wa-ters flow, thro' the val-leys of gold, And where life is a
2. Here our gaze can-not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our vi-sions have
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned, When we faint in the
sor-rows of time,
treas-ure sub-lime: 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
told of its bliss,
des - erts of this; And we sometimes have longed for its ho - ly re - pose
Where the a - ges of splen-dor e - ter - nal - ly roll, Where the way-wea-ry
When our hearts have been rent with temptations and woes, And we've drank from the
trav - el - er reach-es his goal, On the ev - er-green mountains of life.
tide of the riv - er that flows From the ev - er-green mountains of life.

3 Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod,
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God:
We are traveling home through earth's changes and gloom,
To a region where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the ever-green mountains of life.

I Am Praying for You

S. O'Maley Cluff

Ira D. Sankey


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe; 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing
Sav - ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in
glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
Sav - ior is your Sav - ior, too; Then pray that your Sav-ior will bring them to
f Chorus
o'er me, But oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior, too.
heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am
bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv-ing one, too!
glo - ry, And prayer will be answered–'twas answered for you!
p
f
pp rall.
pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm praying for you.

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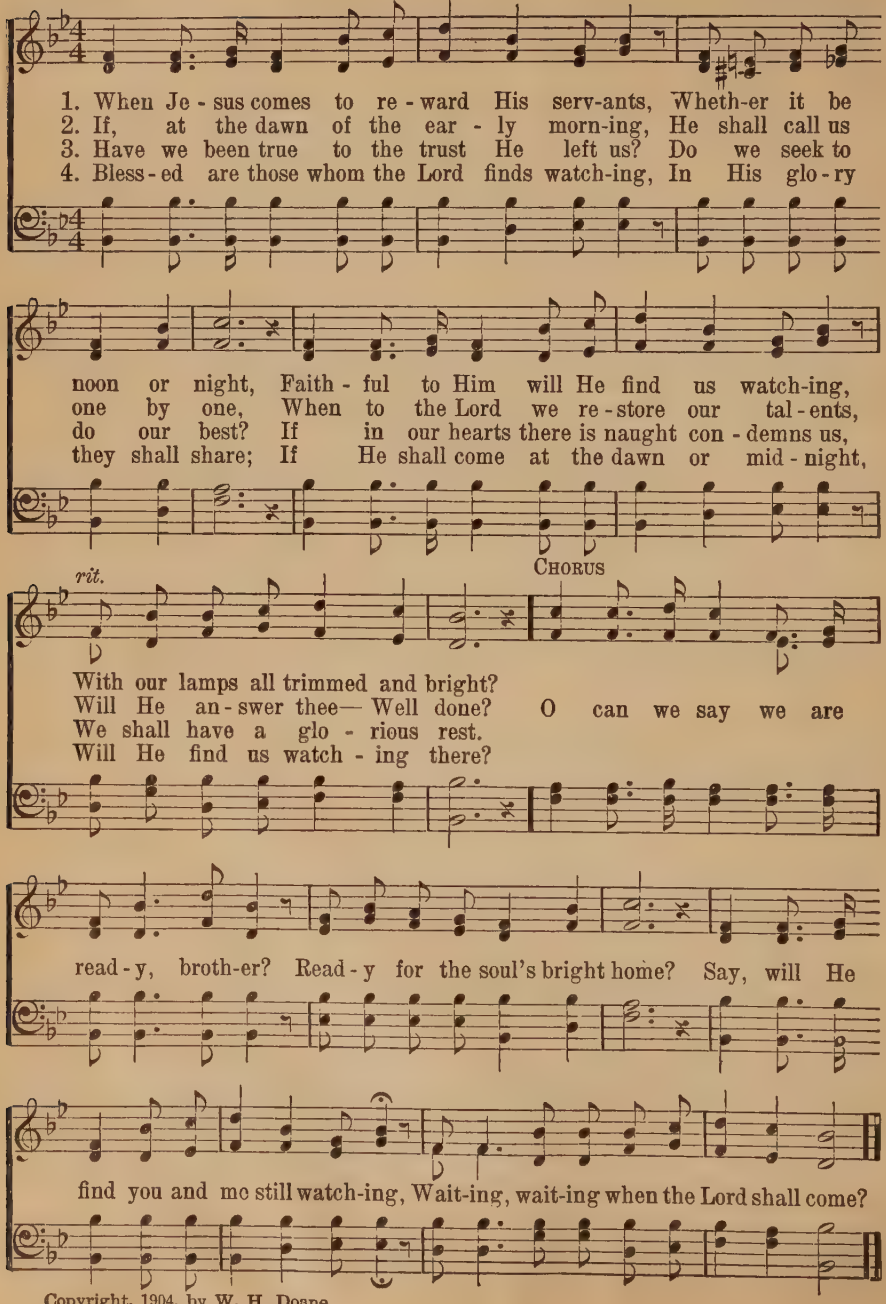
Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv-ants, Wheth-er it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,
rit.
CHORUS
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an - swer thee— Well done? O can we say we are
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?
read - y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He
find you and me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

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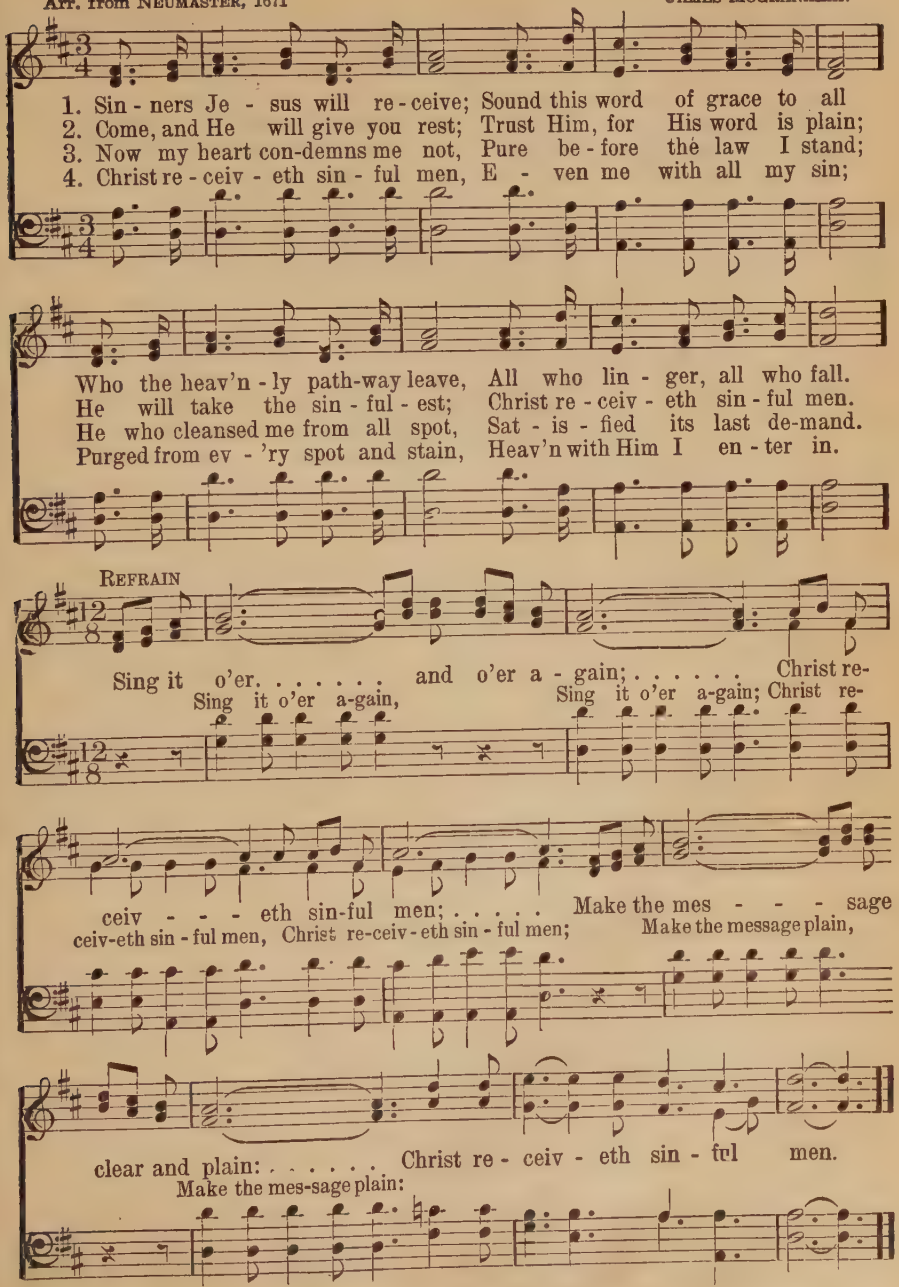
Christ Receiveth Sinful Men

ARR. from NEUMASTER, 1671 — JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n - ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN
Sing it o'er. . . . . and o'er a - gain; . . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain,
Sing it o'er a-gain; Christ re-
ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men; . . . . . Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men;
Make the message plain,
clear and plain: . . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain:

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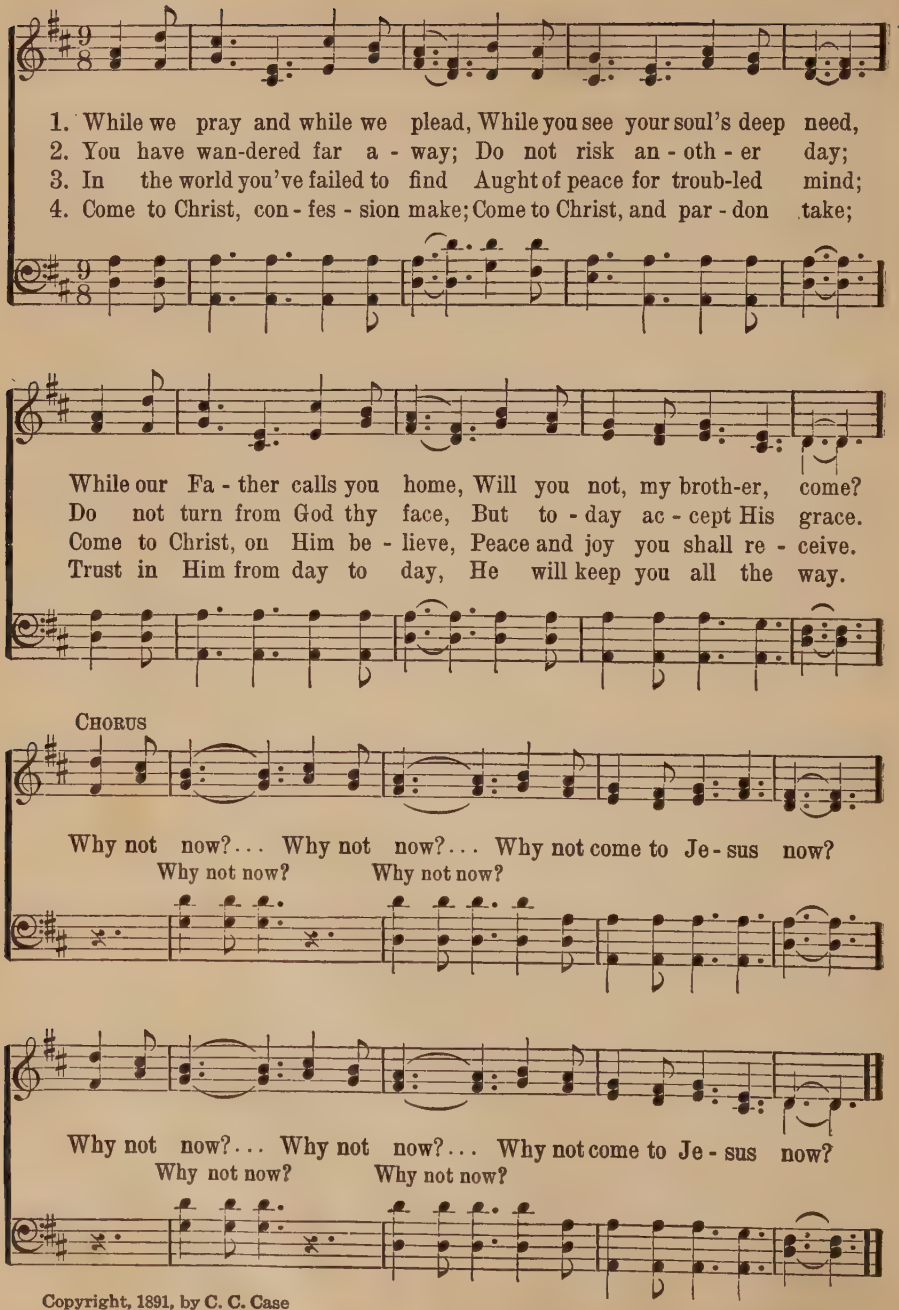
Why Not Now?

EL NATHAN C. C. CASE


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God thy face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
CHORUS
Why not now?... Why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?
Why not now?... Why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?

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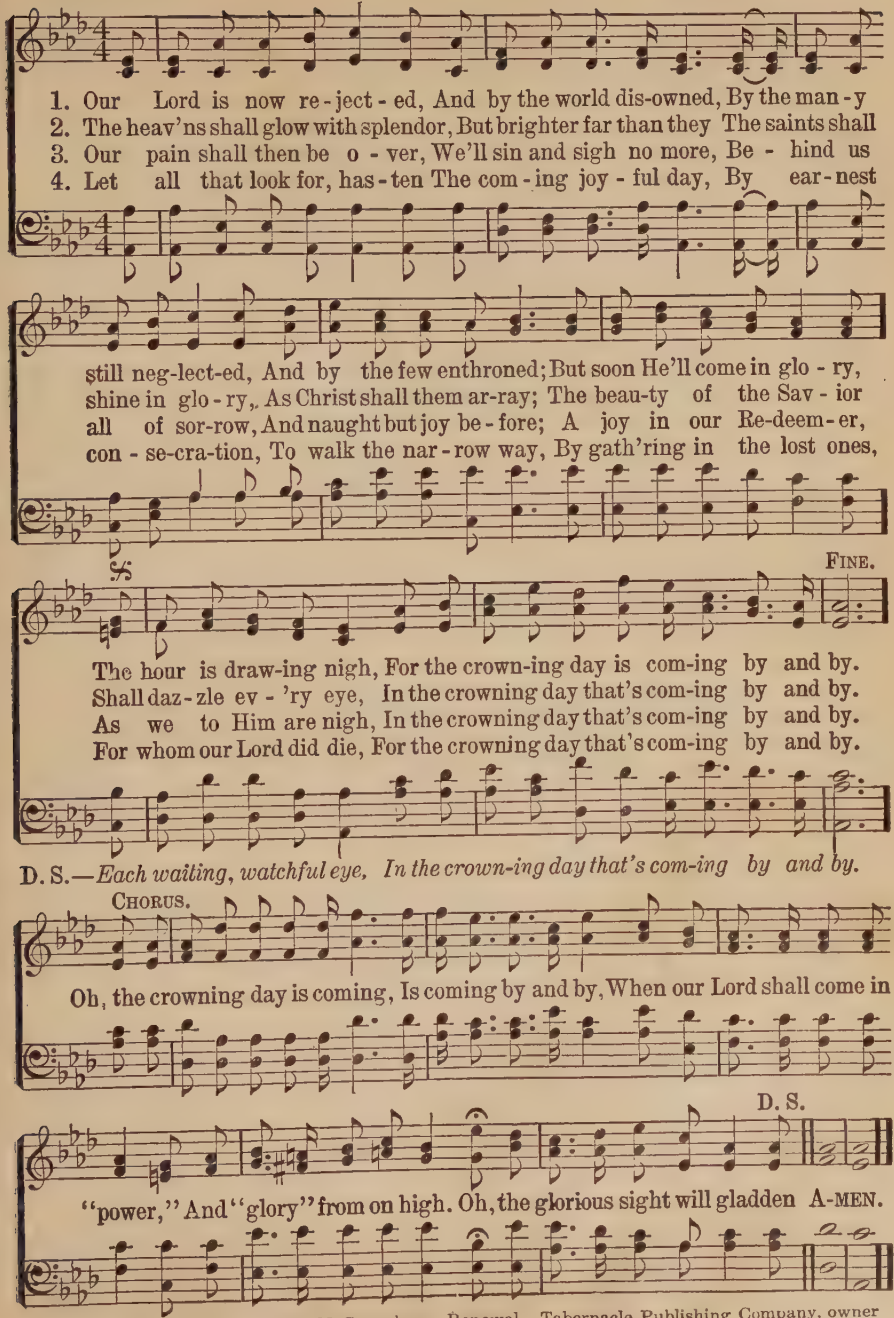
The Crowning Day

EL NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world dis-owned, By the man-y
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The saints shall
3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be-hind us
4. Let all that look for, has-ten The com-ing joy-ful day, By ear-nest
still neg-lect-ed, And by the few enthroned; But soon He'll come in glo-ry,
shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray; The beau-ty of the Sav-ior
all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore; A joy in our Re-deem-er,
con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way, By gath'ring in the lost ones,
FINE.
The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.
Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
For whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
D. S.—Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.
CHORUS.
Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is coming by and by, When our Lord shall come in
D. S.
"power," And "glory" from on high. Oh, the glorious sight will gladden A-MEN.

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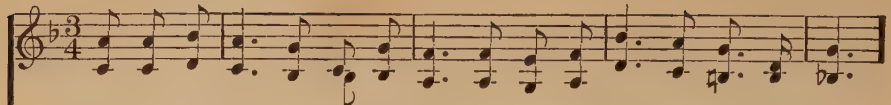
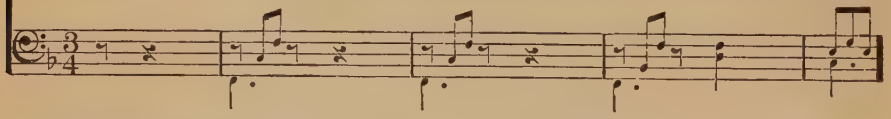
Saved By Grace

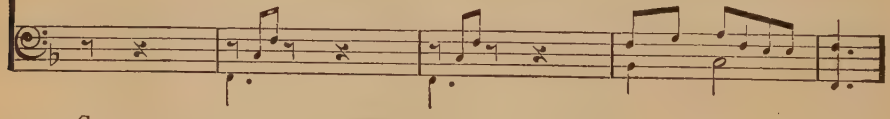
FANNY J. CROSBY — GEO. C. STEBBINS



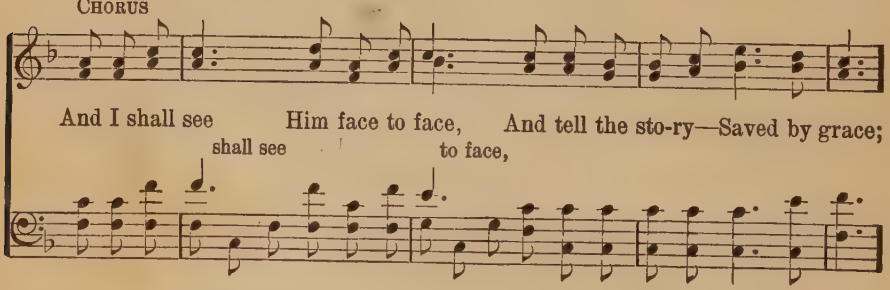
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day: till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,



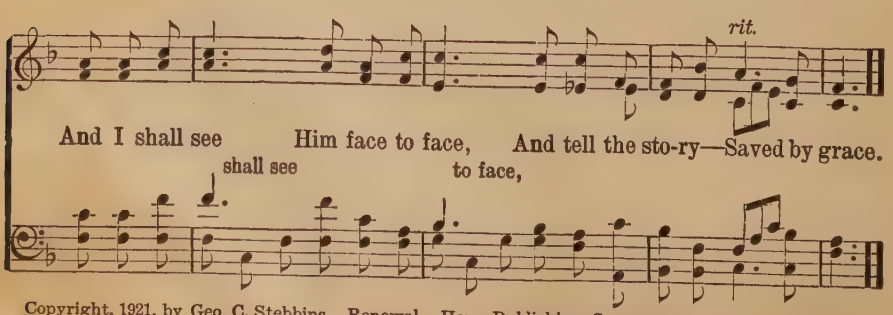
But O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
My bless - ed Lord will say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



CHORUS



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace;
shall see to face,



rit.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,

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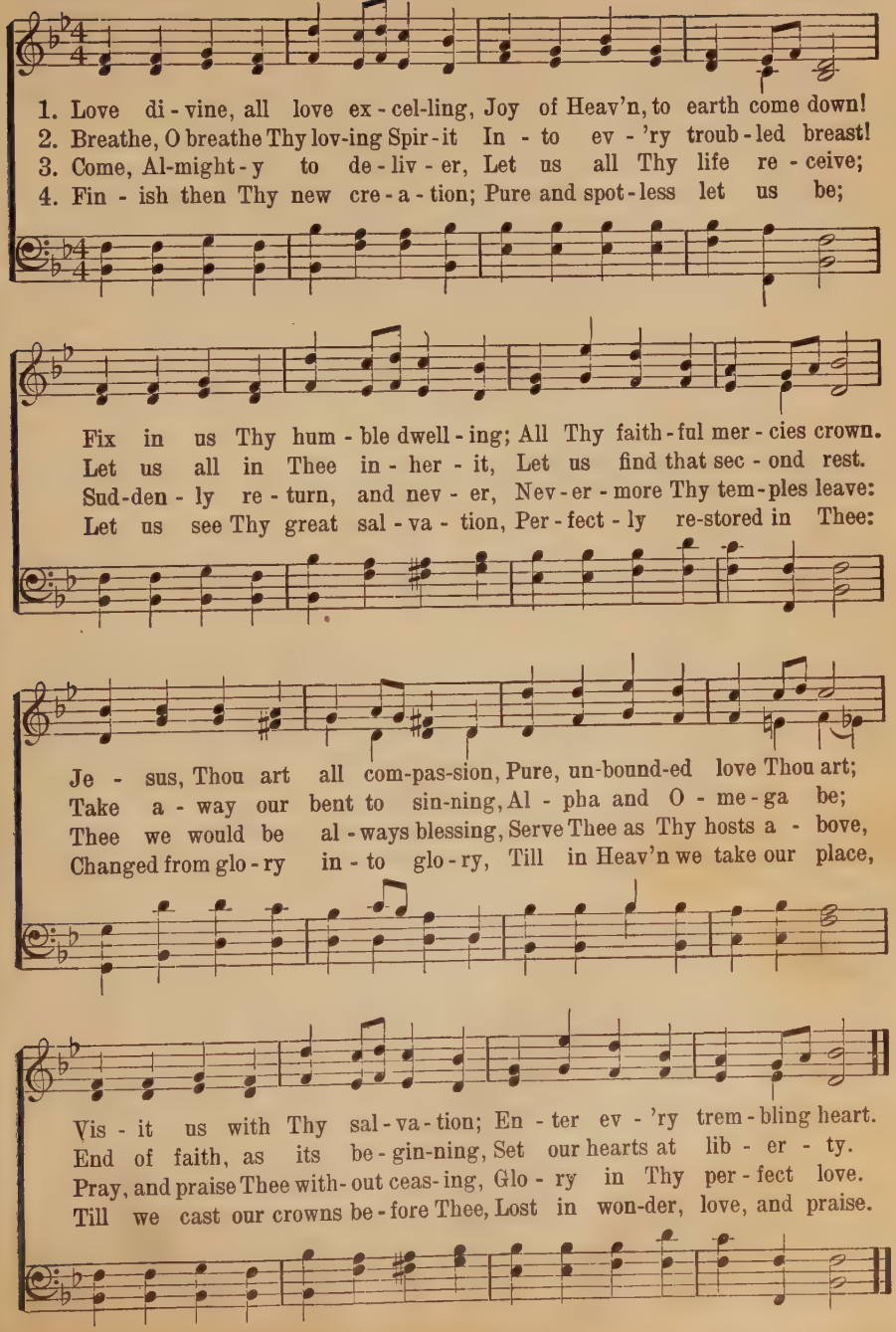
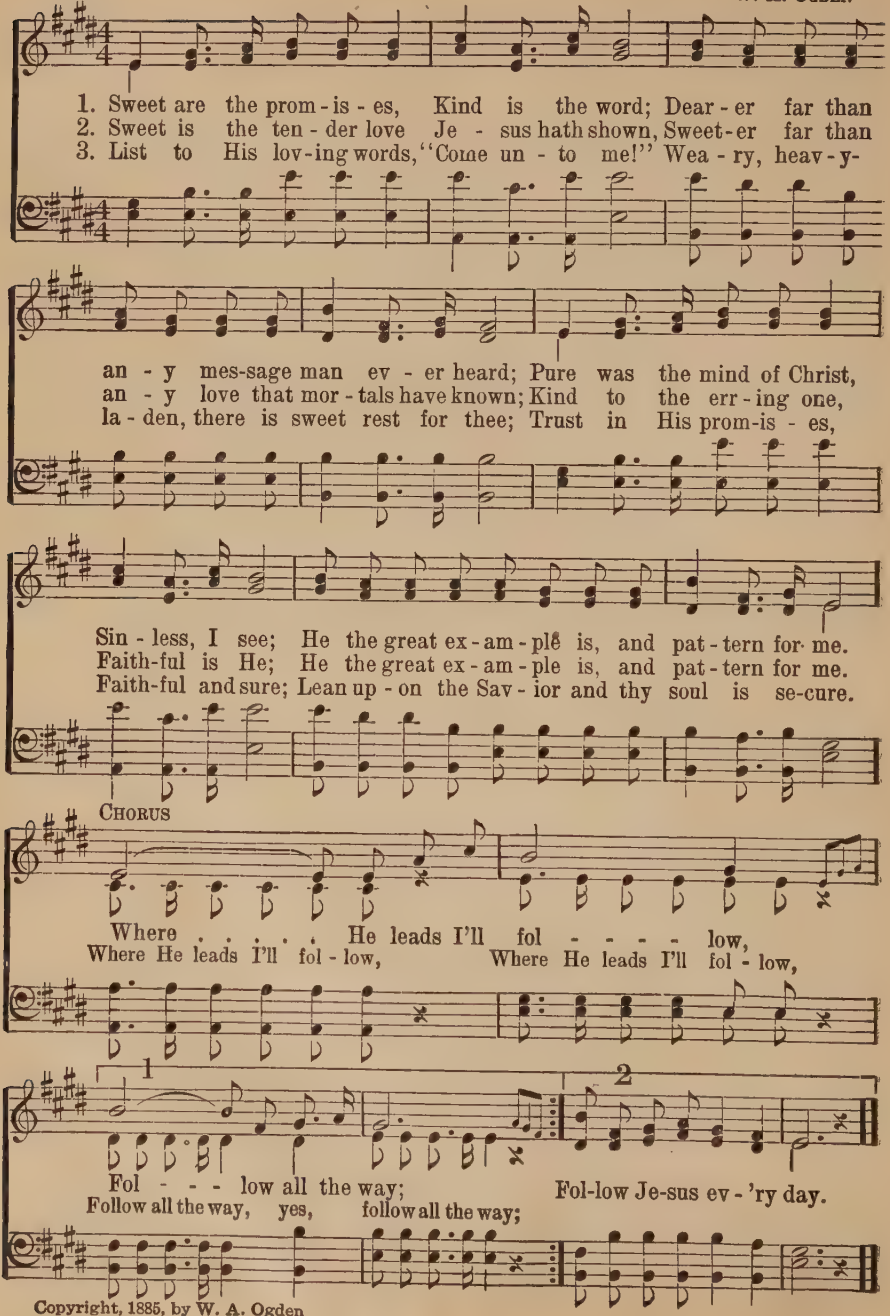
83 Love Divine

CHARLES WESLEY — JOHN ZUNDEL


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel-ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re-stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

Where He Leads I'll Follow

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN


1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet - er far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wea - ry, heav - y -
an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
la - den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is - es,
Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - plē is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior and thy soul is se-cure.
CHORUS
Where . . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,
1
Fol - - - low all the way;
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way;
2
Fol-low Je-sus ev - 'ry day.

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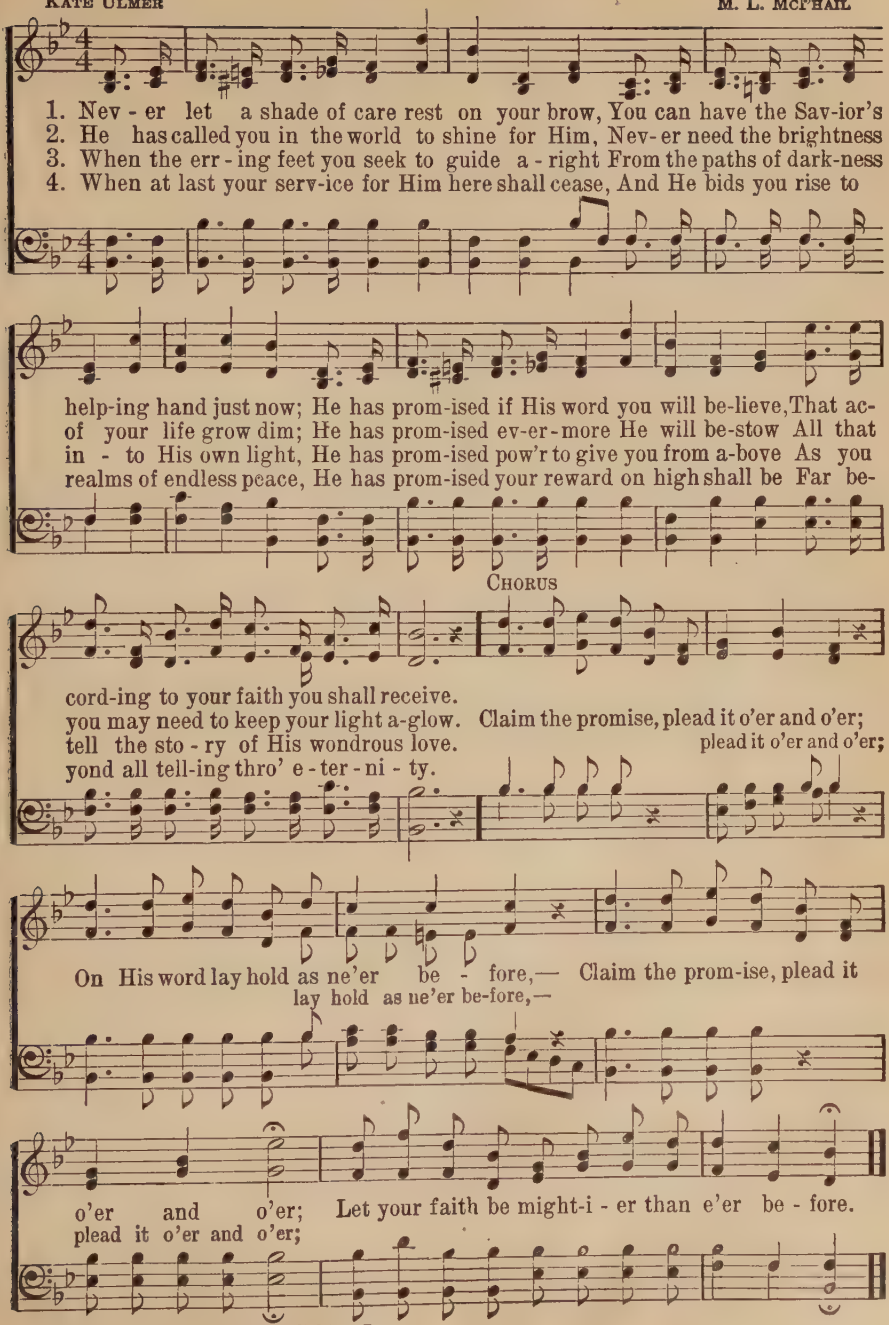
Claim the Promise

KATE ULMER M. L. MCPHAIL

1. Nev - er let a shade of care rest on your brow, You can have the Sav-ior's
2. He has called you in the world to shine for Him, Nev-er need the brightness
3. When the err - ing feet you seek to guide a - right From the paths of dark-ness
4. When at last your serv-ice for Him here shall cease, And He bids you rise to
help-ing hand just now; He has prom-ised if His word you will be-lieve, That ac-
of your life grow dim; He has prom-ised ev-er-more He will be-stow All that
in - to His own light, He has prom-ised pow'r to give you from a-bove As you
realms of endless peace, He has prom-ised your reward on high shall be Far be-
CHORUS
cord-ing to your faith you shall receive.
you may need to keep your light a-glow. Claim the promise, plead it o'er and o'er;
tell the sto - ry of His wondrous love. plead it o'er and o'er;
yond all tell-ing thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
On His word lay hold as ne'er be - fore,— Claim the prom-ise, plead it
lay hold as ne'er be-fore,—
o'er and o'er; Let your faith be might-i - er than e'er be - fore.
plead it o'er and o'er;

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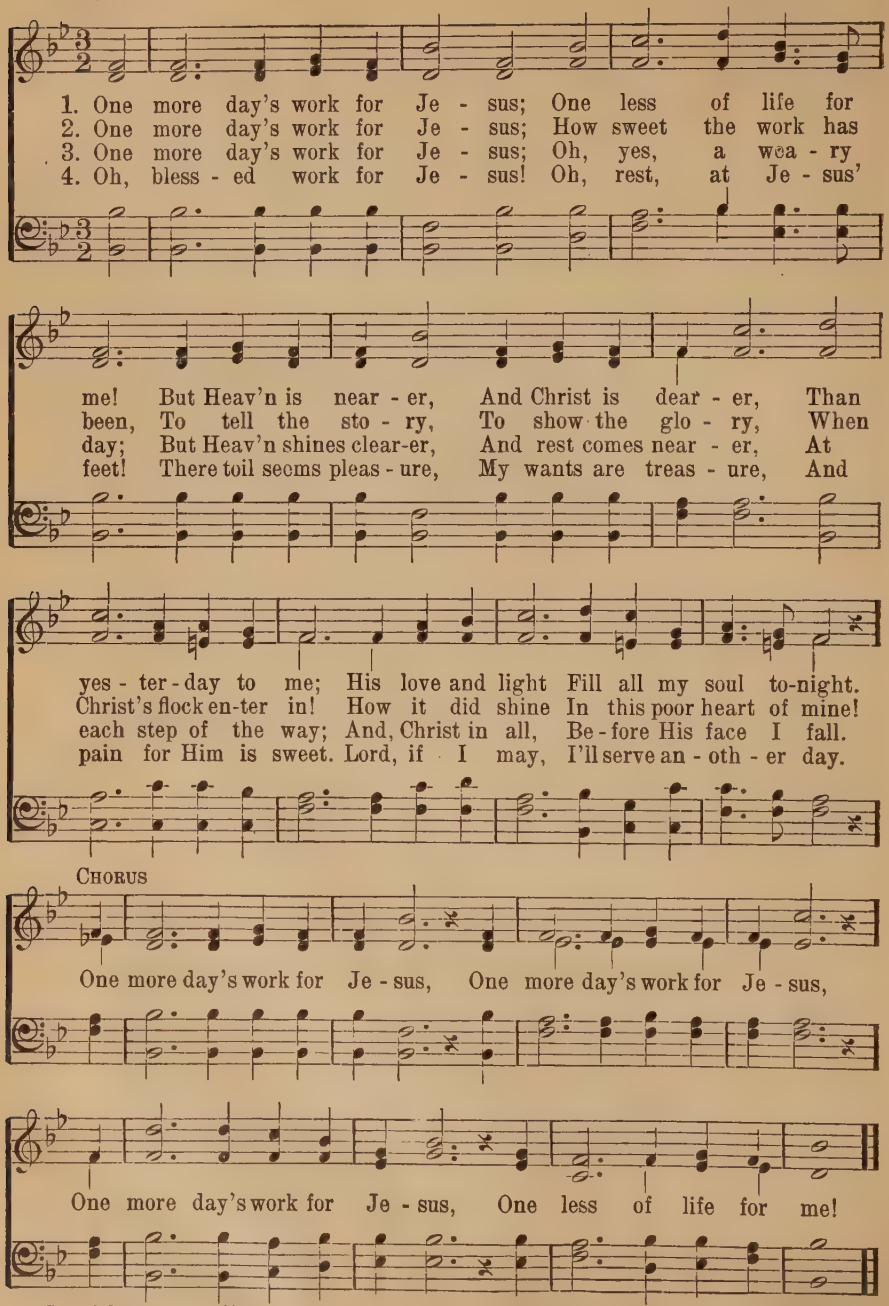
One More Day's Work for Jesus

ANNA. B. WARNER — Rev. ROBT. LOWRY

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wea - ry
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest, at Je - sus'
me! But Heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than
been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When
day; But Heav'n shines clear-er, And rest comes near - er, At
feet! There toil seems pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And
yes - ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
each step of the way; And, Christ in all, Be - fore His face I fall.
pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.
CHORUS
One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,
One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me!

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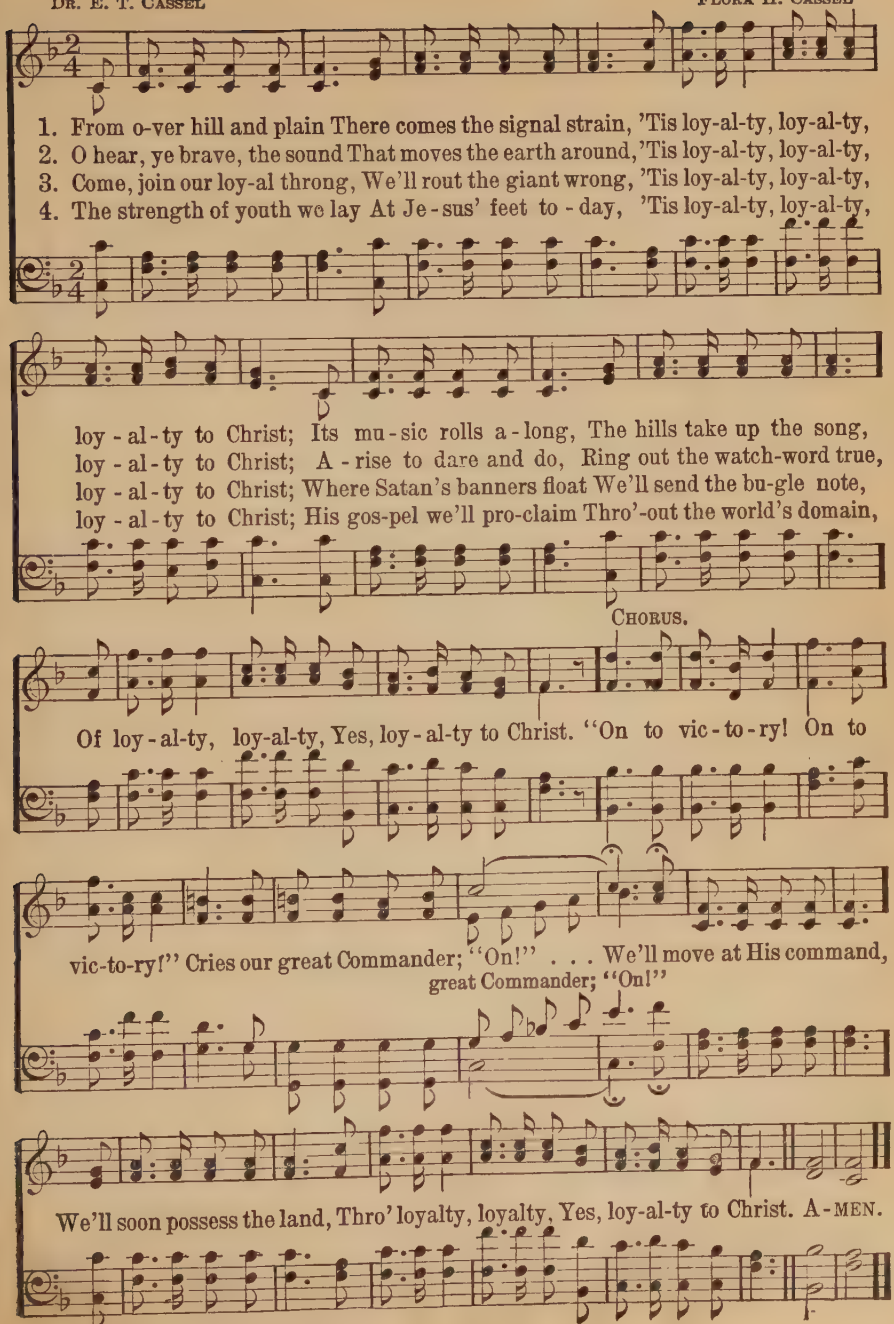
Loyalty to Christ

DR. E. T. CASSEL FLORA H. CASSEL


1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

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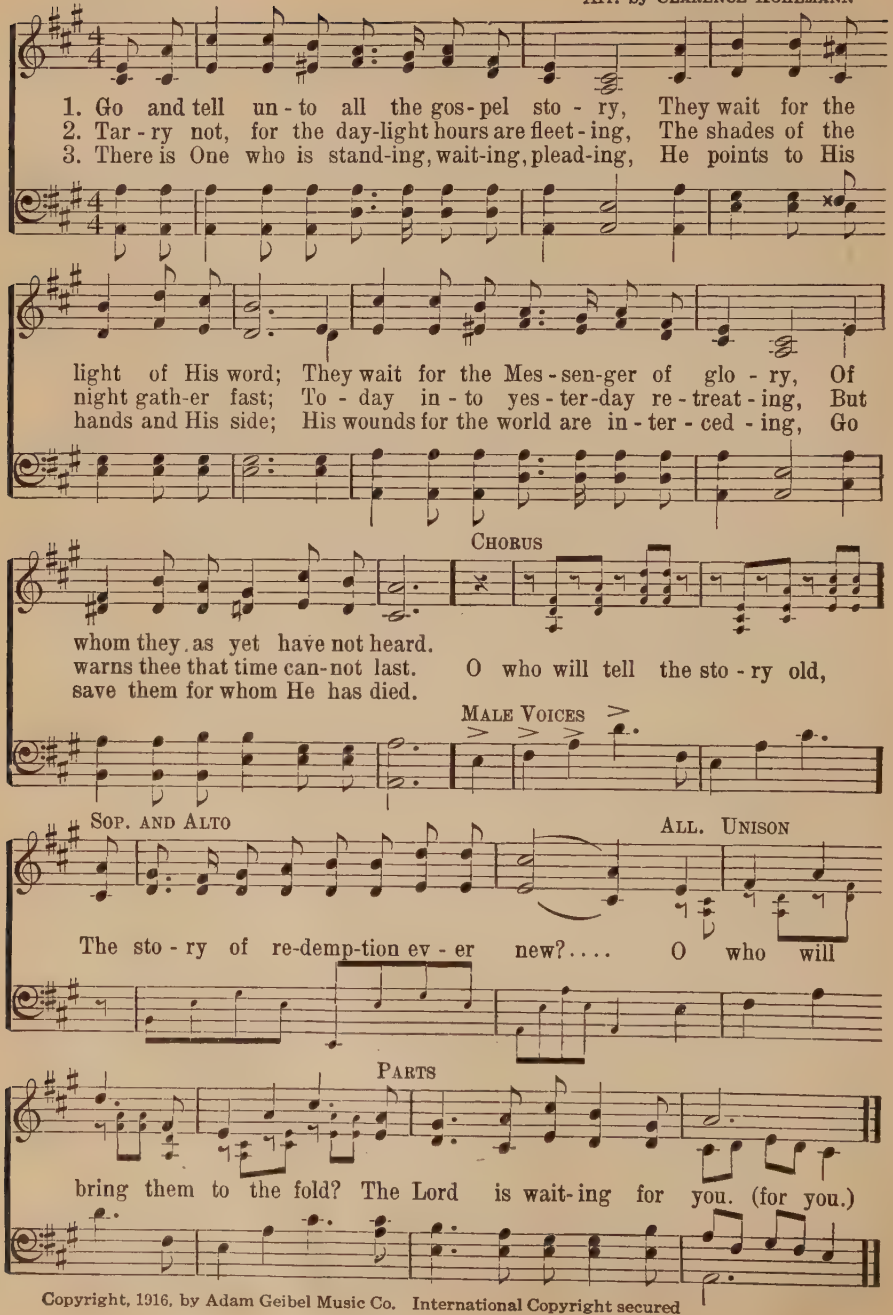
Go and Tell

C. Austin Miles

Hawaiian Melody
Arr. by Clarence Kohlmann


1. Go and tell un - to all the gos - pel sto - ry, They wait for the
2. Tar - ry not, for the day-light hours are fleet - ing, The shades of the
3. There is One who is stand-ing, wait-ing, plead-ing, He points to His
light of His word; They wait for the Mes - sen-ger of glo - ry, Of
night gath-er fast; To - day in - to yes - ter-day re - treat - ing, But
hands and His side; His wounds for the world are in - ter - ced - ing, Go
Chorus
whom they as yet have not heard.
warns thee that time can-not last. O who will tell the sto - ry old,
save them for whom He has died.
Male Voices
Sop. and Alto
All. Unison
The sto - ry of re-demp-tion ev - er new? . . . . O who will
Parts
bring them to the fold? The Lord is wait-ing for you. (for you.)

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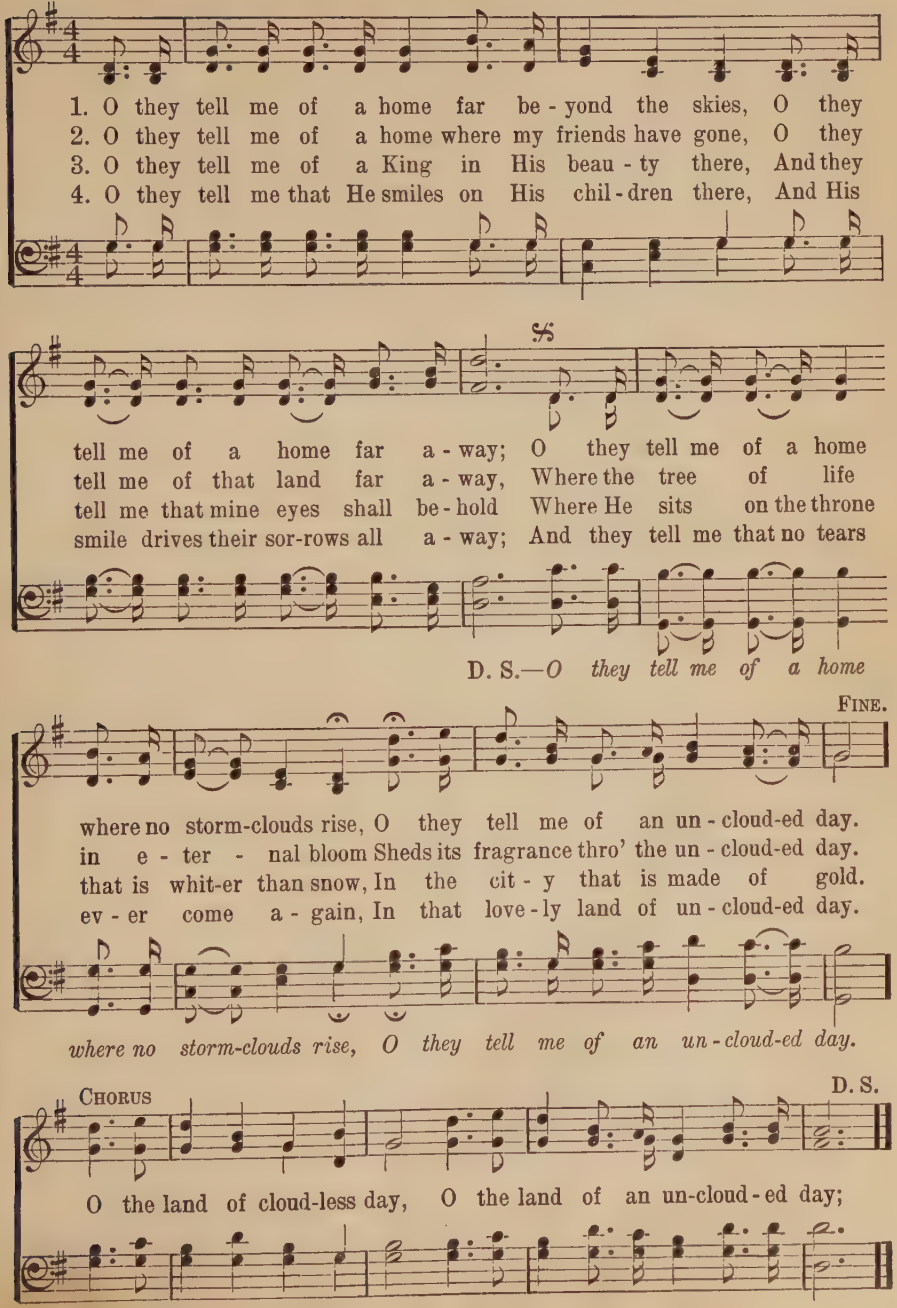
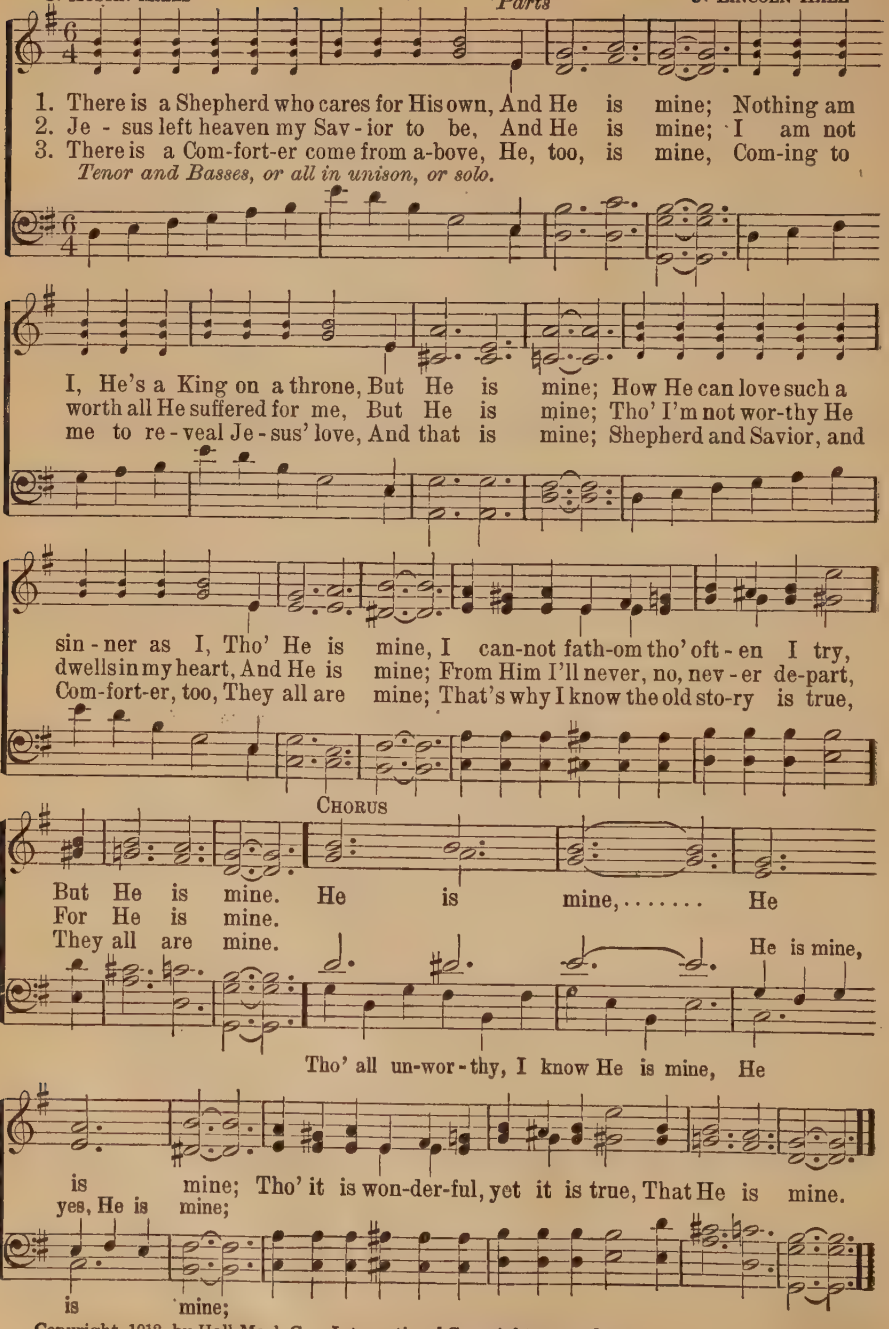
The Unclouded Day

J. K. A. Rev. J. K. ALWOOD


1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His
tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way, Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears
D. S.—O they tell me of a home
FINE.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
CHORUS
D. S.
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud - ed day;

He is Mine

C. Austin Miles — *Parts* — J. Lincoln Hall


1. There is a Shepherd who cares for His own, And He is mine; Nothing am
2. Je - sus left heaven my Sav - ior to be, And He is mine; I am not
3. There is a Com-fort-er come from a-bove, He, too, is mine, Com-ing to
Tenor and Basses, or all in unison, or solo.
I, He's a King on a throne, But He is mine; How He can love such a
worth all He suffered for me, But He is mine; Tho' I'm not wor-thy He
me to re - veal Je - sus' love, And that is mine; Shepherd and Savior, and
sin - ner as I, Tho' He is mine, I can-not fath-om tho' oft - en I try,
dwells in my heart, And He is mine; From Him I'll never, no, nev - er de-part,
Com-fort-er, too, They all are mine; That's why I know the old sto-ry is true,
Chorus
But He is mine. He is mine,..... He
For He is mine.
They all are mine.
He is mine,
Tho' all un-wor - thy, I know He is mine, He
is mine; Tho' it is won-der-ful, yet it is true, That He is mine.
yes, He is mine;
is mine;

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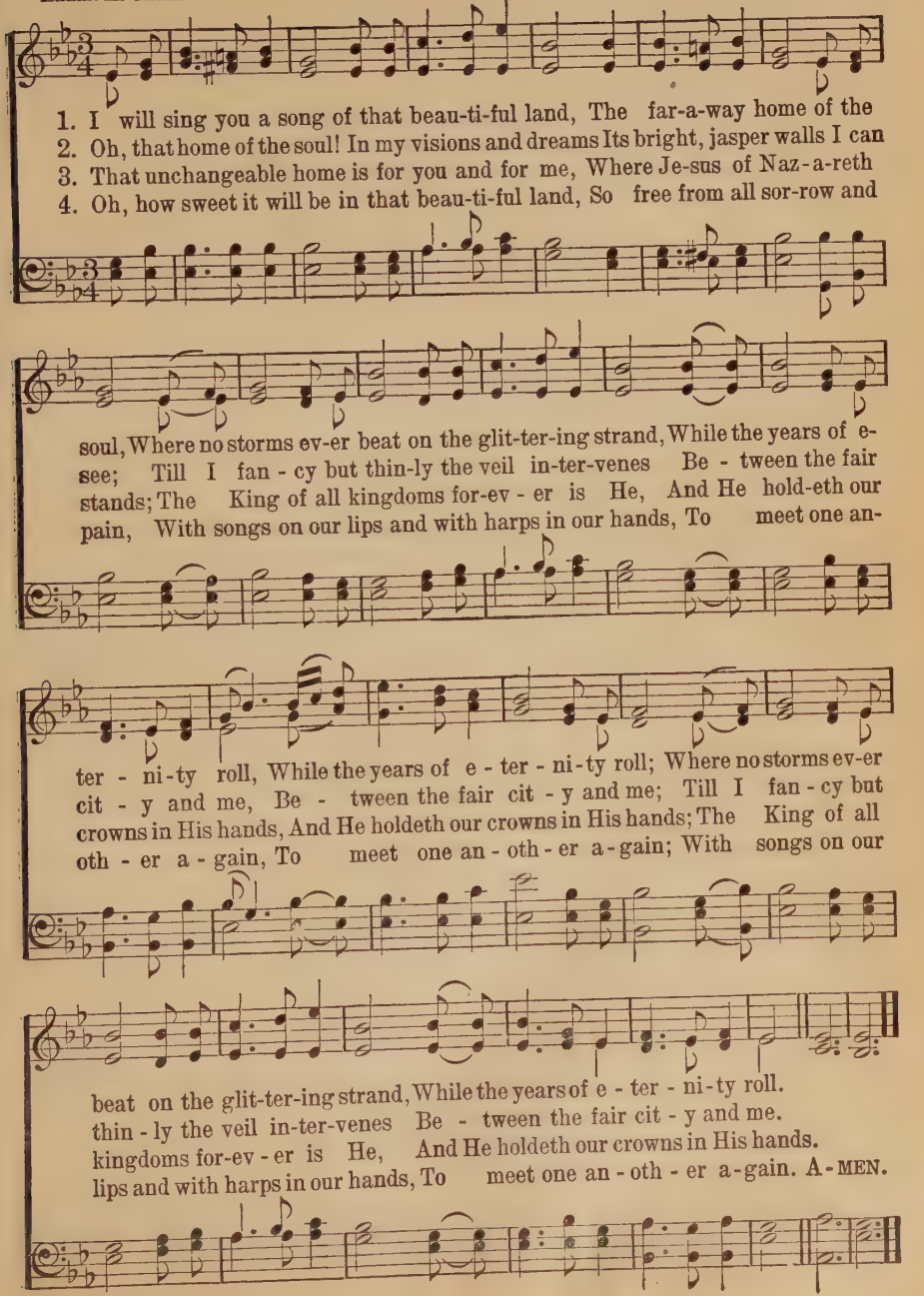
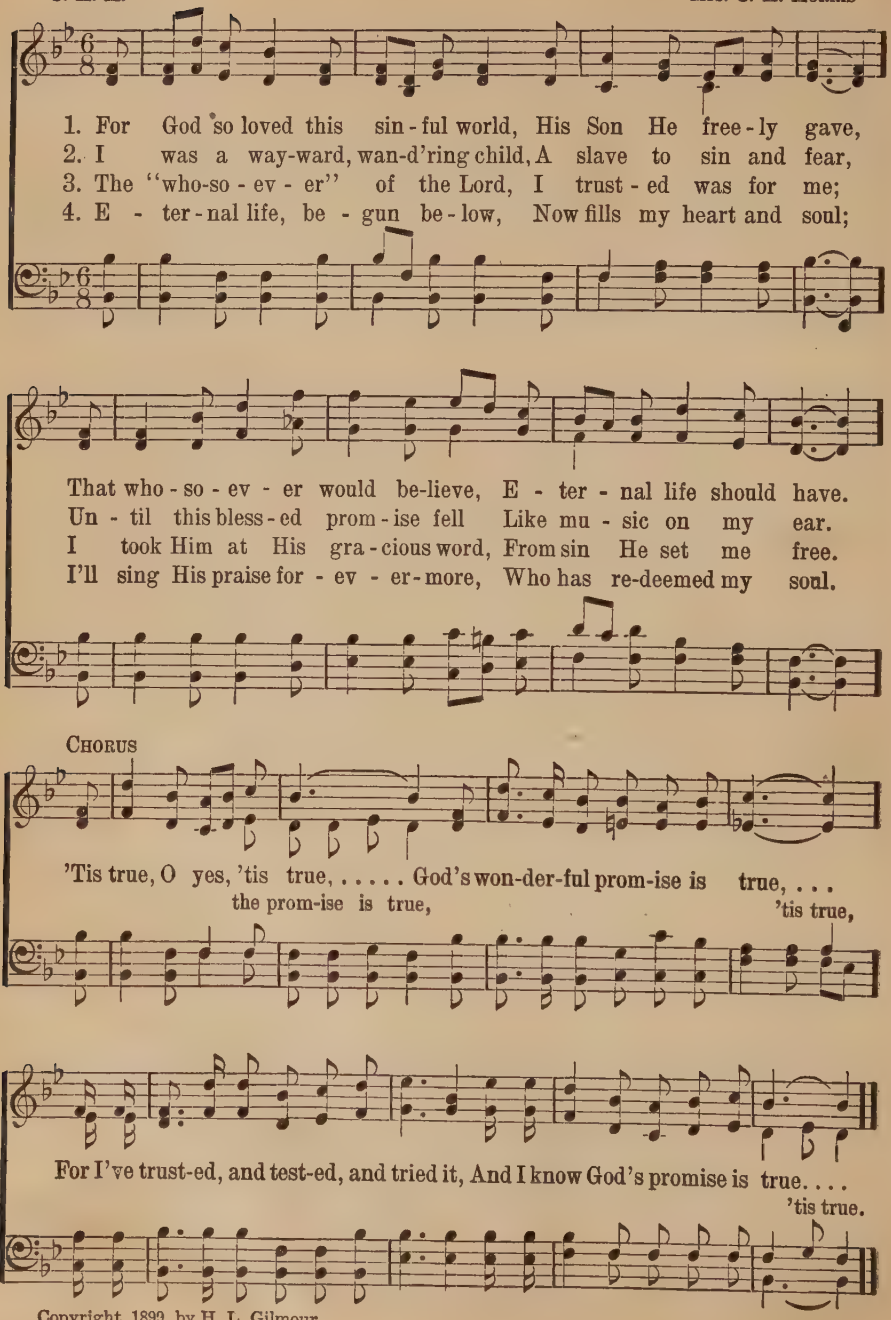
I Will Sing You a Song

ELLEN H. GATES — PHILIP PHILLIPS


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper walls I can
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and
soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-
see; Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair
stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-eth our
pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-
ter - ni-ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er
cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but
crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all
oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our
beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll.
thin - ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a-gain. A - MEN.

I Know God's Promise is True

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris


1. For God so loved this sin-ful world, His Son He free-ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wan-d'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so-ev-er" of the Lord, I trust-ed was for me;
4. E-ter-nal life, be-gun be-low, Now fills my heart and soul;
That who-so-ev-er would be-lieve, E-ter-nal life should have.
Un-til this bless-ed prom-ise fell Like mu-sic on my ear.
I took Him at His gra-cious word, From sin He set me free.
I'll sing His praise for-ev-er-more, Who has re-deemed my soul.
Chorus
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true, ... God's won-der-ful prom-ise is true, . . .
the prom-ise is true, 'tis true,
For I've trust-ed, and test-ed, and tried it, And I know God's promise is true. . . .
'tis true.

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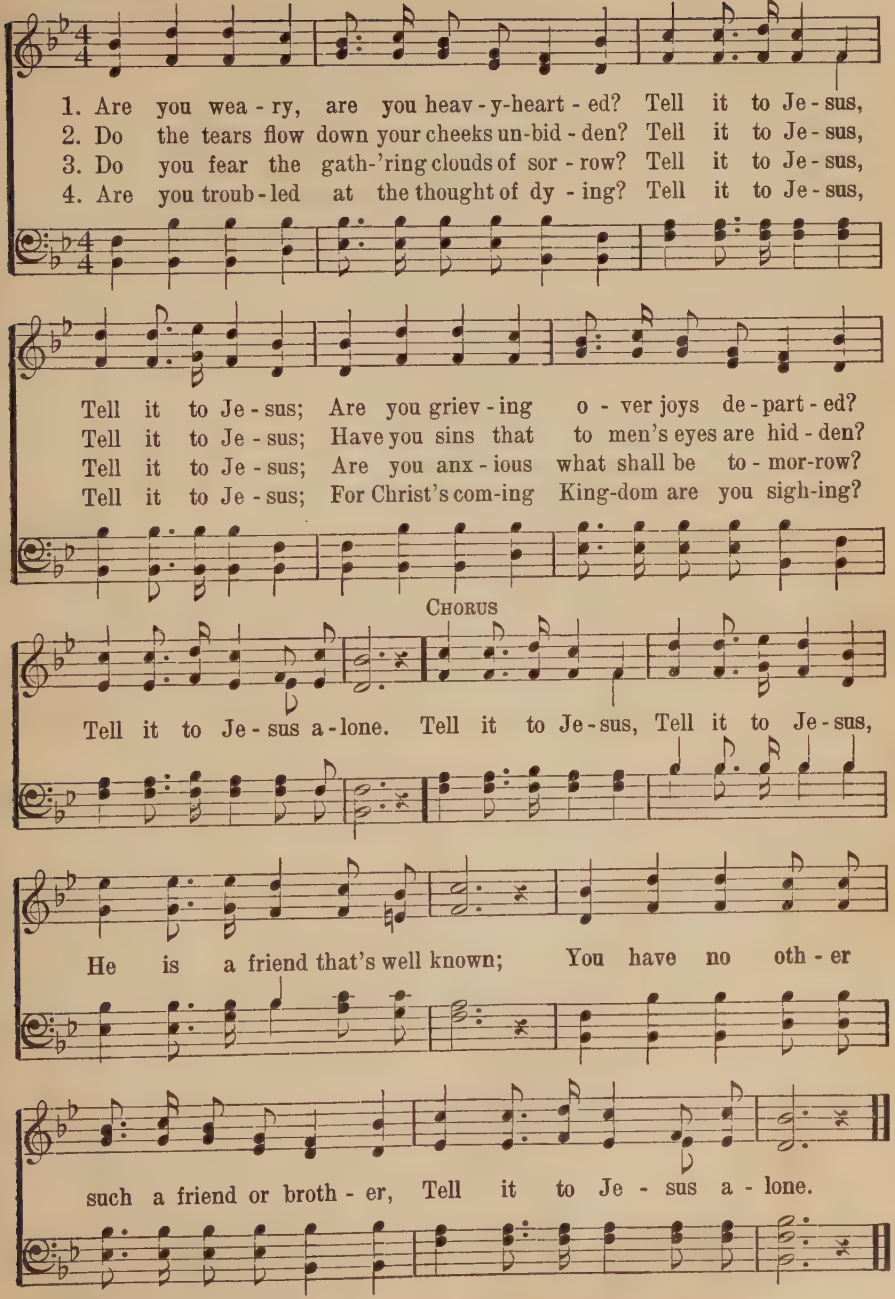
Tell It to Jesus

J. E. Rankin, D.D. E. S. Lorenz

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub - led at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to men's eyes are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh-ing?
Chorus
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,
He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

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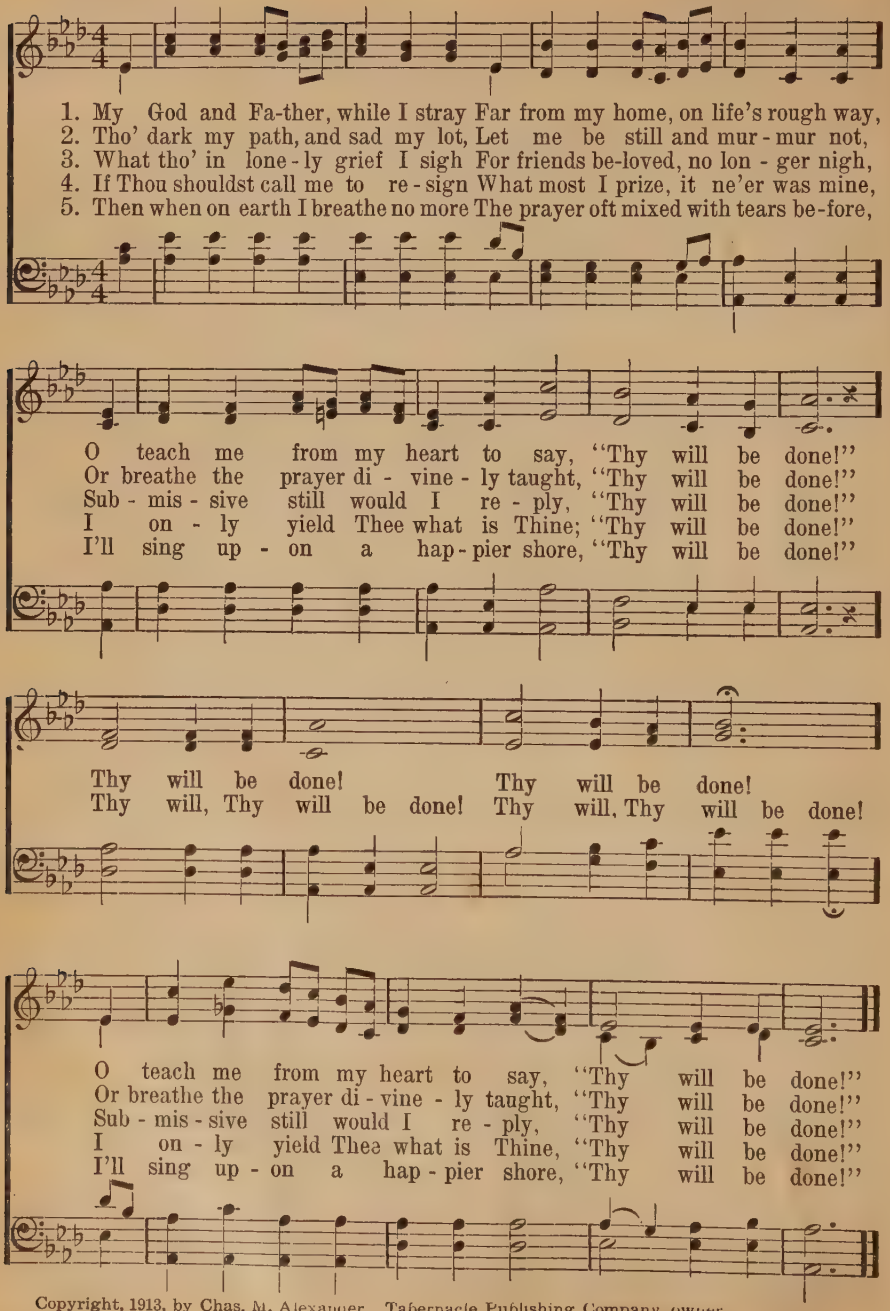
Thy Will Be Done

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. My God and Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
2. Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur - mur not,
3. What tho' in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved, no lon - ger nigh,
4. If Thou shouldst call me to re - sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears be-fore,
O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Or breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
I on - ly yield Thee what is Thine; "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
Thy will, Thy will be done! Thy will, Thy will be done!
O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Or breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
I on - ly yield Thee what is Thine, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

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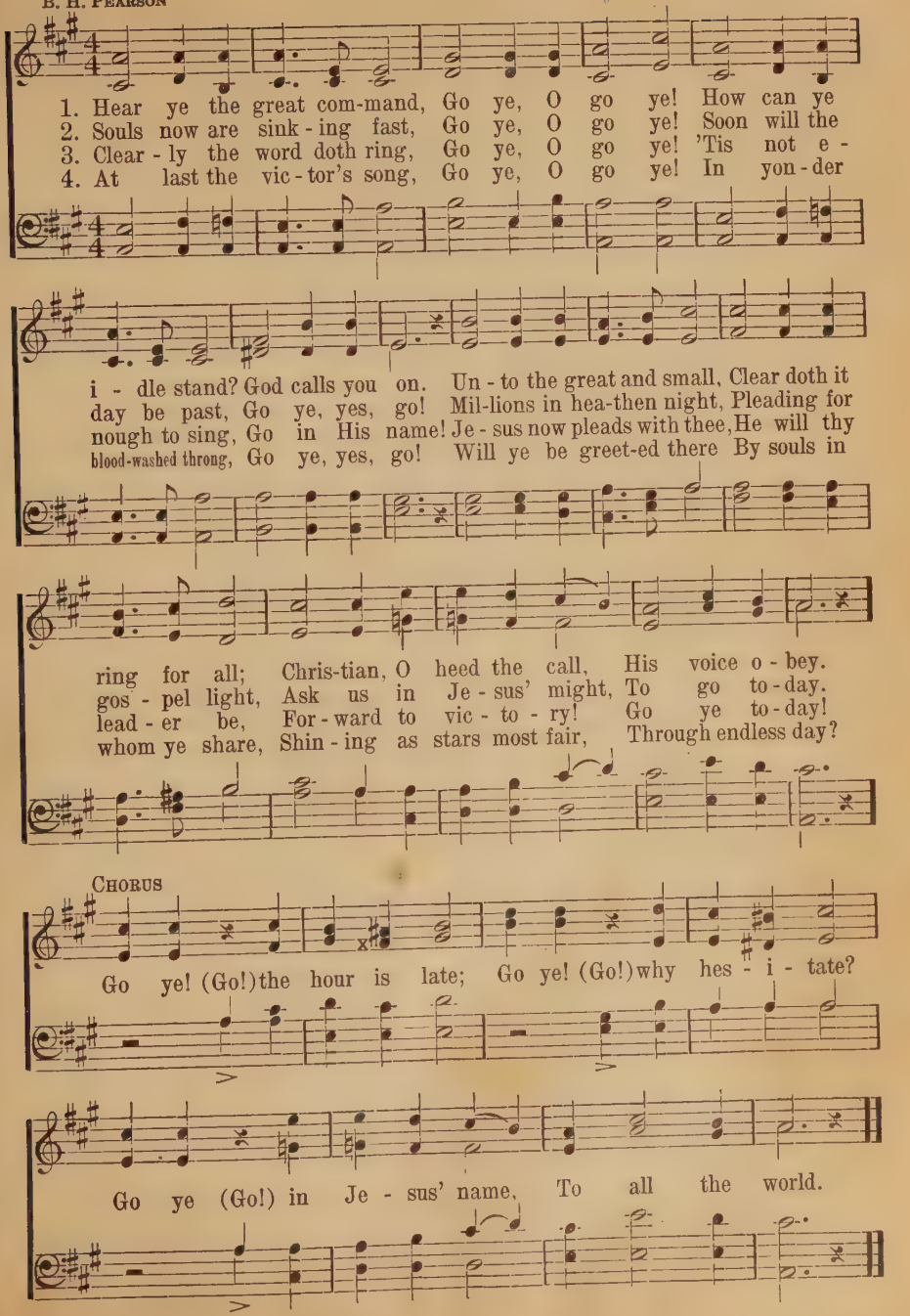
Go Ye

B. H. Pearson

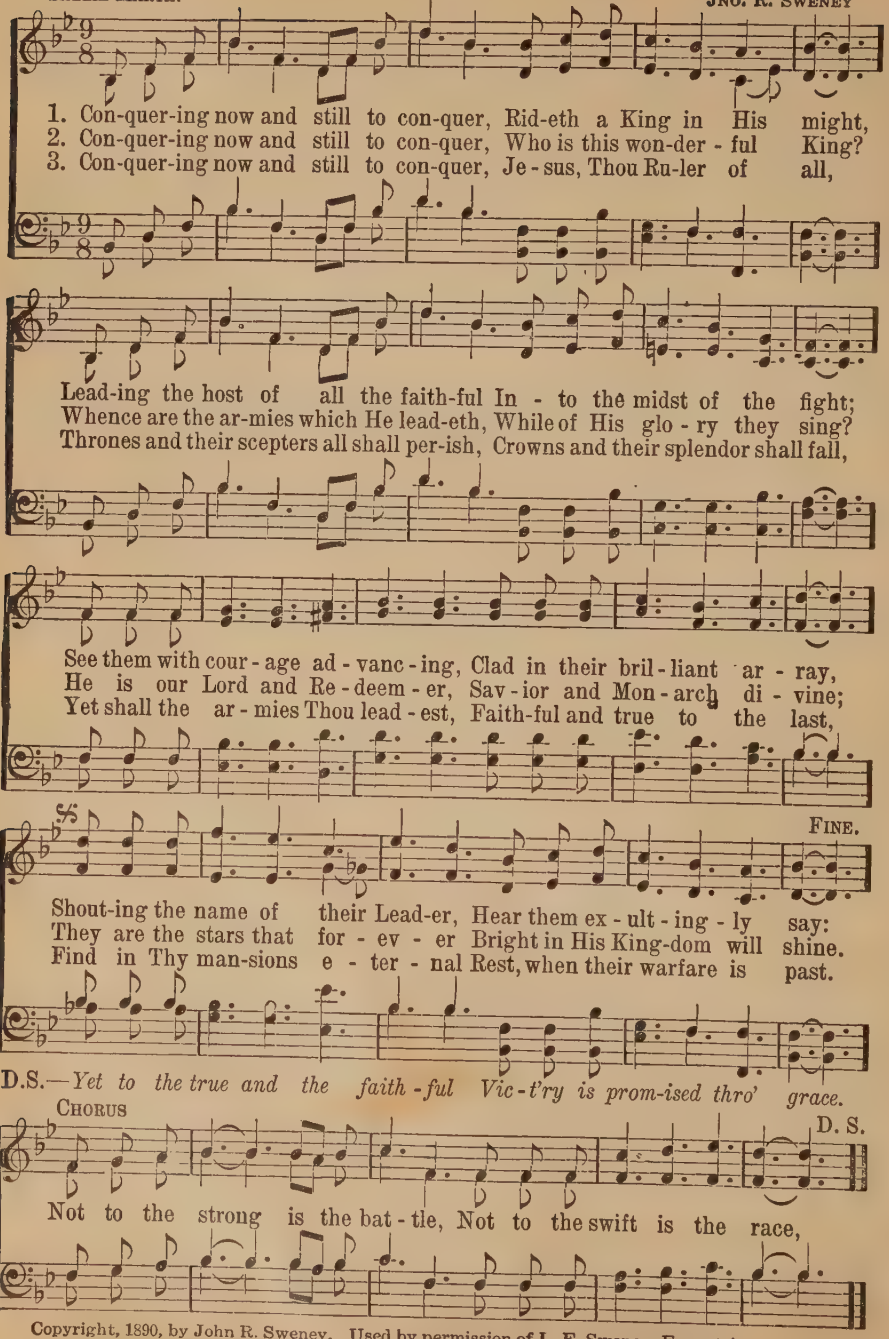
Ruth Mytton


1. Hear ye the great com-mand, Go ye, O go ye! How can ye
2. Souls now are sink-ing fast, Go ye, O go ye! Soon will the
3. Clear-ly the word doth ring, Go ye, O go ye! 'Tis not e-
4. At last the vic-tor's song, Go ye, O go ye! In yon-der
i-dle stand? God calls you on. Un-to the great and small, Clear doth it
day be past, Go ye, yes, go! Mil-lions in hea-then night, Pleading for
nough to sing, Go in His name! Je-sus now pleads with thee, He will thy
blood-washed throng, Go ye, yes, go! Will ye be greet-ed there By souls in
ring for all; Chris-tian, O heed the call, His voice o-bey.
gos-pel light, Ask us in Je-sus' might, To go to-day.
lead-er be, For-ward to vic-to-ry! Go ye to-day!
whom ye share, Shin-ing as stars most fair, Through endless day?
Chorus
Go ye! (Go!) the hour is late; Go ye! (Go!) why hes-i-tate?
Go ye (Go!) in Je-sus' name, To all the world.

Victory Through Grace

SALLIE MARTIN

JNO. R. SWENEY


1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je - sus, Thou Ru-ler of all,
Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In - to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with cour - age ad - vanc - ing, Clad in their bril - liant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re - deem - er, Sav - ior and Mon - arch di - vine;
Yet shall the ar - mies Thou lead - est, Faith-ful and true to the last,
FINE.
Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say:
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His King-dom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e - ter - nal Rest, when their warfare is past.
D.S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.
CHORUS
D. S.
Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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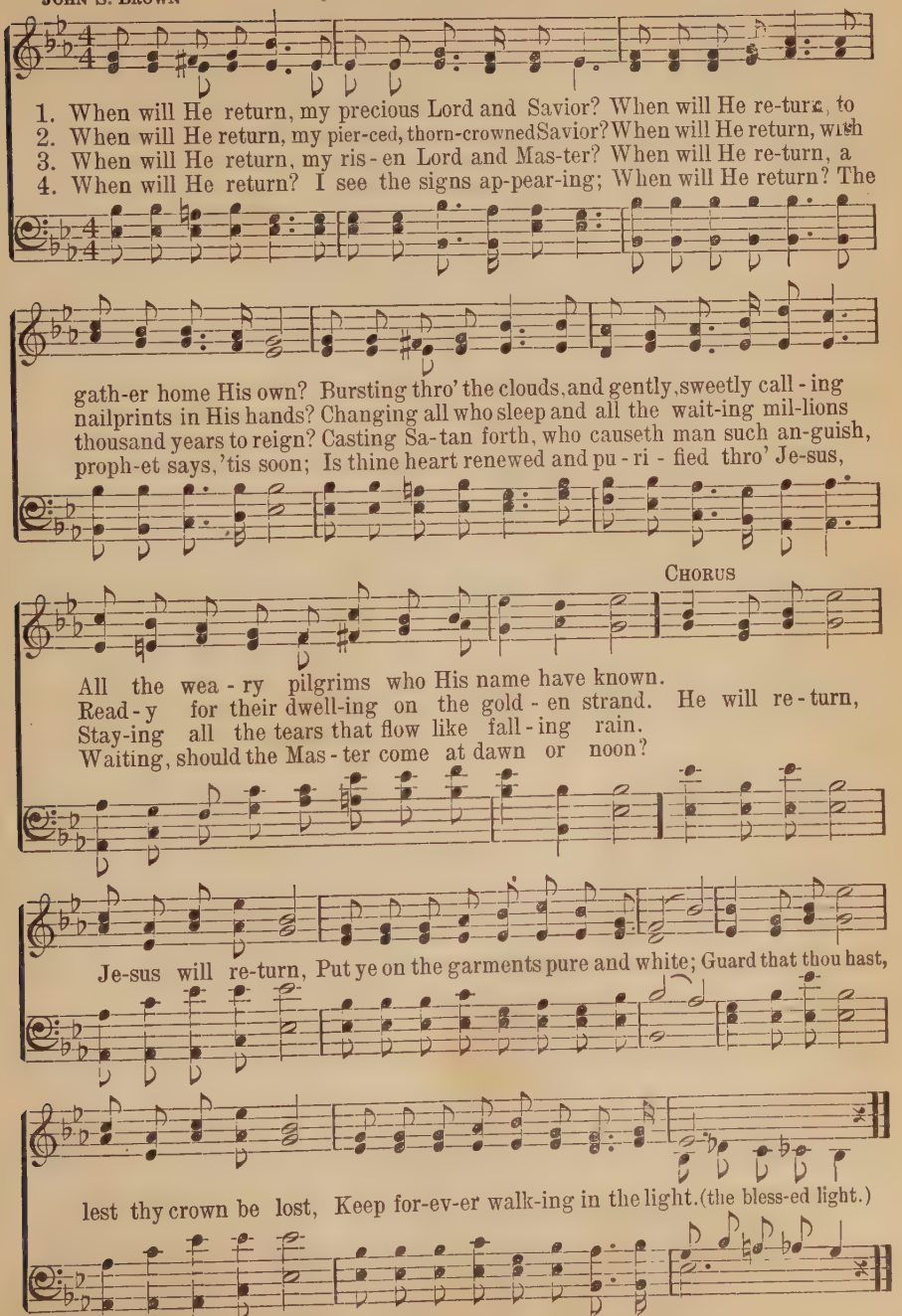
When Will He Return?

JOHN S. BROWN L. O. BROWN

1. When will He return, my precious Lord and Savior? When will He re-turn, to
2. When will He return, my pier-ced, thorn-crowned Savior? When will He return, with
3. When will He return, my ris-en Lord and Mas-ter? When will He re-turn, a
4. When will He return? I see the signs ap-pear-ing; When will He return? The
gath-er home His own? Bursting thro' the clouds, and gently, sweetly call-ing
nailprints in His hands? Changing all who sleep and all the wait-ing mil-lions
thousand years to reign? Casting Sa-tan forth, who causeth man such an-guish,
proph-et says, 'tis soon; Is thine heart renewed and pu-ri-fied thro' Je-sus,
CHORUS
All the wea-ry pilgrims who His name have known.
Read-y for their dwell-ing on the gold-en strand. He will re-turn,
Stay-ing all the tears that flow like fall-ing rain.
Waiting, should the Mas-ter come at dawn or noon?
Je-sus will re-turn, Put ye on the garments pure and white; Guard that thou hast,
lest thy crown be lost, Keep for-ev-er walk-ing in the light. (the bless-ed light.)

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There's a Song in the Air

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

KARL P. HARRINGTON

Andante con moto

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky!
2. There's a tu - mult of joy O'er the won - der - ful birth,
3. In the light of that star Lie the a - ges im - pearled;
4. We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song

ritard.

There's a moth - er's deep prayer, And a ba - by's low cry!
For the Vir - gin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth.
And that song from a - far Has swept o - ver the world.
That comes down through the night From the heav - en - ly throng.

piu mosso

And the star reigns its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing,
Ay! the star reigns its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing,
Ev - 'ry hearth is a - flame, and the beau - ti - ful sing,
Ay! we shout to the love - ly e - van - gel they bring,

ritard.

For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!
For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!
In the homes of the na - tions that Je - sus is King!
And we greet in His cra - dle our Sav - ior and King!

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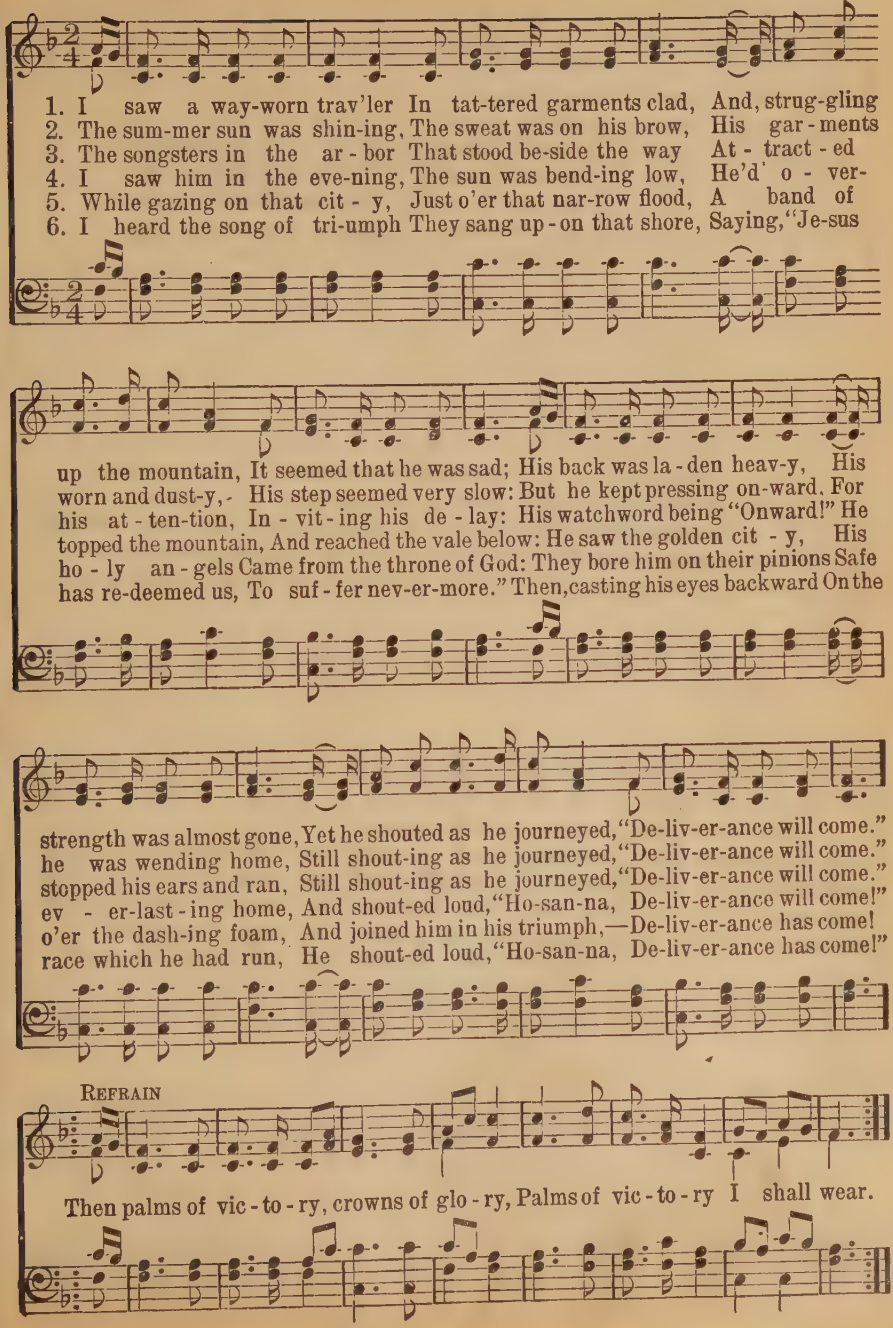
Deliverance Will Come

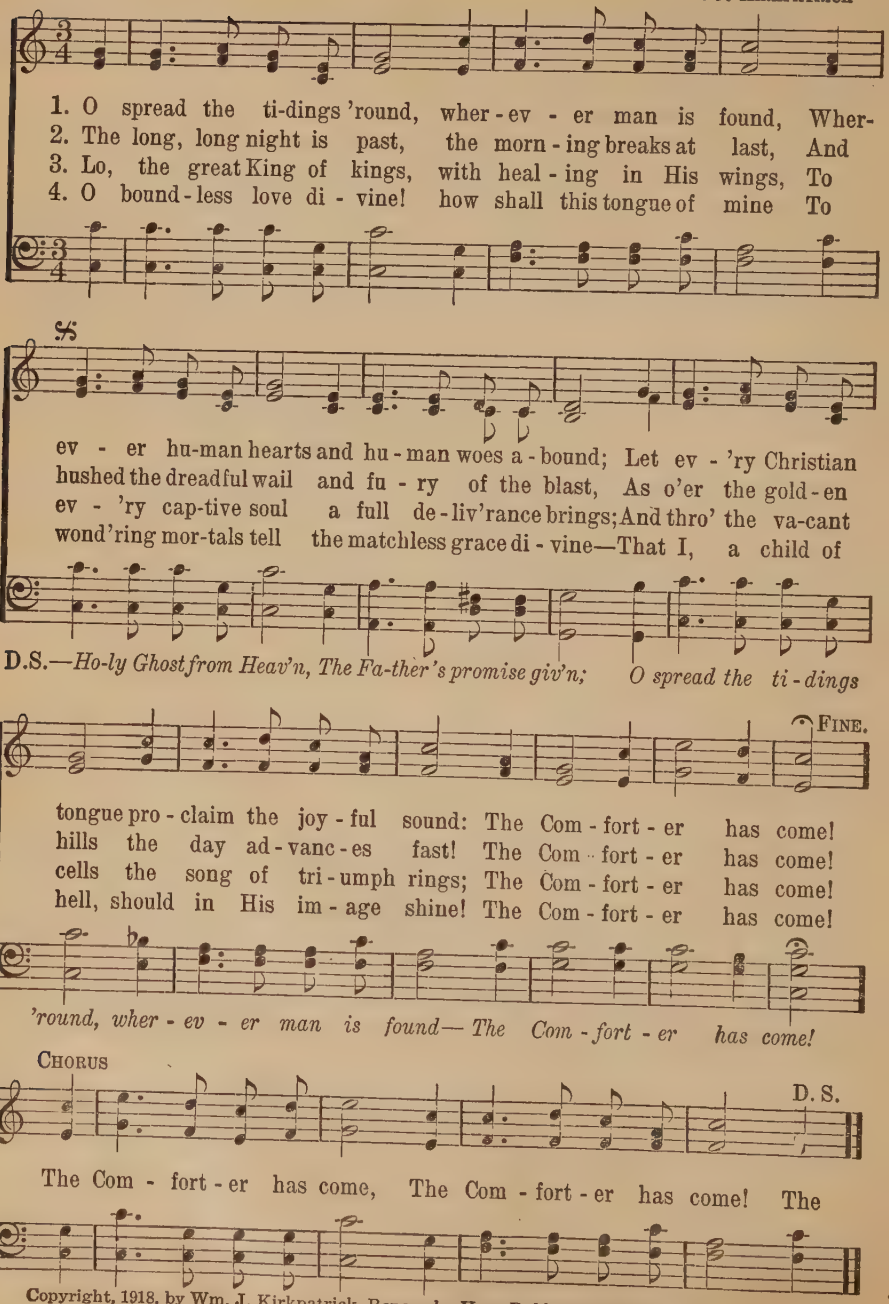
JOHN B. MATTHIAS JOHN B. MATTHIAS


1. I saw a way-worn trav'ler In tat-tered garments clad, And, strug-gling
2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow, His gar-ments
3. The songsters in the ar-bor That stood be-side the way At-tract-ed
4. I saw him in the eve-ning, The sun was bend-ing low, He'd o-ver-
5. While gazing on that cit-y, Just o'er that nar-row flood, A band of
6. I heard the song of tri-umph They sang up-on that shore, Saying, "Je-sus
up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad; His back was la-den heav-y, His
worn and dust-y,- His step seemed very slow: But he kept pressing on-ward. For
his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay: His watchword being "Onward!" He
topped the mountain, And reached the vale below: He saw the golden cit-y, His
ho-ly an-gels Came from the throne of God: They bore him on their pinions Safe
has re-deemed us, To suf-fer nev-er-more." Then, casting his eyes backward On the
strength was almost gone, Yet he shouted as he journeyed, "De-liv-er-ance will come."
he was wending home, Still shout-ing as he journeyed, "De-liv-er-ance will come."
stopped his ears and ran, Still shout-ing as he journeyed, "De-liv-er-ance will come."
ev-er-last-ing home, And shout-ed loud, "Ho-san-na, De-liv-er-ance will come!"
o'er the dash-ing foam, And joined him in his triumph,—De-liv-er-ance has come!
race which he had run, He shout-ed loud, "Ho-san-na, De-liv-er-ance has come!"
REFRAIN
Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

The Comforter Has Come

F. BOTTOME

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK


1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
ev-er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev-'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings
FINE.
tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com-fort-er has come!
hell, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!
'round, wher-ev-er man is found— The Com-fort-er has come!
CHORUS
D. S.
The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The

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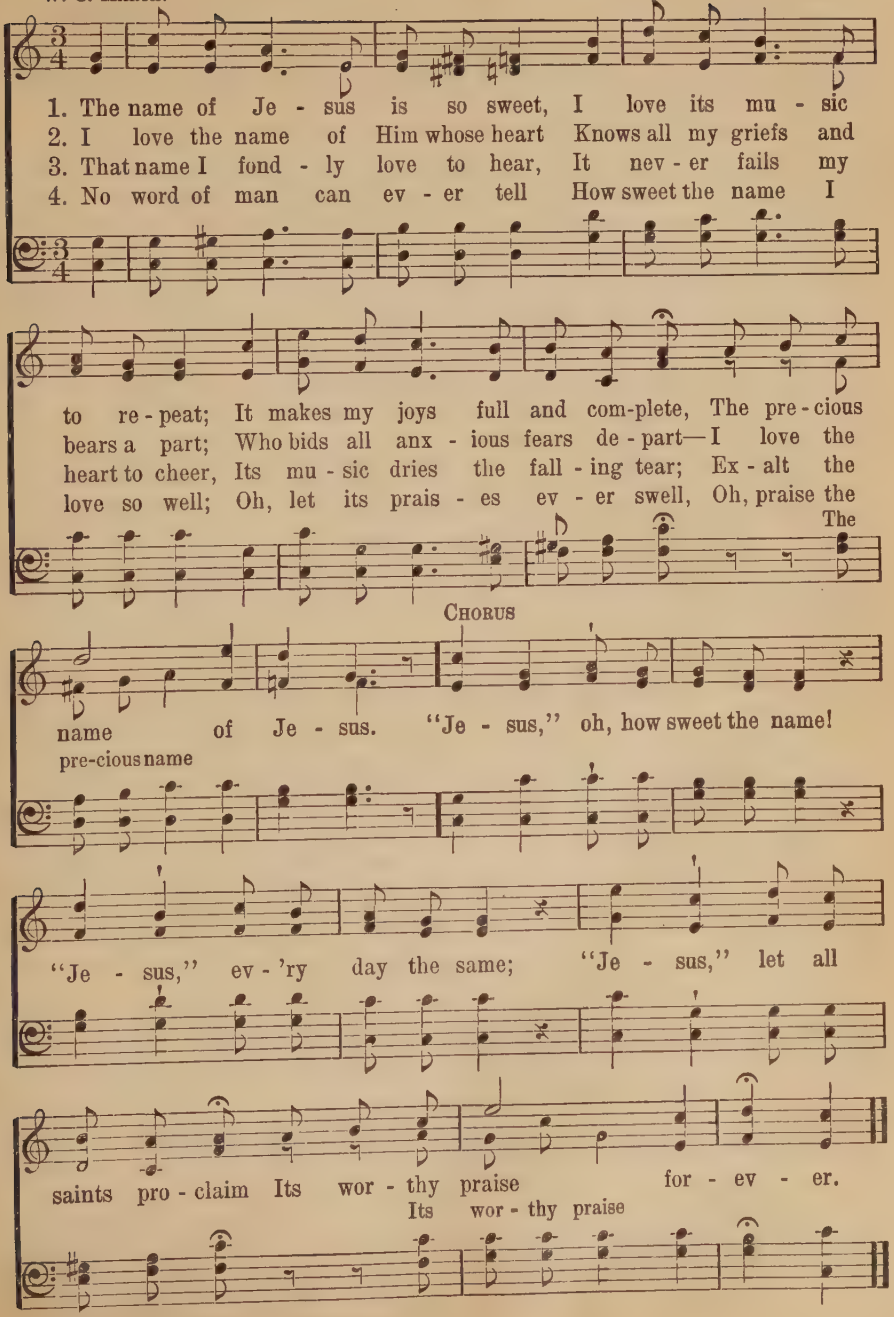
101 The Name of Jesus

W. C. MARTIN E. S. LORENZ


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I
to re - peat; It makes my joys full and com-plete, The pre - cious
bears a part; Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part—I love the
heart to cheer, Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the
love so well; Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the
The
CHORUS
name of Je - sus. "Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name!
pre-cious name
"Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all
saints pro - claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor - thy praise

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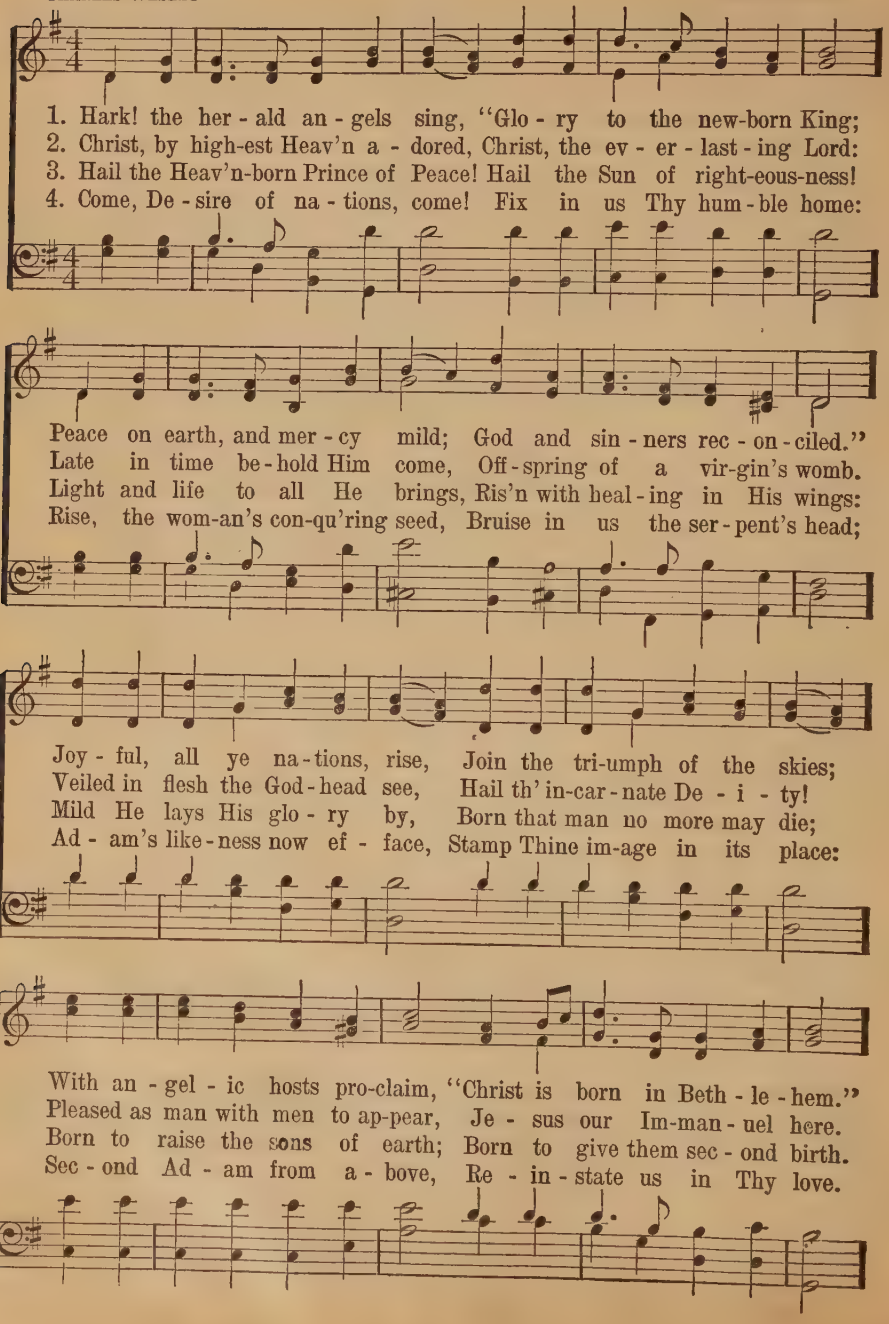
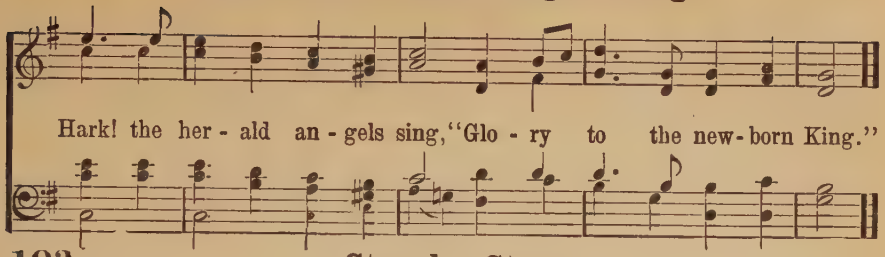
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY — MENDELSSOHN

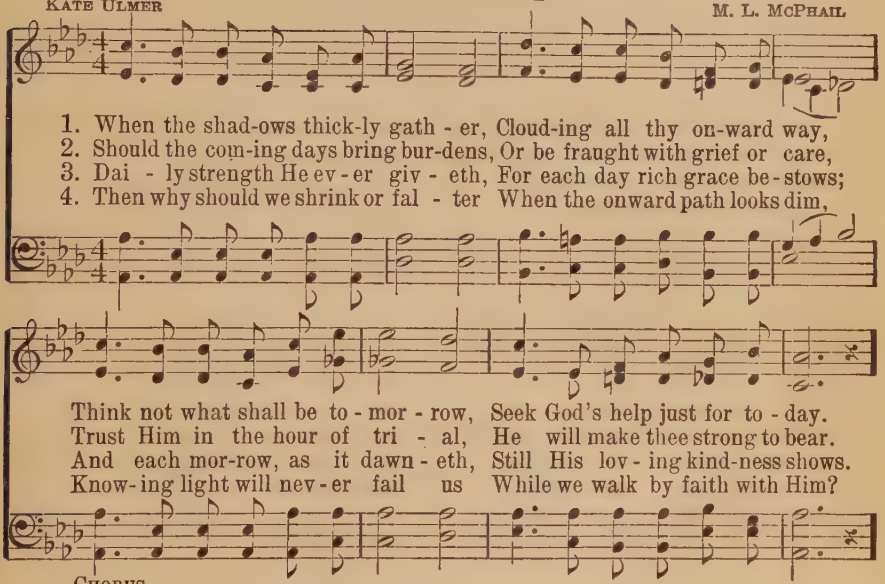

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir-gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom-an's con-qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place:
With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus our Im-man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

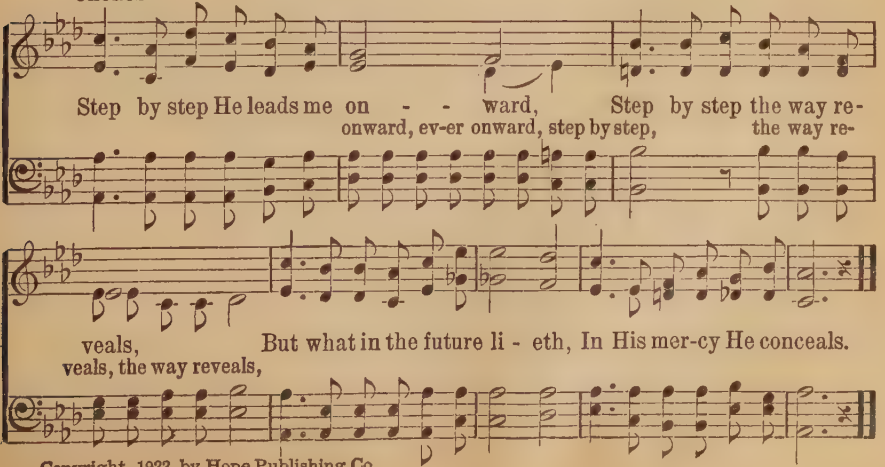


103 Step by Step

KATE ULMER M. L. McPHAIL


1. When the shad-ows thick-ly gath - er, Cloud-ing all thy on-ward way,
2. Should the com-ing days bring bur-dens, Or be fraught with grief or care,
3. Dai - ly strength He ev - er giv - eth, For each day rich grace be-stows;
4. Then why should we shrink or fal - ter When the onward path looks dim,
Think not what shall be to - mor - row, Seek God's help just for to - day.
Trust Him in the hour of tri - al, He will make thee strong to bear.
And each mor-row, as it dawn - eth, Still His lov - ing kind-ness shows.
Know-ing light will nev - er fail us While we walk by faith with Him?

CHORUS


Step by step He leads me on - - ward, Step by step the way re-
onward, ev-er onward, step by step, the way re-
veals, But what in the future li - eth, In His mer-cy He conceals.
veals, the way reveals,

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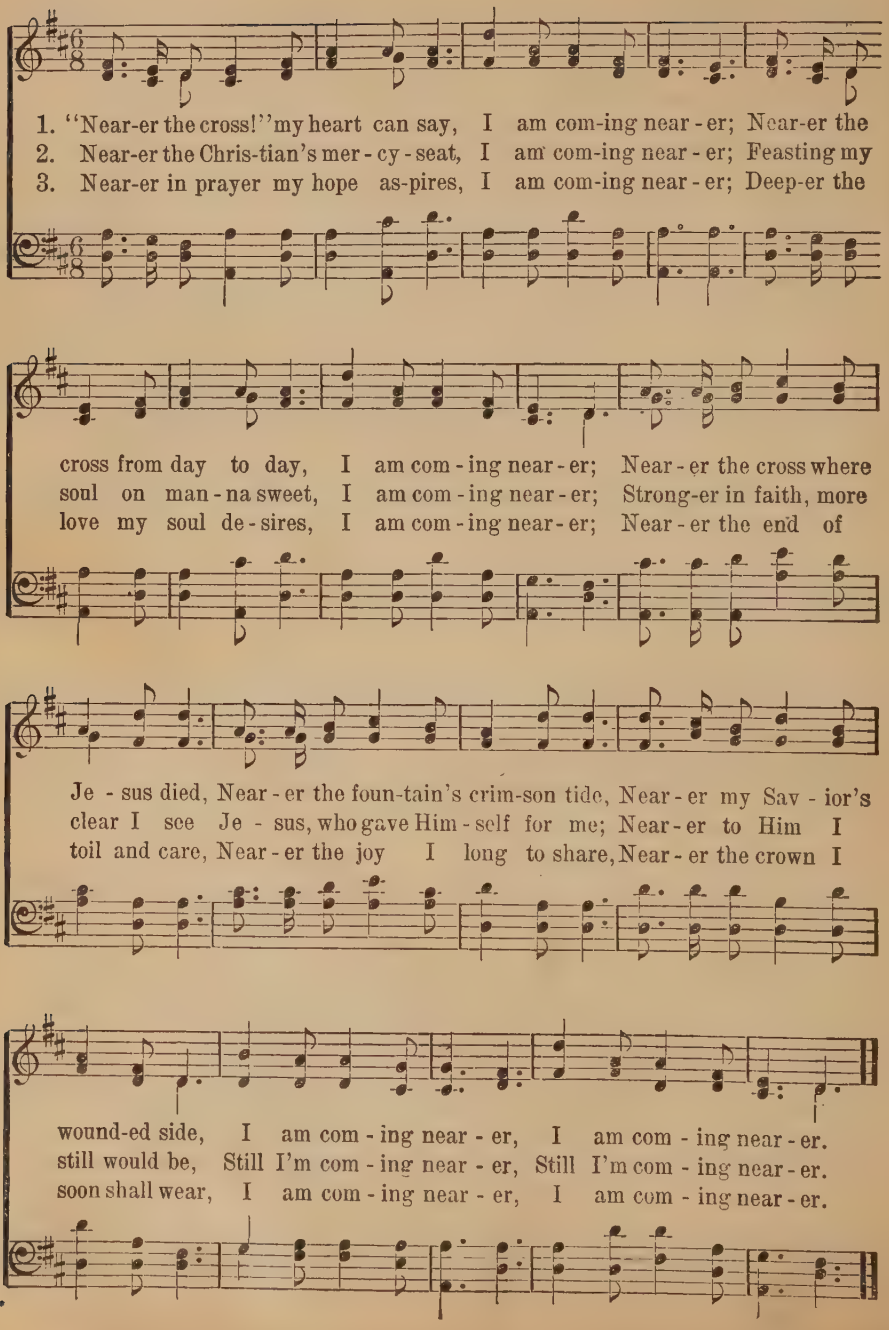
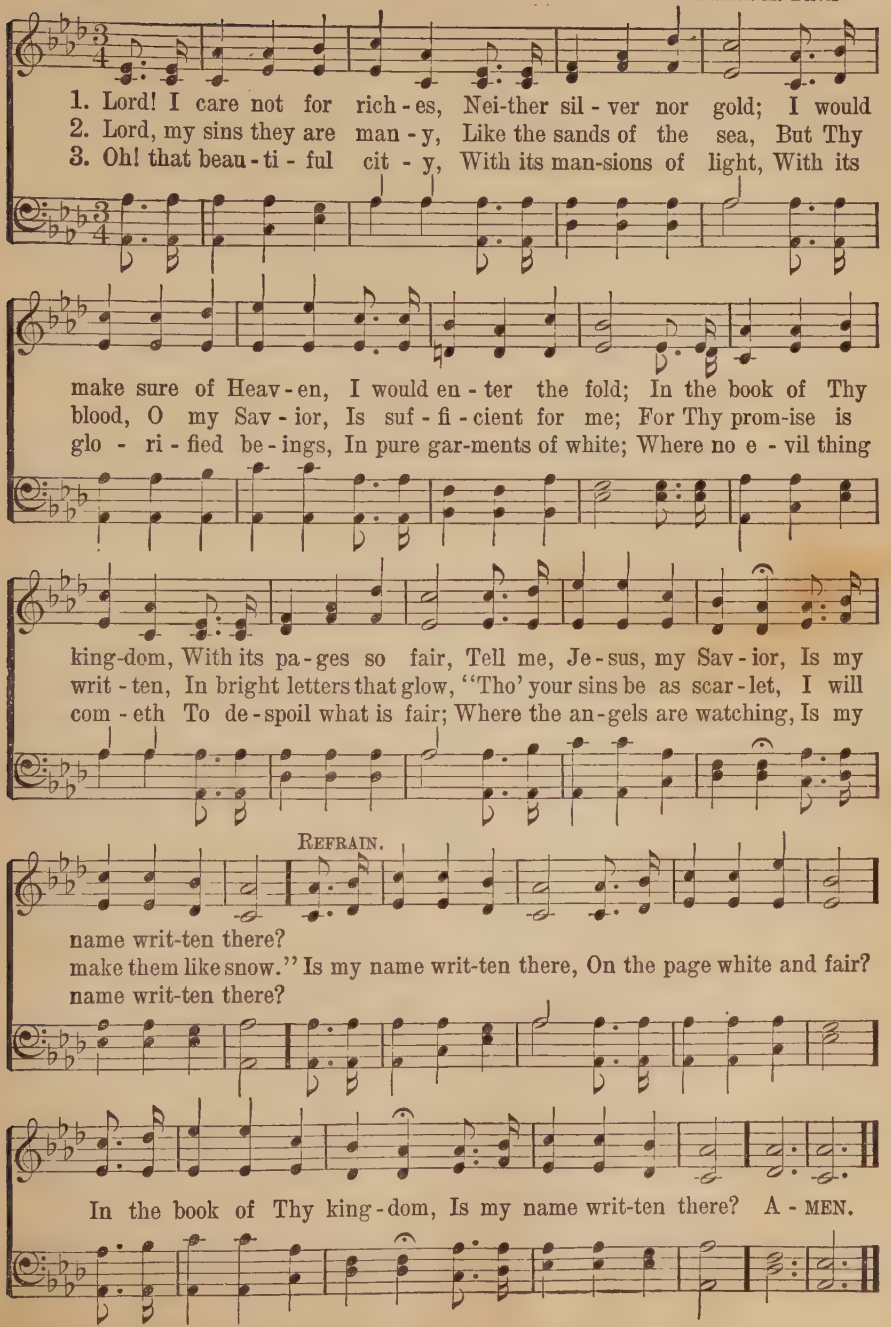
Nearer the Cross

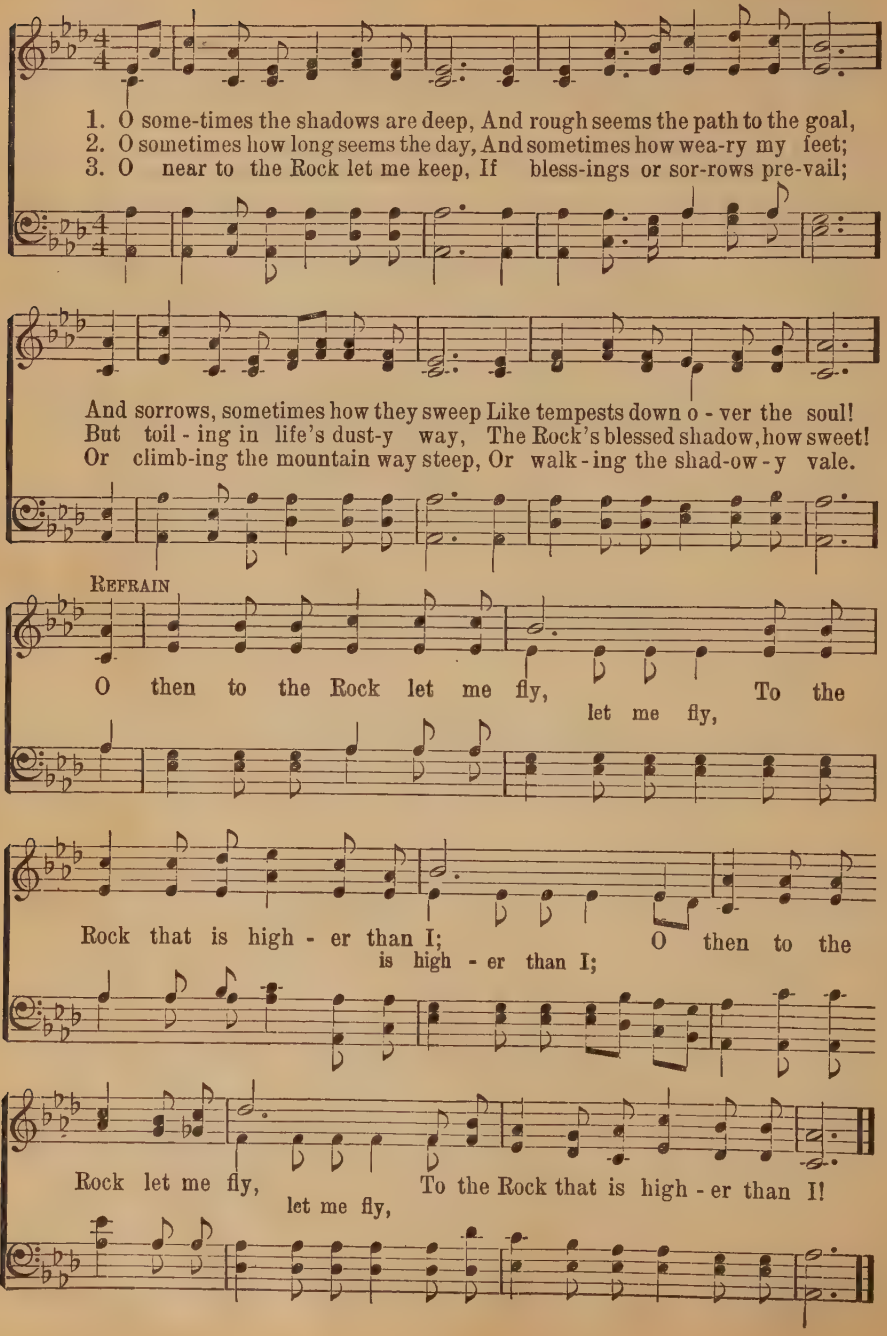
FANNY J. CROSBY — MRS. J. F. KNAPP

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feasting my
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of
Je-sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je-sus, who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

105 Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS

1. Lord! I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold; I would
2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its
make sure of Heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy
blood, O my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is
glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e - vil thing
king-dom, With its pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my
writ - ten, In bright letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will
com - eth To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Is my
REFRAIN.
name writ-ten there?
make them like snow." Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
name writ-ten there?
In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ-ten there? A - MEN.

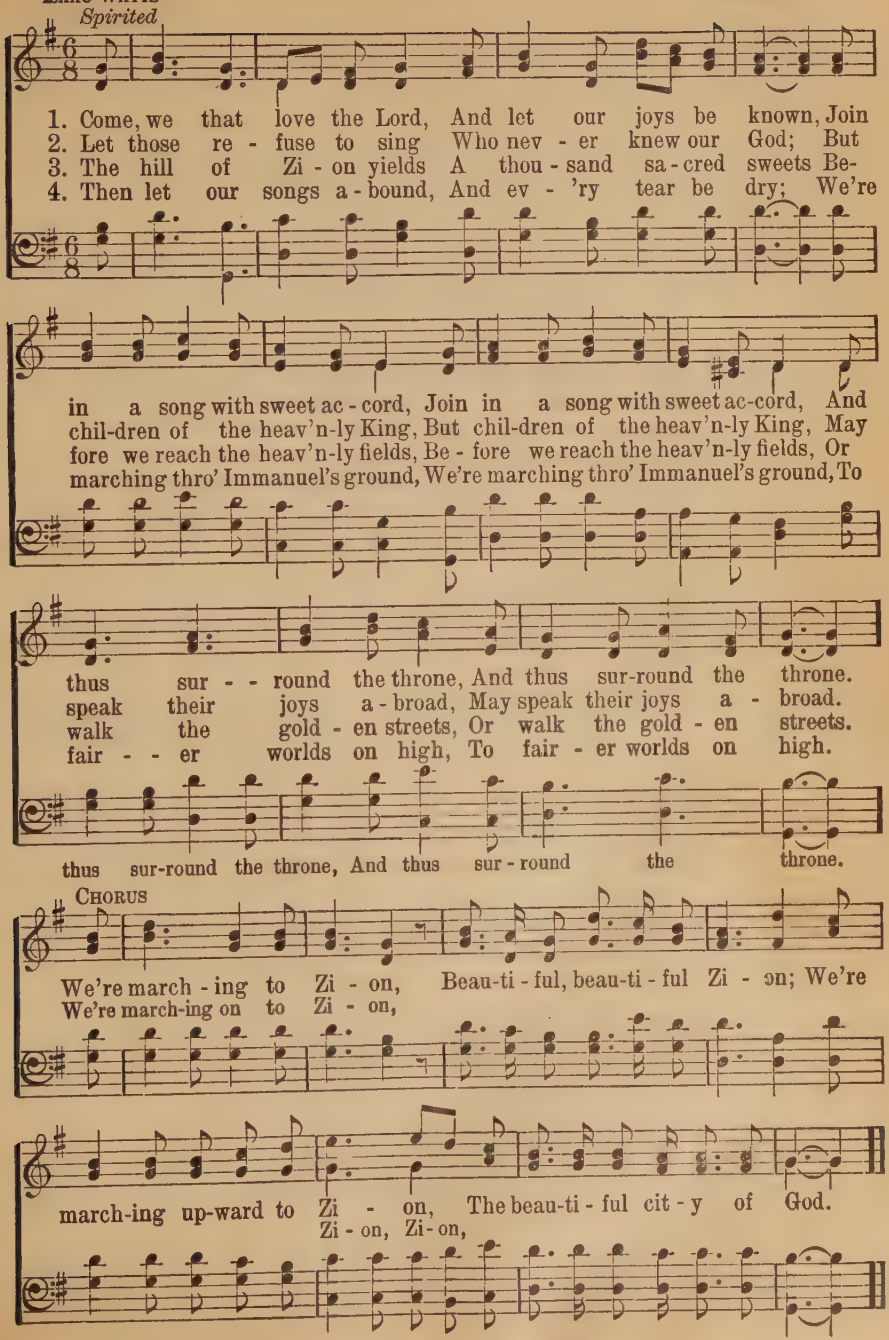
106 The Rock That is Higher Than I

E. JOHNSON WILLIAM G. FISCHER


1. O some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul!
But toil - ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad-ow - y vale.
REFRAIN
O then to the Rock let me fly, To the
let me fly,
Rock that is high - er than I; O then to the
is high - er than I;
Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I!
let me fly,

107 We're Marching to Zion

ISAAC WATTS — ROBERT LOWRY

Spirited

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To
thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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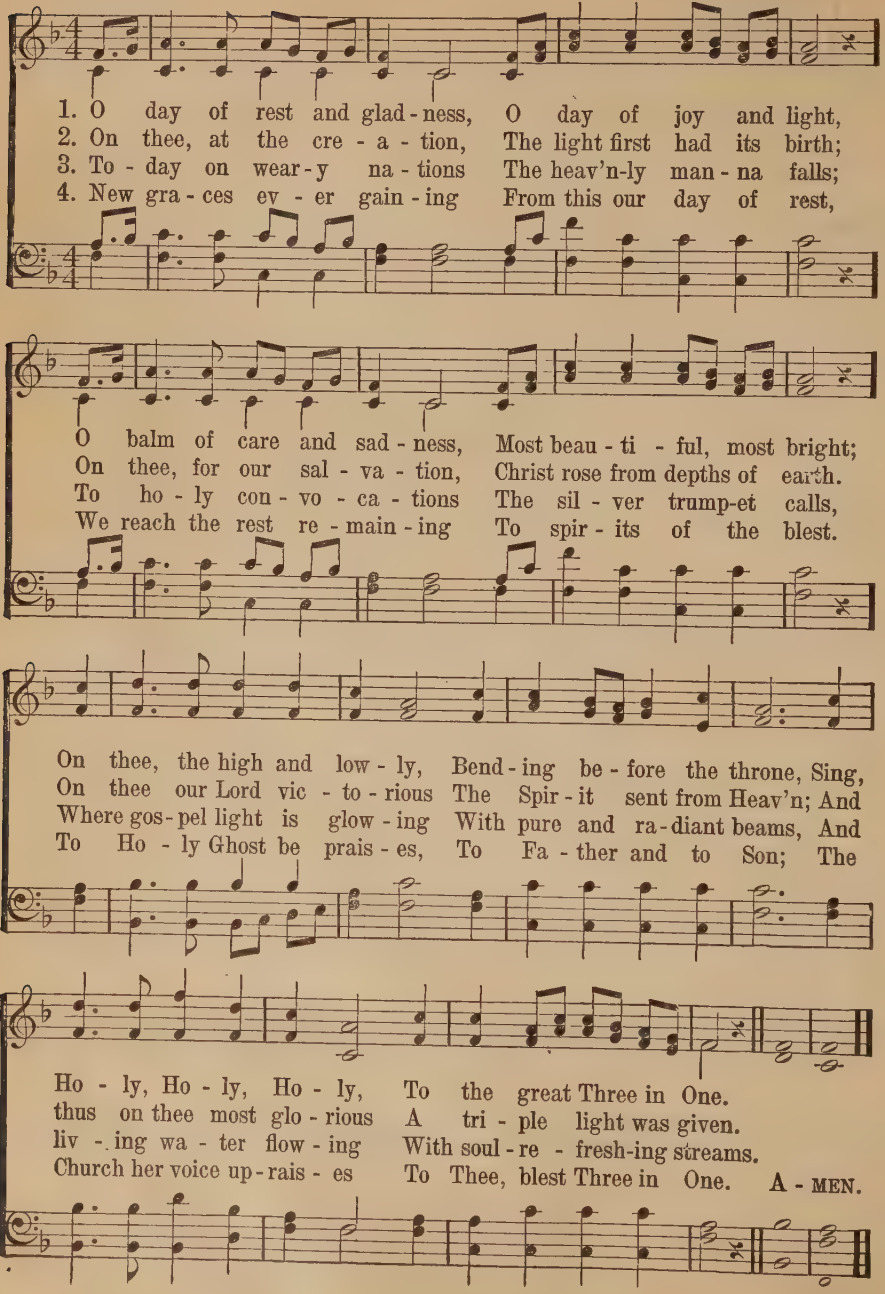
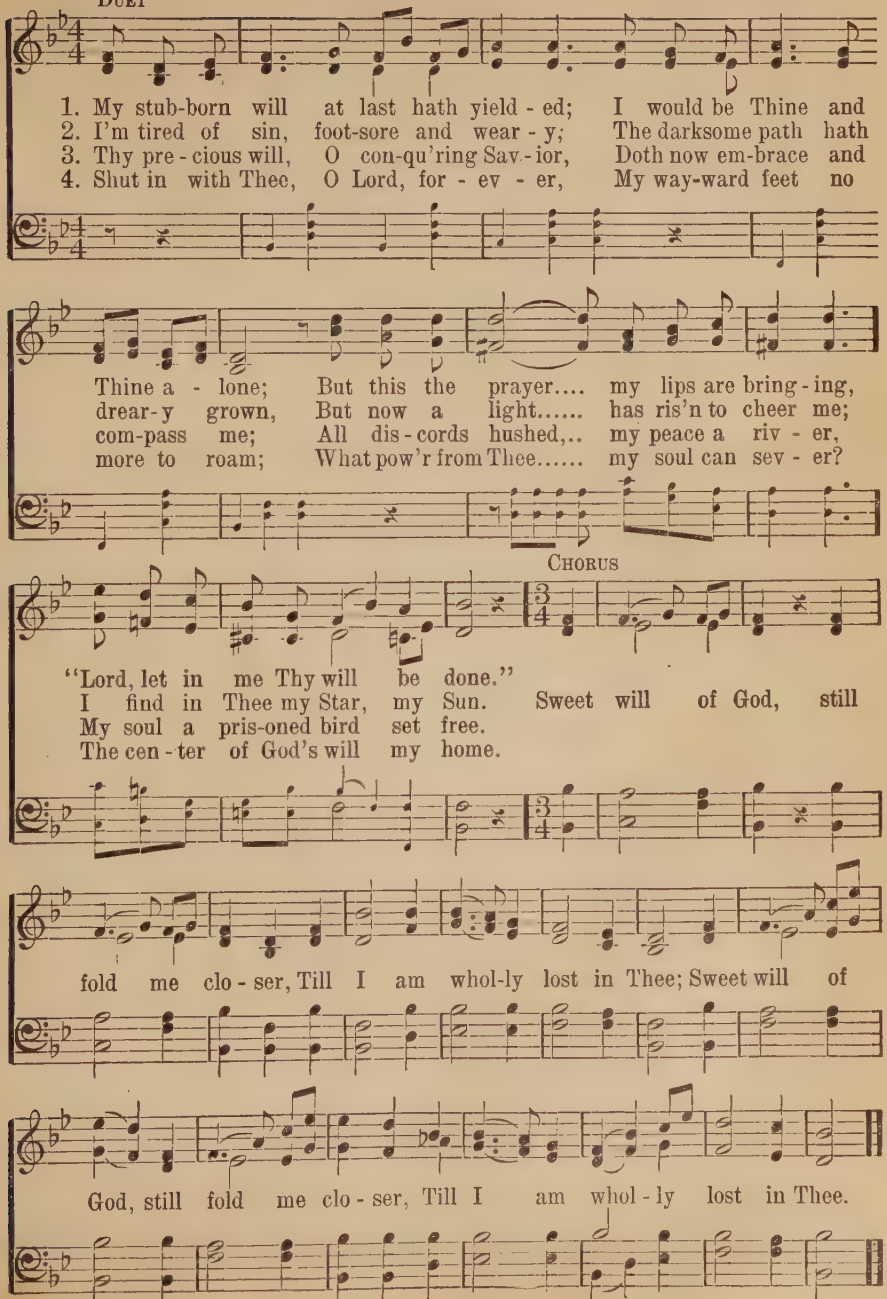
108 O Day of Rest and Gladness

C. WORDSWORTH — Arr. by L. MASON


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day on wear - y na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
4. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump-et calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.
On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne, Sing,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from Heav'n; And
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams, And
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son; The
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.
liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

109 Sweet Will of God

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris

Duet

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be Thine and
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wear - y; The darksome path hath
3. Thy pre - cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav - ior, Doth now em-brace and
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way-ward feet no
Thine a - lone; But this the prayer.... my lips are bring - ing,
drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to cheer me;
com-pass me; All dis - cords hushed,.. my peace a riv - er,
more to roam; What pow'r from Thee..... my soul can sev - er?
Chorus
"Lord, let in me Thy will be done."
I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
My soul a pris-oned bird set free.
The cen - ter of God's will my home.
fold me clo - ser, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of
God, still fold me clo - ser, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.

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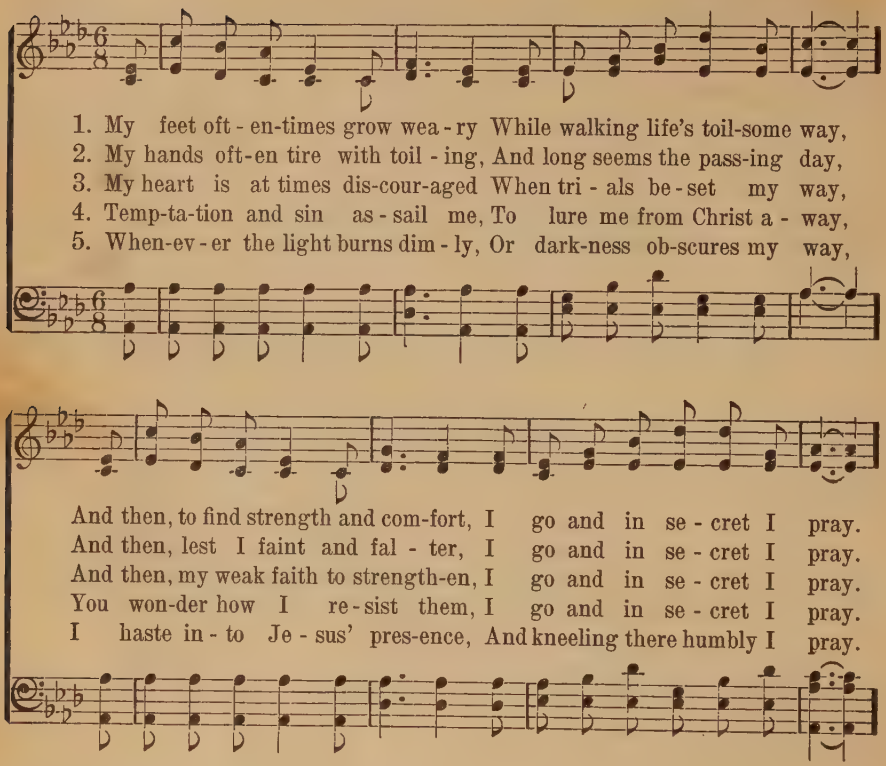
110 Go in Secret and Pray

"He will draw nigh to you."—James 4: 8

E. A. H. EDGAR A. HOLMES


1. My feet oft - en-times grow wea - ry While walking life's toil-some way,
2. My hands oft-en tire with toil - ing, And long seems the pass-ing day,
3. My heart is at times dis-cour-aged When tri - als be - set my way,
4. Temp-ta-tion and sin as - sail me, To lure me from Christ a - way,
5. When-ev - er the light burns dim - ly, Or dark-ness ob-scures my way,
And then, to find strength and com-fort, I go and in se - cret I pray.
And then, lest I faint and fal - ter, I go and in se - cret I pray.
And then, my weak faith to strength-en, I go and in se - cret I pray.
You won-der how I re - sist them, I go and in se - cret I pray.
I haste in - to Je - sus' pres-ence, And kneeling there humbly I pray.
CHORUS
I en - ter and close the door; Je - sus and I talk it o'er; He
comforts, He strengthens, He cheers me, And I am dis-cour-aged no more.

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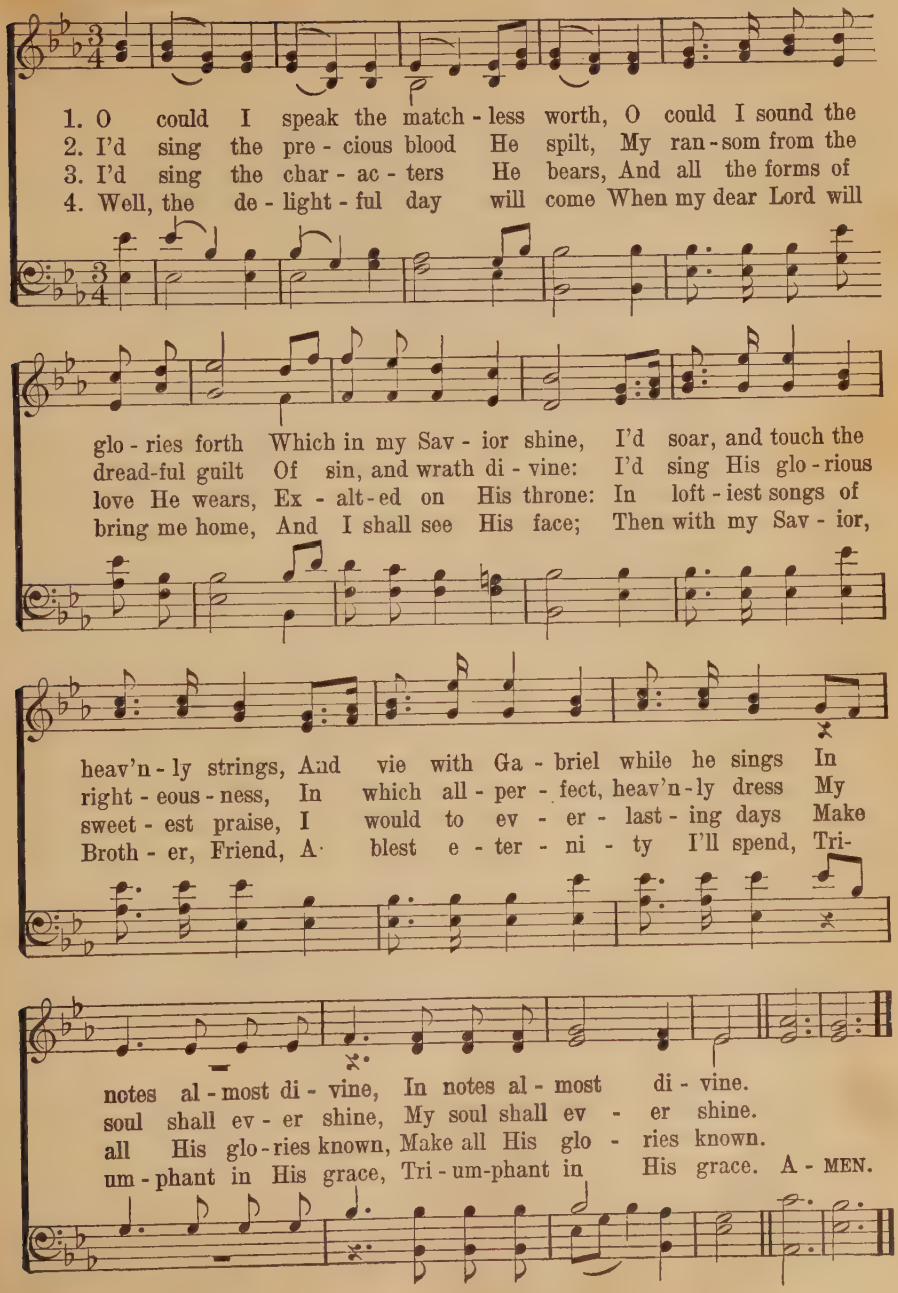
111 O Could I Speak

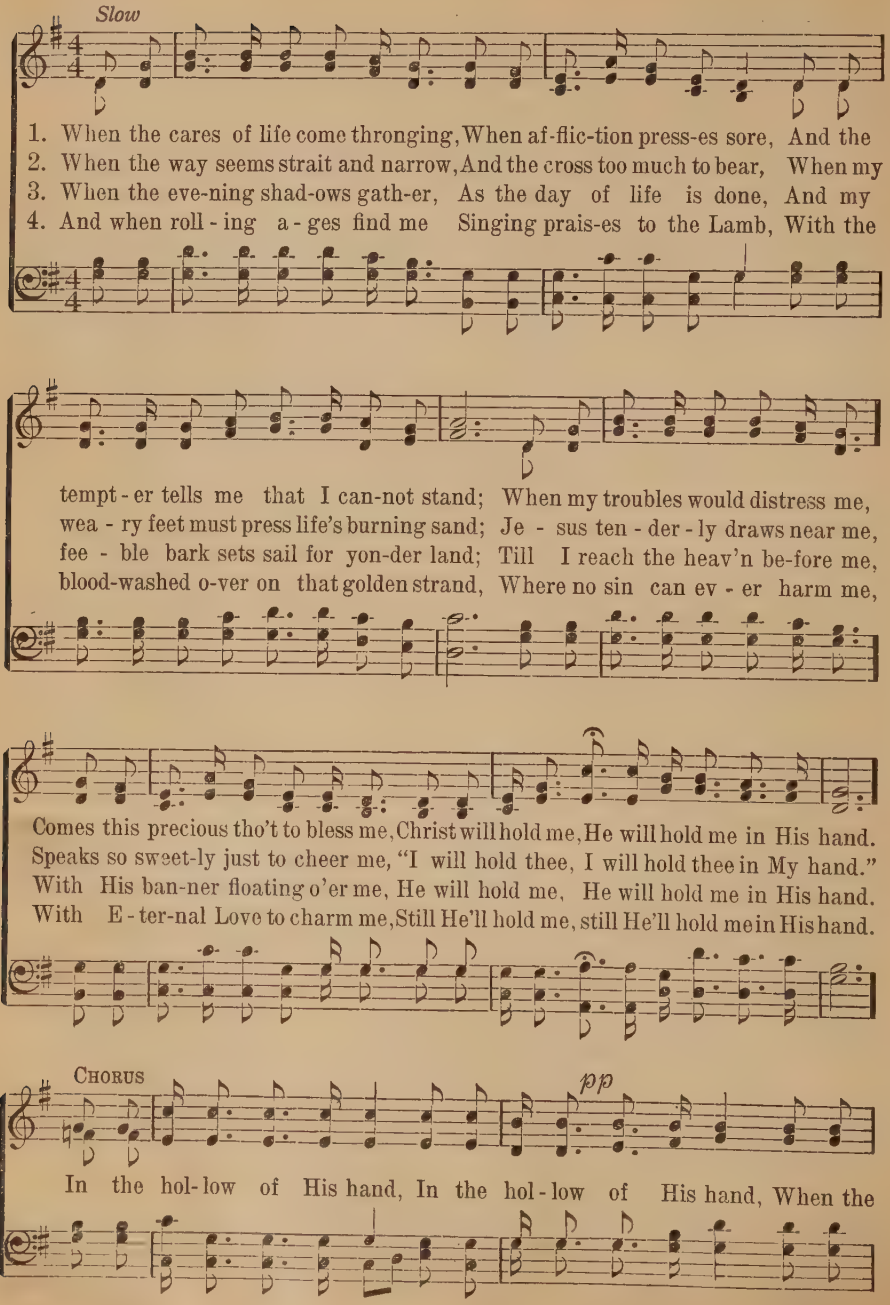
SAMUEL MEDLEY — DR. LOWELL MASON


1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious
love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,
heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-
notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
um - phant in His grace, Tri - um-phant in His grace. A - MEN.

In the Hollow of His Hand

J. B. L. Rev. J. B. Lutz

Slow


1. When the cares of life come thronging, When af-flic-tion press-es sore, And the
2. When the way seems strait and narrow, And the cross too much to bear, When my
3. When the eve-ning shad-ows gath-er, As the day of life is done, And my
4. And when roll-ing a-ges find me Singing prais-es to the Lamb, With the
tempt-er tells me that I can-not stand; When my troubles would distress me,
wea-ry feet must press life's burning sand; Je-sus ten-der-ly draws near me,
fee-ble bark sets sail for yon-der land; Till I reach the heav'n be-fore me,
blood-washed o-ver on that golden strand, Where no sin can ev-er harm me,
Comes this precious tho't to bless me, Christ will hold me, He will hold me in His hand.
Speaks so sweet-ly just to cheer me, "I will hold thee, I will hold thee in My hand."
With His ban-ner floating o'er me, He will hold me, He will hold me in His hand.
With E-ter-nal Love to charm me, Still He'll hold me, still He'll hold me in His hand.
Chorus
pp
In the hol-low of His hand, In the hol-low of His hand, When the

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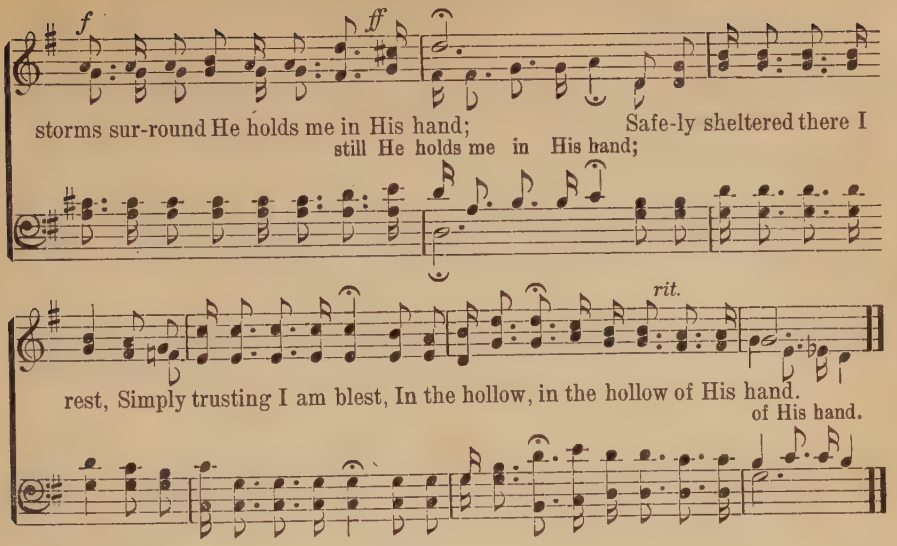
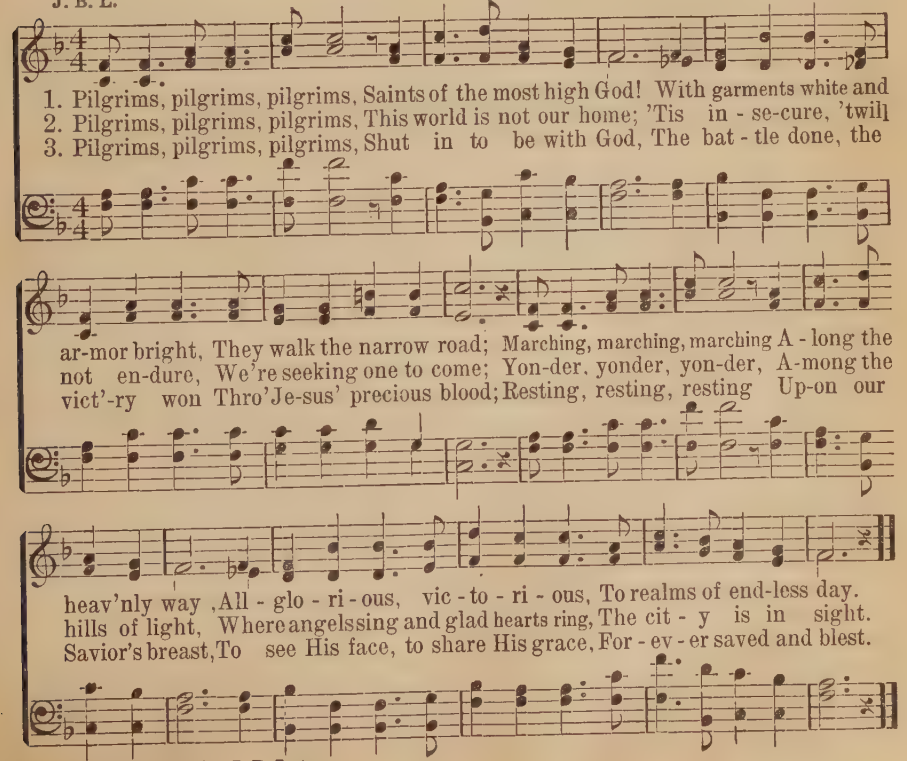
In the Hollow of His Hand


f
ff
storms sur-round He holds me in His hand; Safe-ly sheltered there I
still He holds me in His hand;
rit.
rest, Simply trusting I am blest, In the hollow, in the hollow of His hand.
of His hand.

113 Pilgrims

J. B. L. Rev. J. B. Lutz


1. Pilgrims, pilgrims, pilgrims, Saints of the most high God! With garments white and
2. Pilgrims, pilgrims, pilgrims, This world is not our home; 'Tis in - se-cure, 'twill
3. Pilgrims, pilgrims, pilgrims, Shut in to be with God, The bat - tle done, the
ar-mor bright, They walk the narrow road; Marching, marching, marching A - long the
not en-dure, We're seeking one to come; Yon-der, yonder, yon-der, A-mong the
vict'-ry won Thro'Je-sus' precious blood; Resting, resting, resting Up-on our
heav'nly way ,All - glo - ri - ous, vic - to - ri - ous, To realms of end-less day.
hills of light, Where angels sing and glad hearts ring, The cit - y is in sight.
Savior's breast, To see His face, to share His grace, For - ev - er saved and blest.

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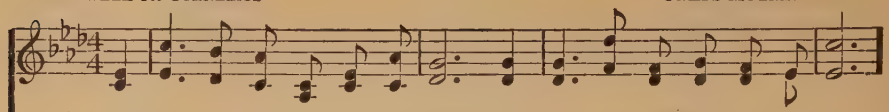
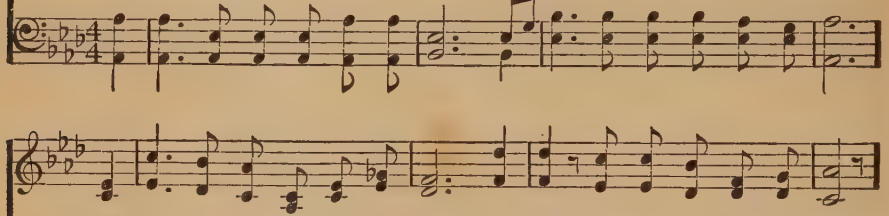
Some Time We'll Understand

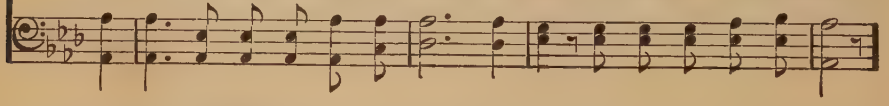
MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS — JAMES MCGRANAHAN



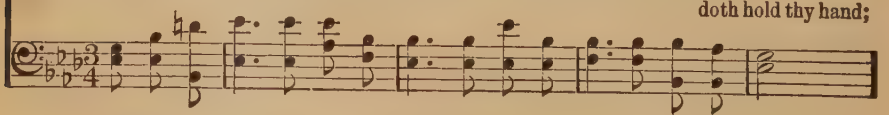
1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken thread a - gain, And fin - ish what we here be - gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea-ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un - err - ing hand;

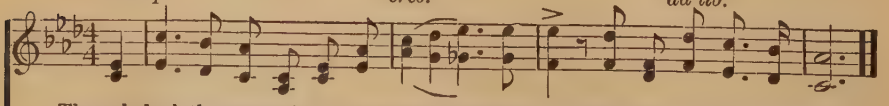


We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, some time, we'll understand.
Heav'n will the mys-ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, some time, we'll understand.
Some time with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

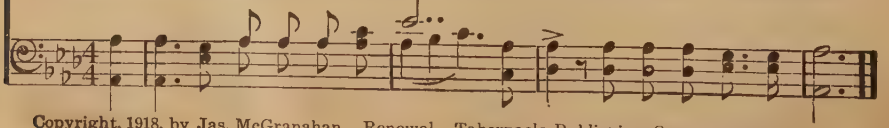


CHORUS. *A little faster*

Then trust in God thro' all the days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold thy hand;

A tempo *cres.* *ad lib.*



Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Some time, some time, we'll understand.



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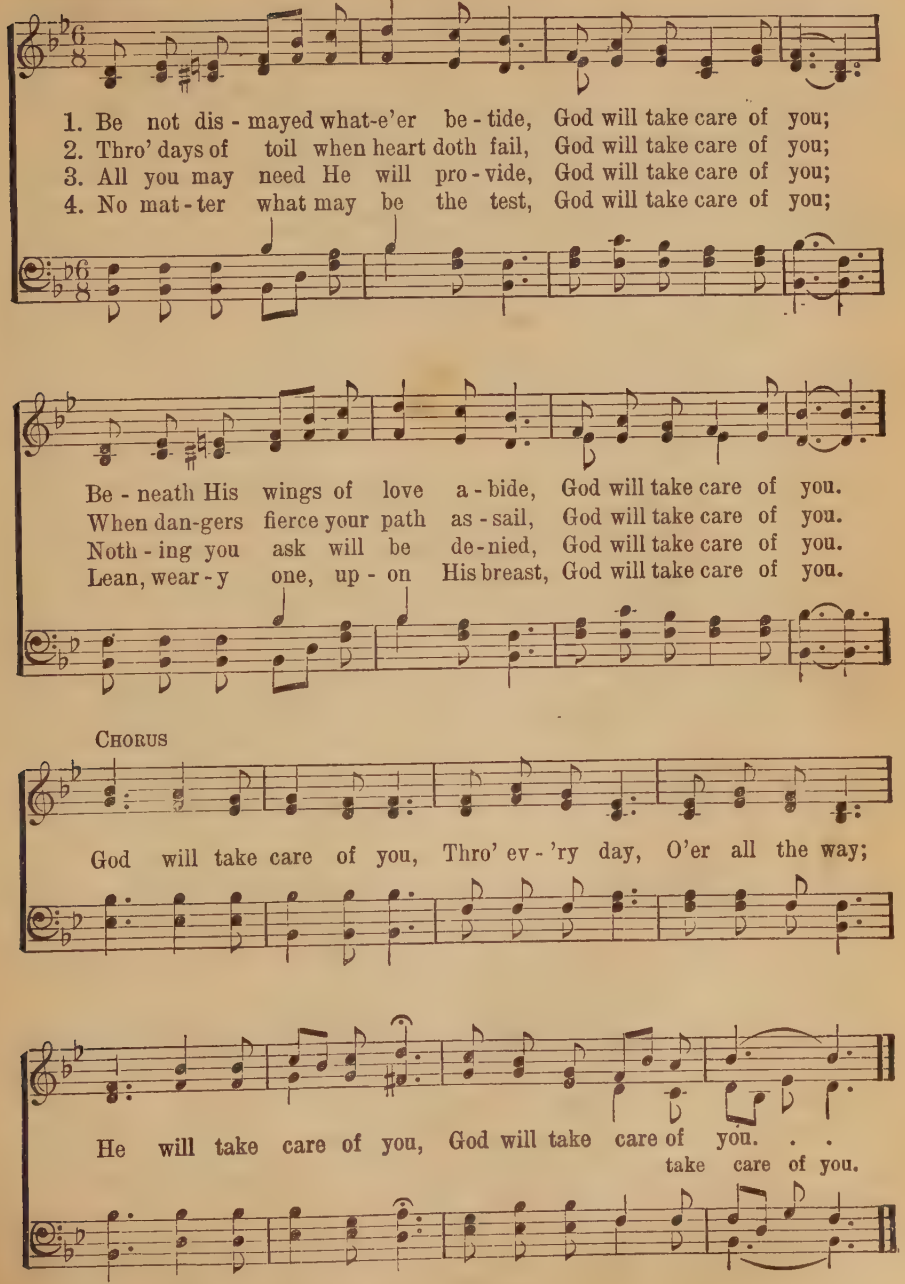
115 God Will Take Care of You

C. D. MARTIN (*Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.*) W. S. MARTIN


1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
take care of you.

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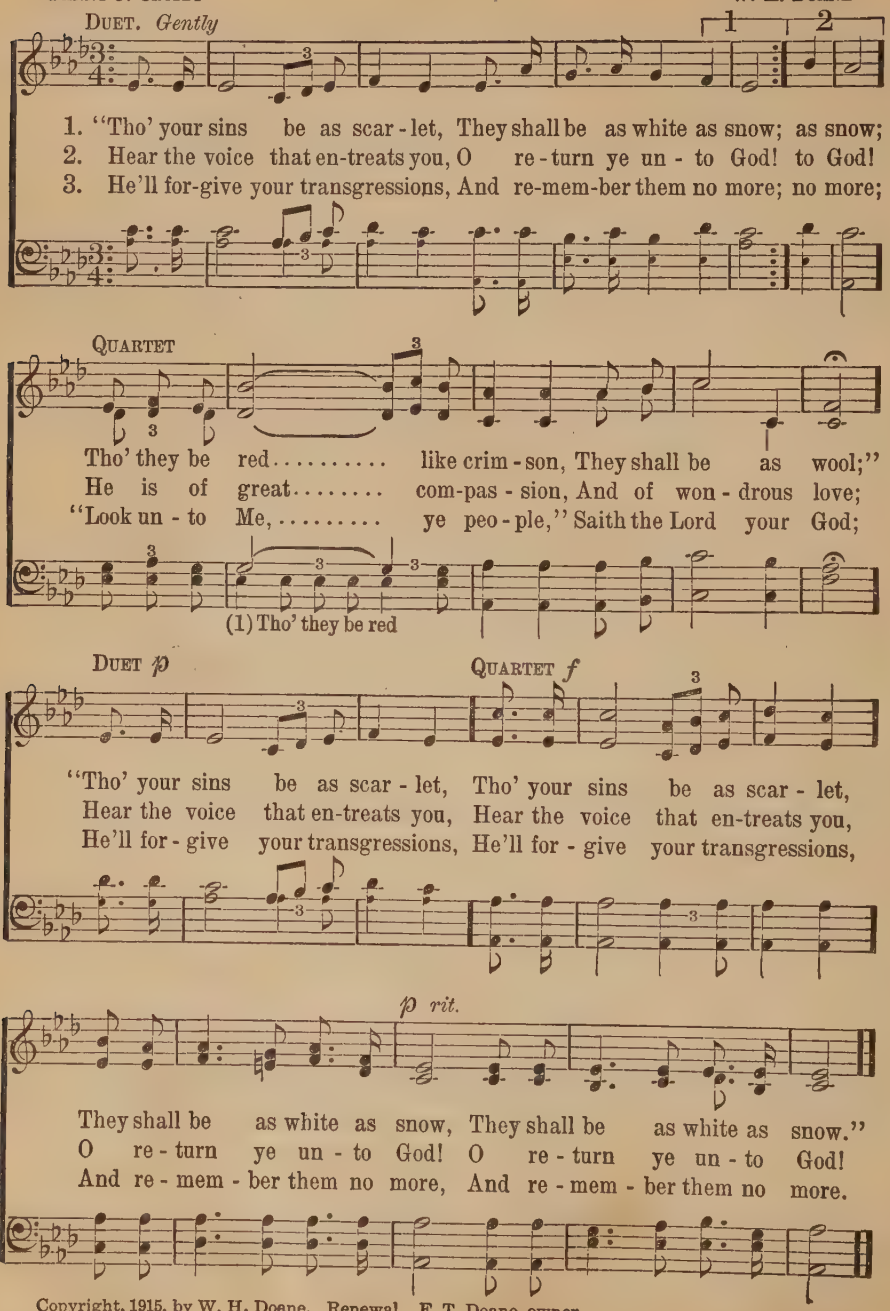
116 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

DUET. Gently
1 2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;
QUARTET
Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un - to Me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;
(1) Tho' they be red
DUET p
QUARTET f
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,
p rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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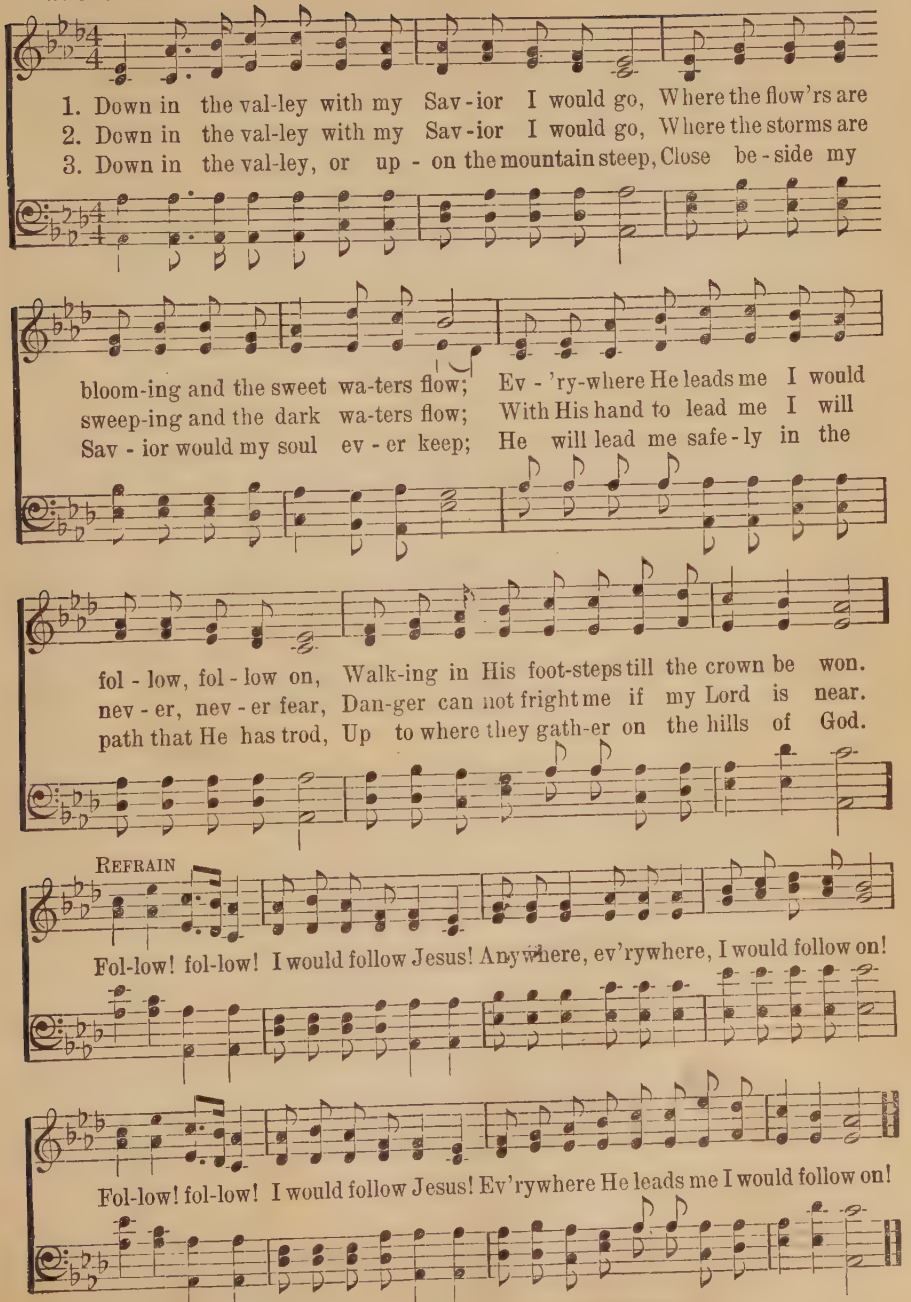
Follow On

W. O. CUSHING — ROBERT LOWRY


1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my
bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the
fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-ger can not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.
REFRAIN
Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!
Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow on!

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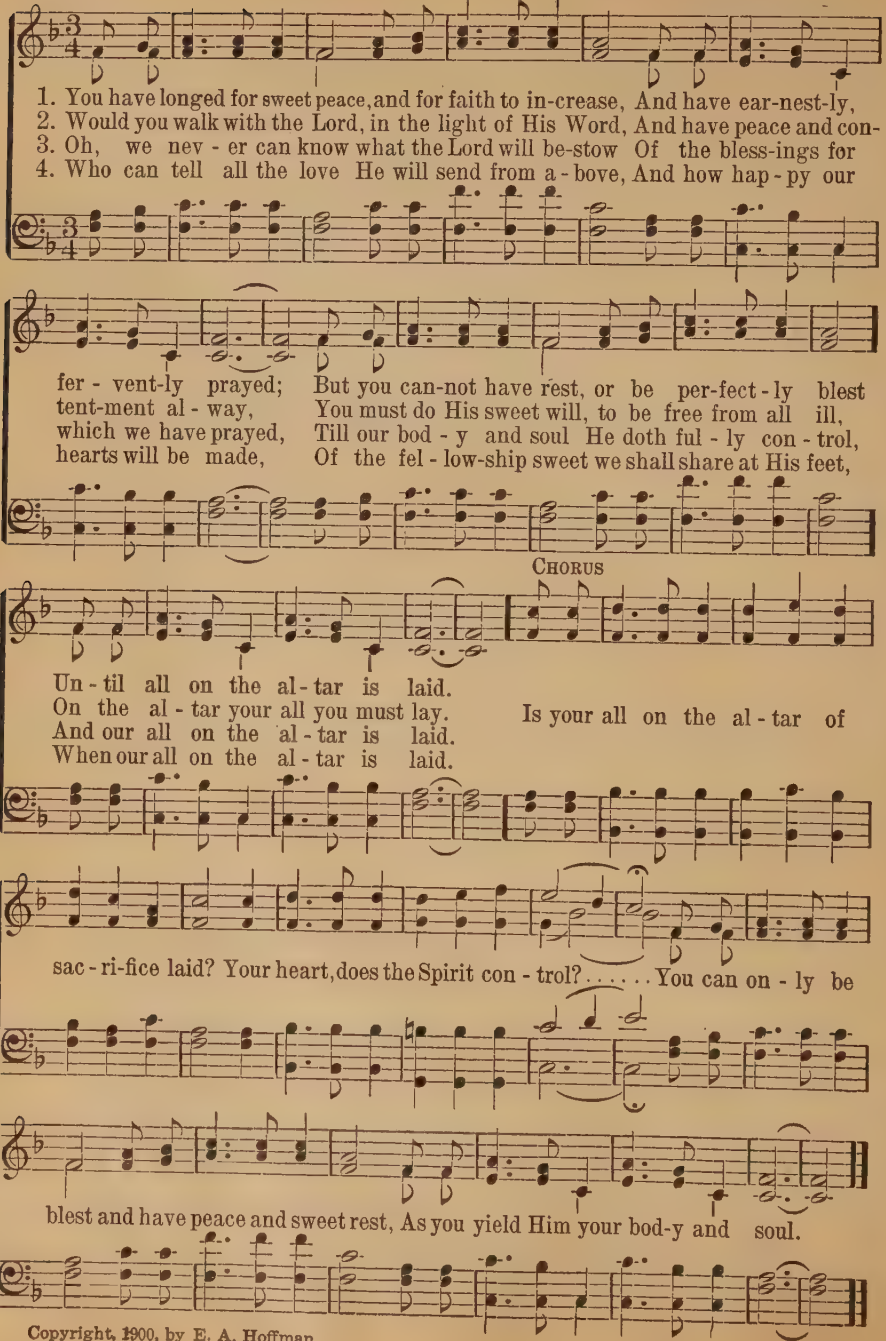
118 Is Your All On the Altar?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN


1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to in-crease, And have ear-nest-ly,
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-
3. Oh, we nev - er can know what the Lord will be-stow Of the bless-ings for
4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a - bove, And how hap - py our
fer - vent-ly prayed; But you can-not have rest, or be per-fect - ly blest
tent-ment al - way, You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill,
which we have prayed, Till our bod - y and soul He doth ful - ly con - trol,
hearts will be made, Of the fel - low-ship sweet we shall share at His feet,
CHORUS
Un - til all on the al - tar is laid.
On the al - tar your all you must lay. Is your all on the al - tar of
And our all on the al - tar is laid.
When our all on the al - tar is laid.
sac - ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit con - trol? . . . . . You can on - ly be
blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your bod-y and soul.

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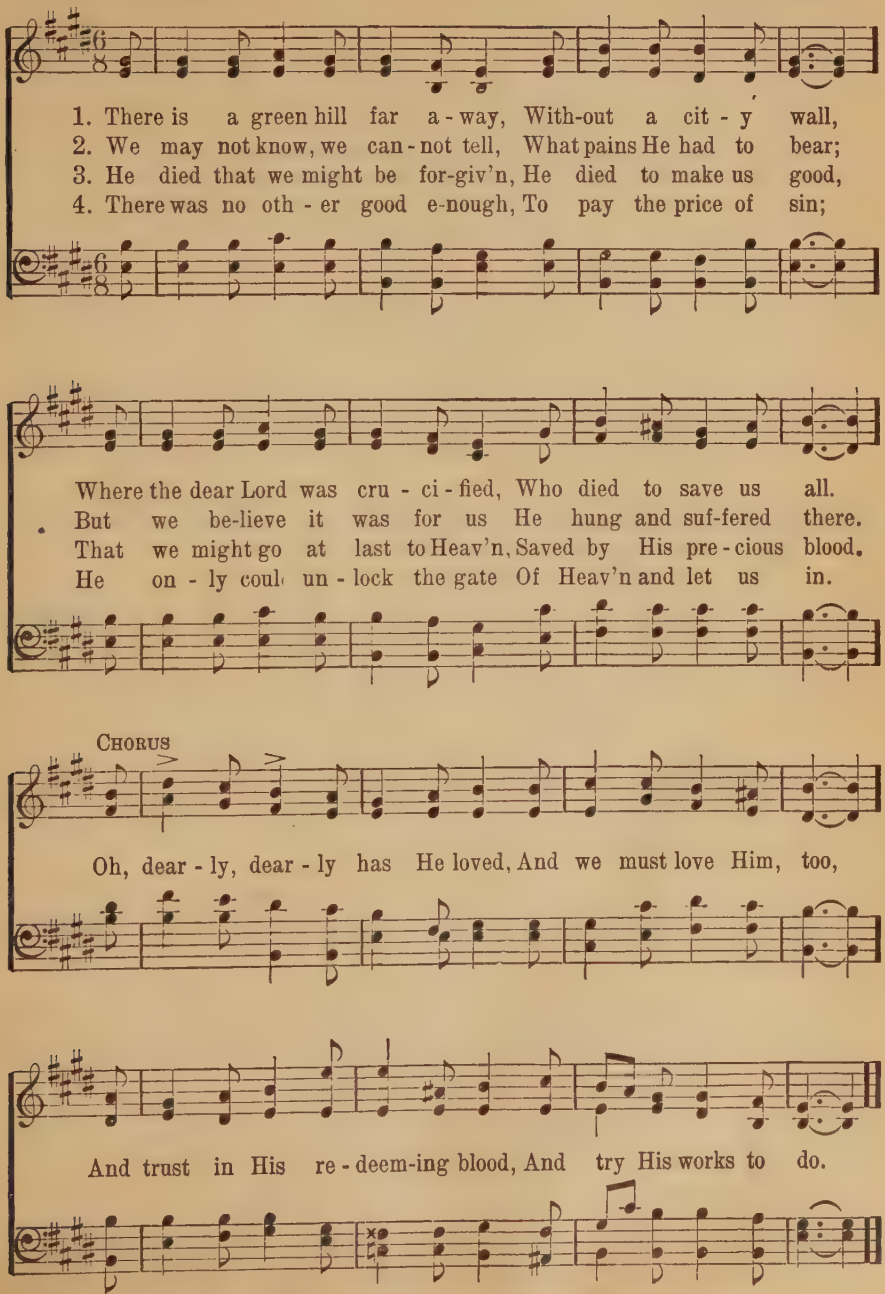
119 There is a Green Hill Far Away

CECIL F. ALEXANDER — GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin;
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly coul un - lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.
CHORUS
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

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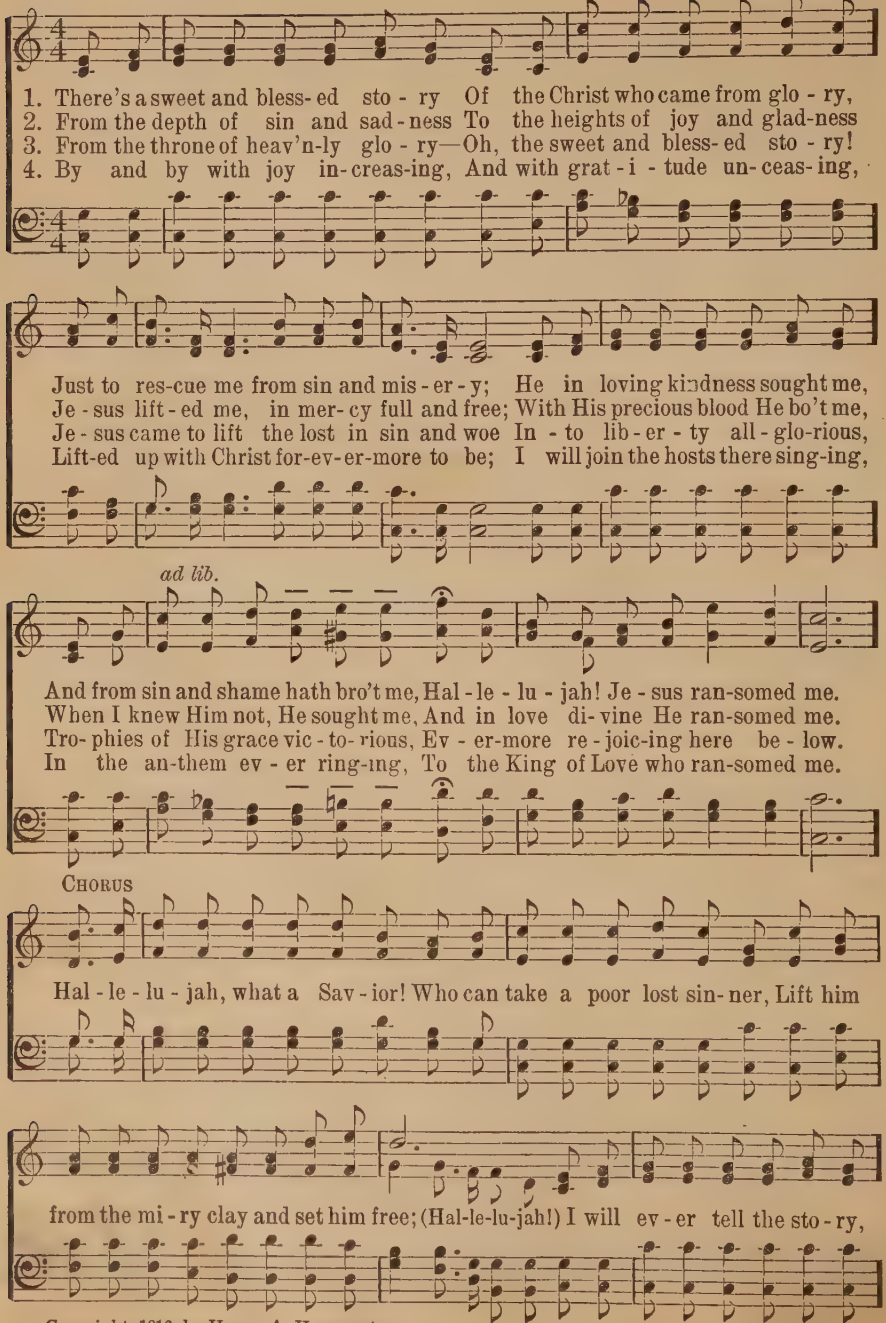
120 He Ransomed Me

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — J. W. HENDERSON


1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo - ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo - ry—Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry!
4. By and by with joy in-creas-ing, And with grat - i - tude un-ceas-ing,
Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er-y; He in loving kindness sought me,
Je - sus lift-ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib-er - ty all-glo-rious,
Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be; I will join the hosts there sing-ing,
ad lib.
And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
Tro-phies of His grace vic - to-rious, Ev - er-more re - joic-ing here be - low.
In the an-them ev - er ring-ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.
CHORUS
Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior! Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift him
from the mi - ry clay and set him free; (Hal-le-lu-jah!) I will ev - er tell the sto - ry,

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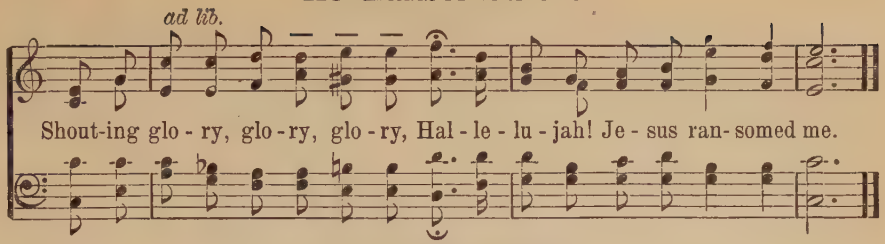
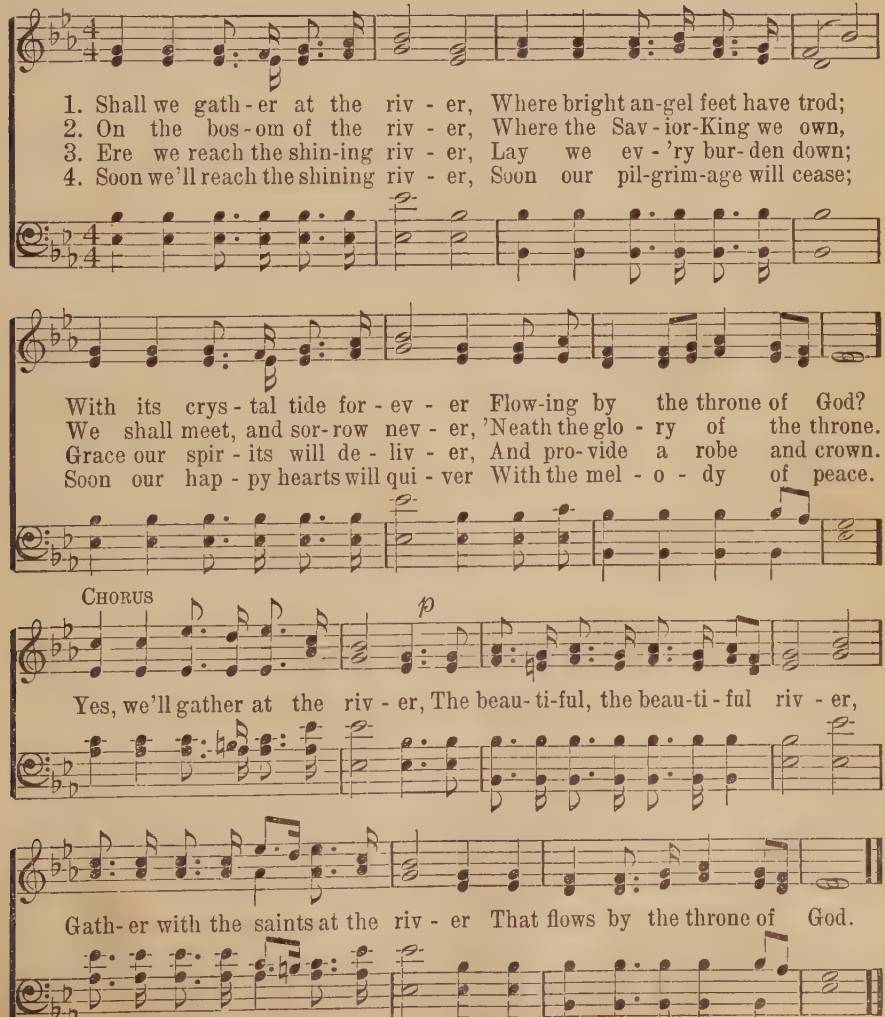
He Ransomed Me



121 Beautiful River

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the bos - om of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior-King we own,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We shall meet, and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS
p
Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

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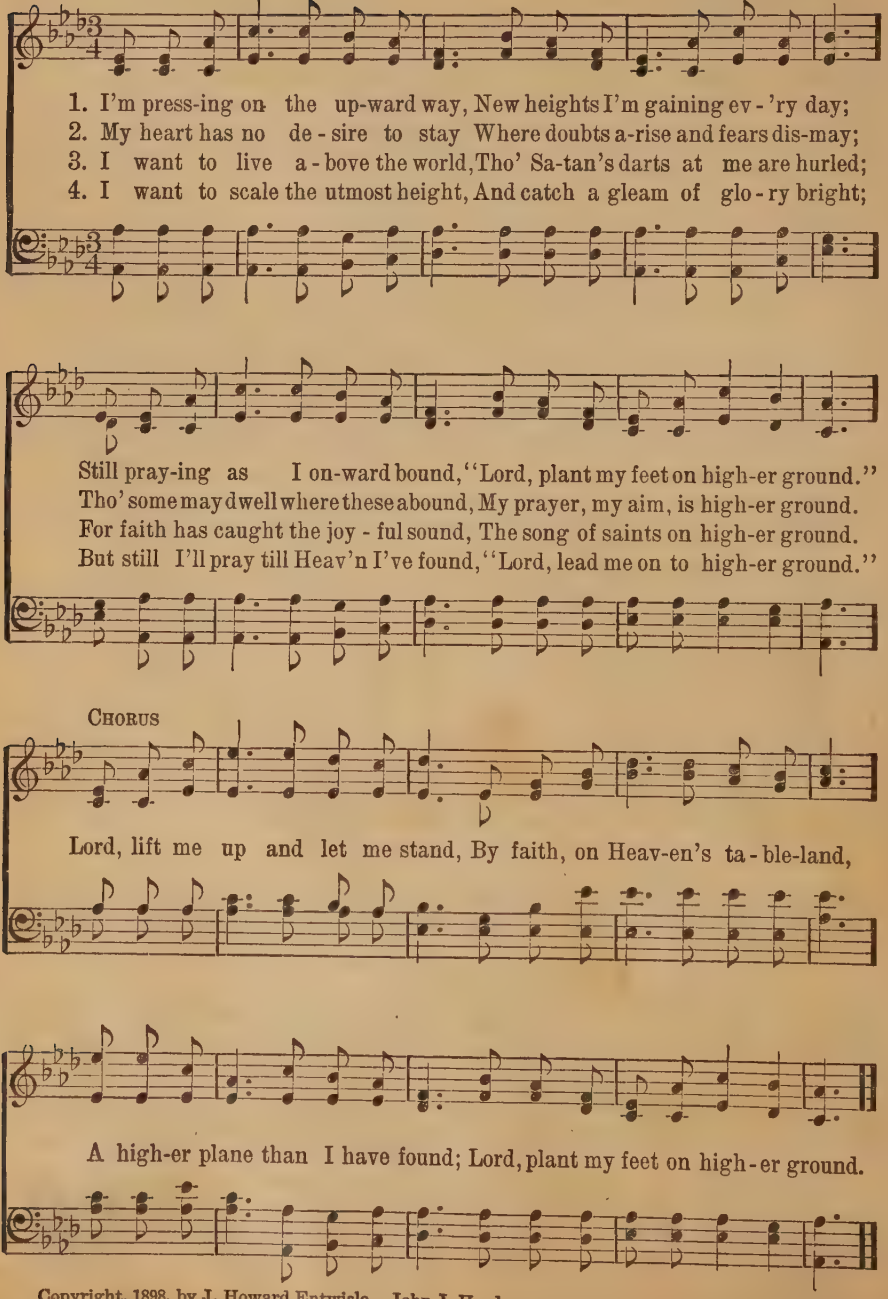
Higher Ground

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev - 'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
CHORUS
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta - ble-land,
A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.

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Gathering Home

Mrs. MARIANA B. SLADE — R. M. M'INTOSH

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit-y where falleth no light, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Up to the dwelling, where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Sav-ior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home,..... Gath-er-ing home,.....
Gath-er-ing home, Gath-er-ing home,

Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gath-er-ing home,.....
Gath-er-ing home,

Gath-er-ing home,..... God's children are gath-er-ing home. A-MEN.
Gath-er-ing home,

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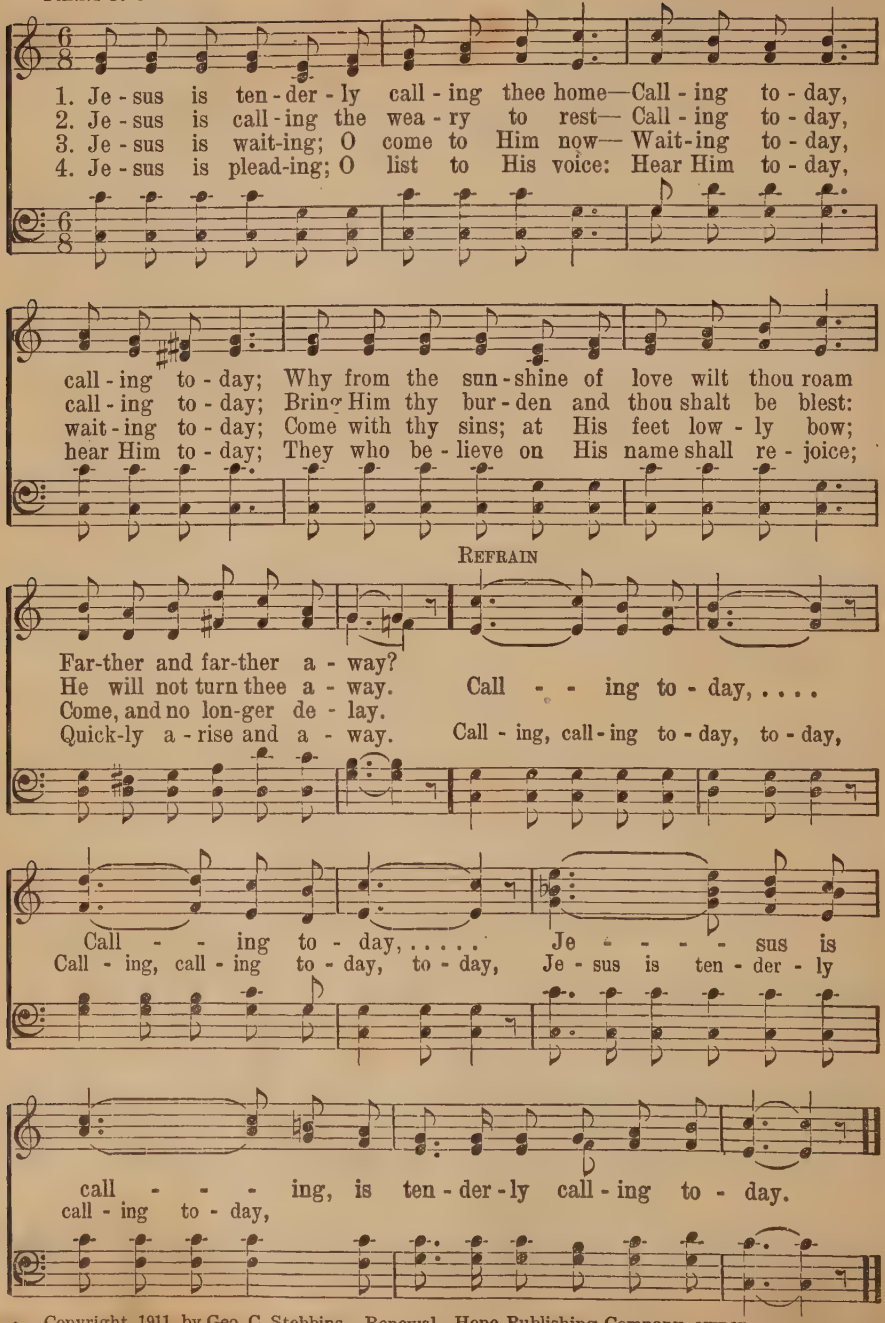
124 Jesus Is Calling

FANNY J. CROSBY — GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait-ing; O come to Him now— Wait-ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead-ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
REFRAIN
Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon-ger de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.
Call - - ing to - day, ...
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Call - - ing to - day, ...
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Je - - - - sus is
Je - sus is ten - der - ly
call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
call - ing to - day,

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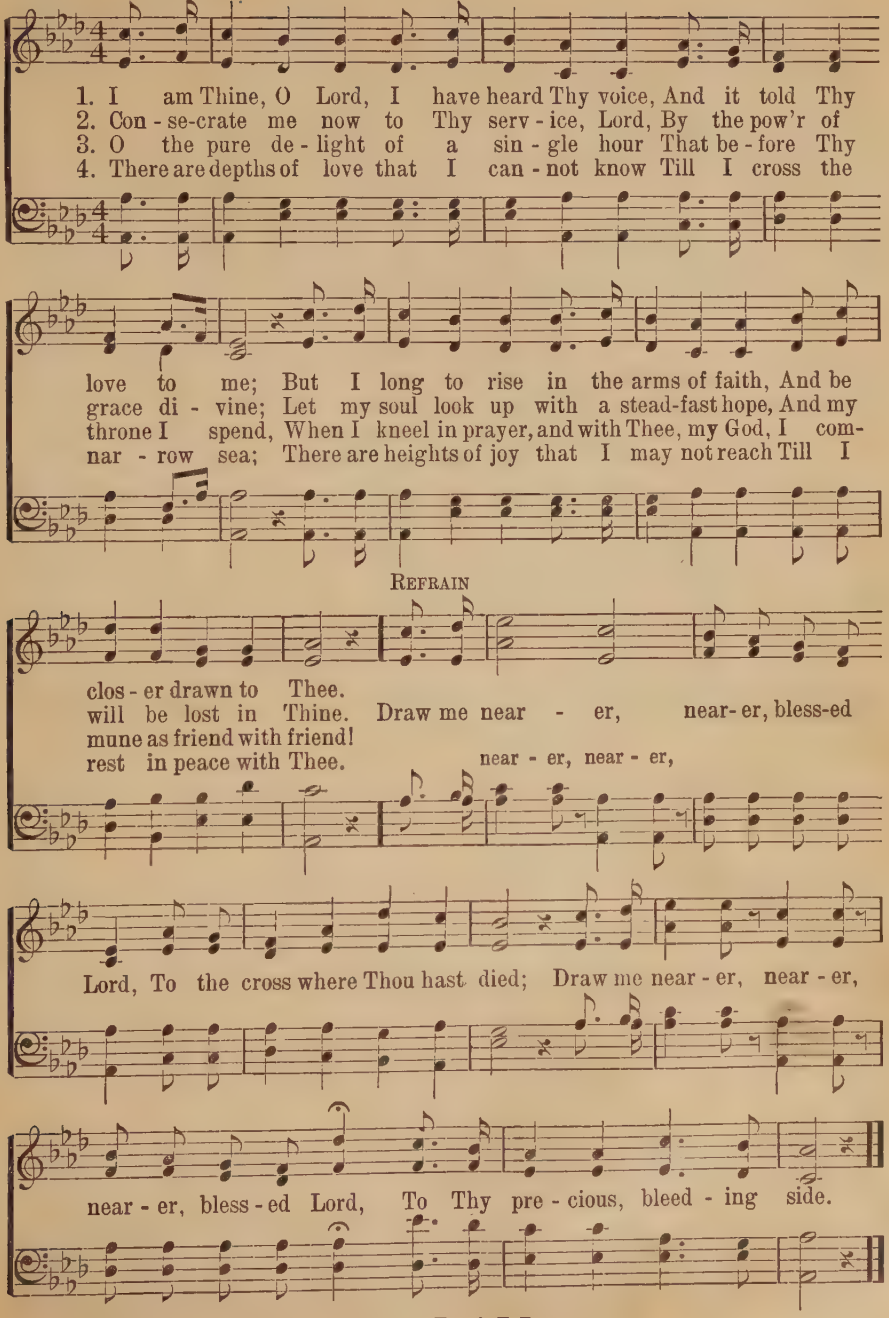
125 I Am Thine, O Lord

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN
clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, near - er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

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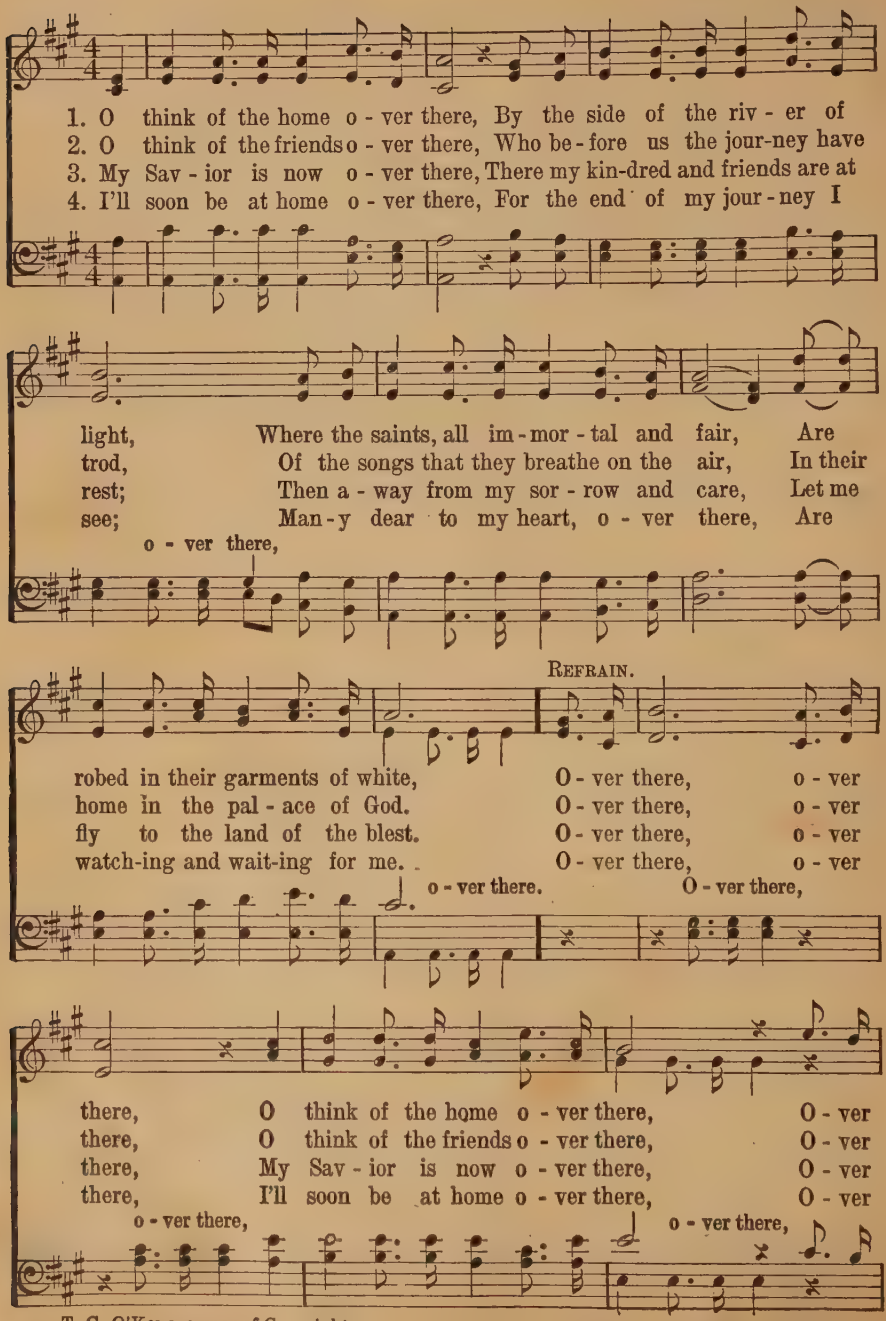
The Home Over There

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON

TULLIUS C. O'KANE

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I
light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
o - ver there,
REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver
o - ver there.
O - ver there,
there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
o - ver there,
o - ver there,

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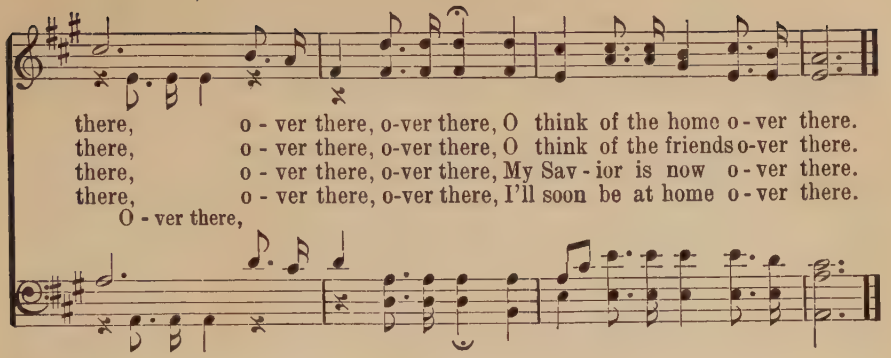
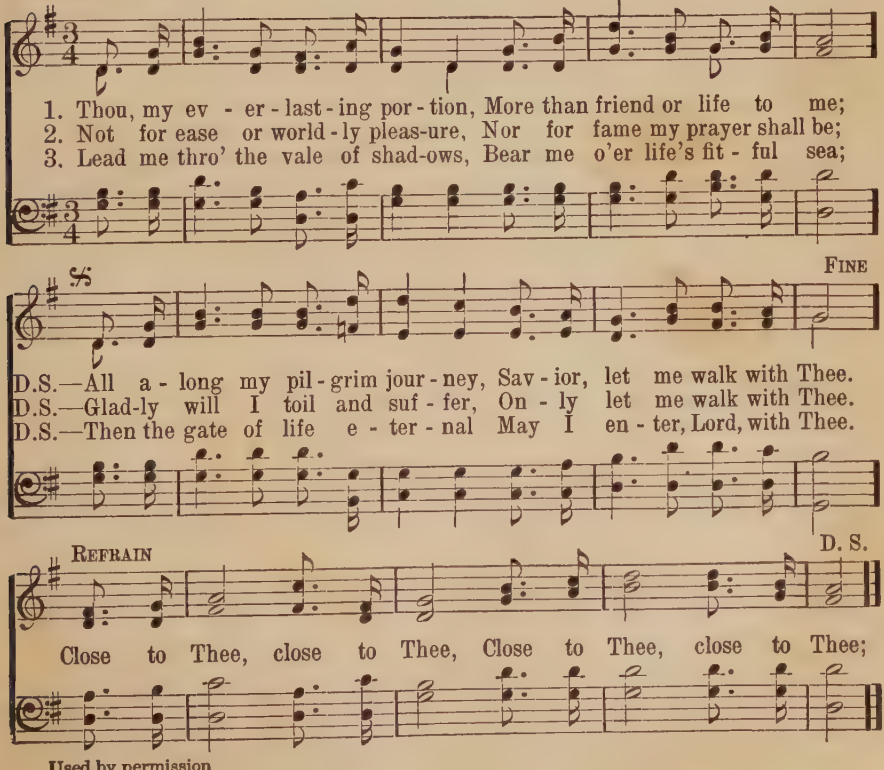
The Home Over There


there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
O - ver there,

127 Close to Thee

FANNY J. CROSBY SILAS J. VAIL


1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;
FINE
D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN
D. S.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

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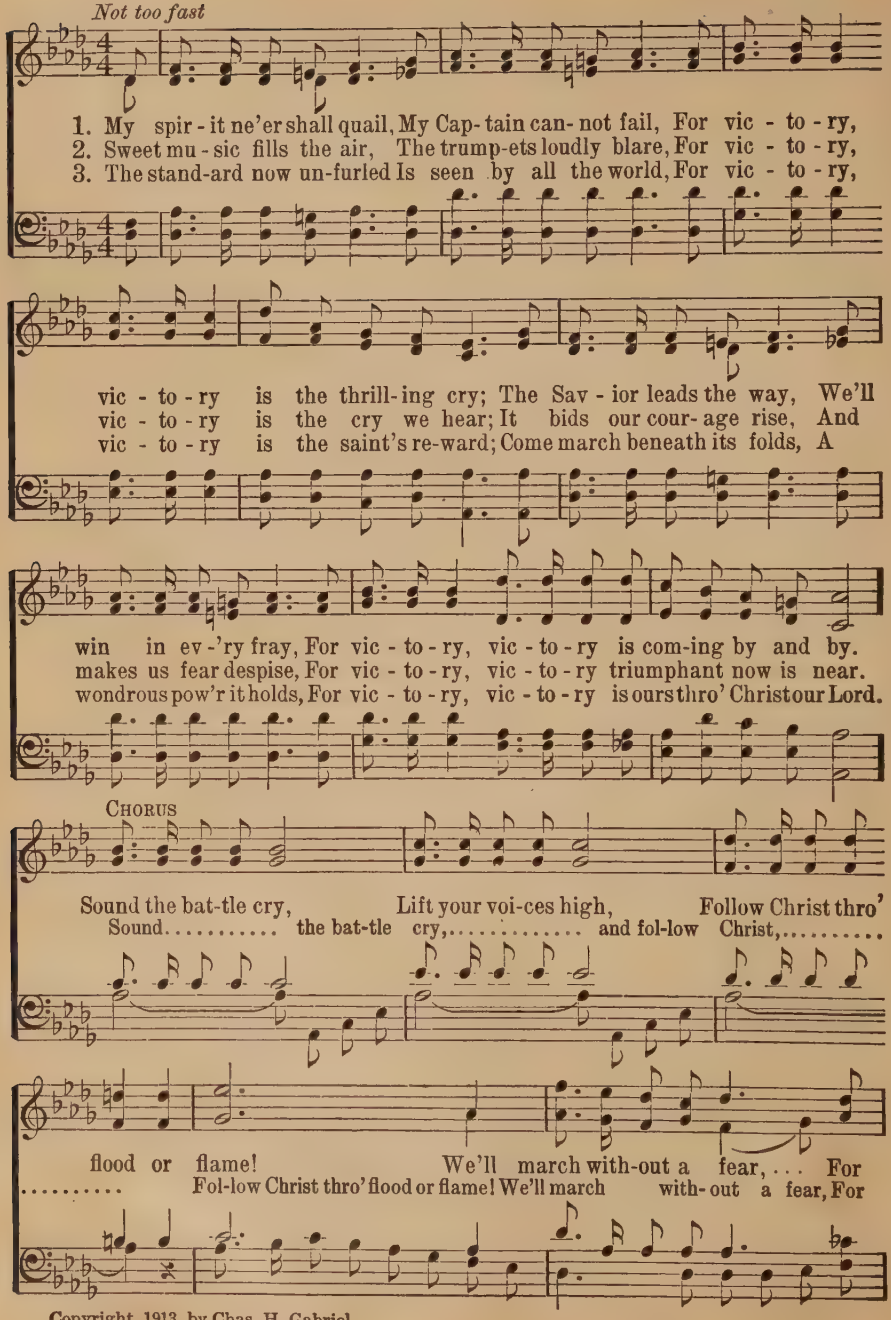
Sound the Battle Cry

L. J. WILLIAMS

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

Not too fast

1. My spir - it ne'er shall quail, My Cap - tain can- not fail, For vic - to - ry,
2. Sweet mu - sic fills the air, The trump-ets loudly blare, For vic - to - ry,
3. The stand-ard now un-furled Is seen by all the world, For vic - to - ry,
vic - to - ry is the thrill-ing cry; The Sav - ior leads the way, We'll
vic - to - ry is the cry we hear; It bids our cour- age rise, And
vic - to - ry is the saint's re-ward; Come march beneath its folds, A
win in ev -'ry fray, For vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry is com-ing by and by.
makes us fear despise, For vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry triumphant now is near.
wondrous pow'r it holds, For vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry is ours thro' Christ our Lord.
CHORUS
Sound the bat-tle cry, Lift your voi-ces high, Follow Christ thro'
Sound..... the bat-tle cry,..... and fol-low Christ,.....
flood or flame! We'll march with-out a fear,... For
..... Fol-low Christ thro' flood or flame! We'll march with-out a fear, For

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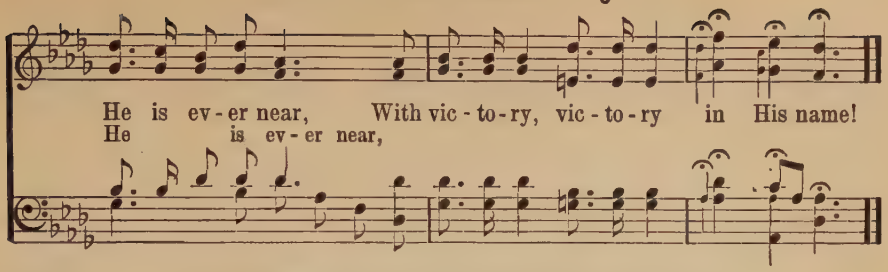
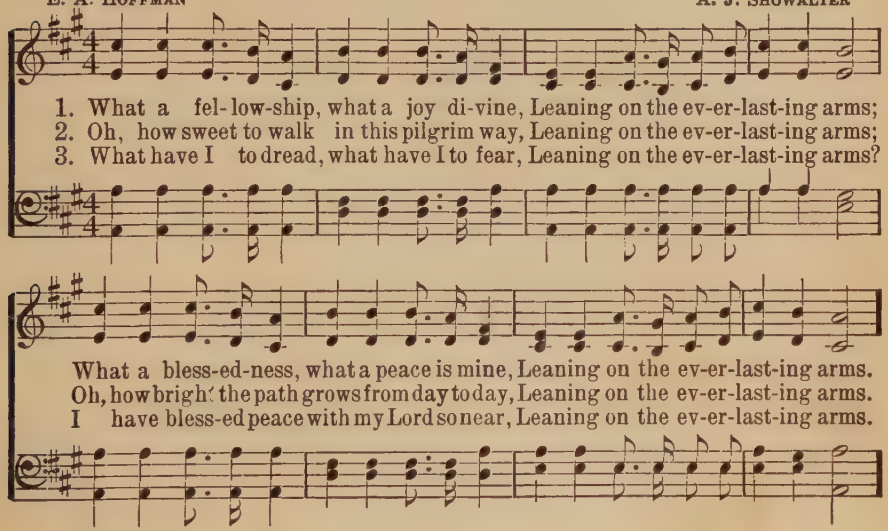
Sound the Battle Cry

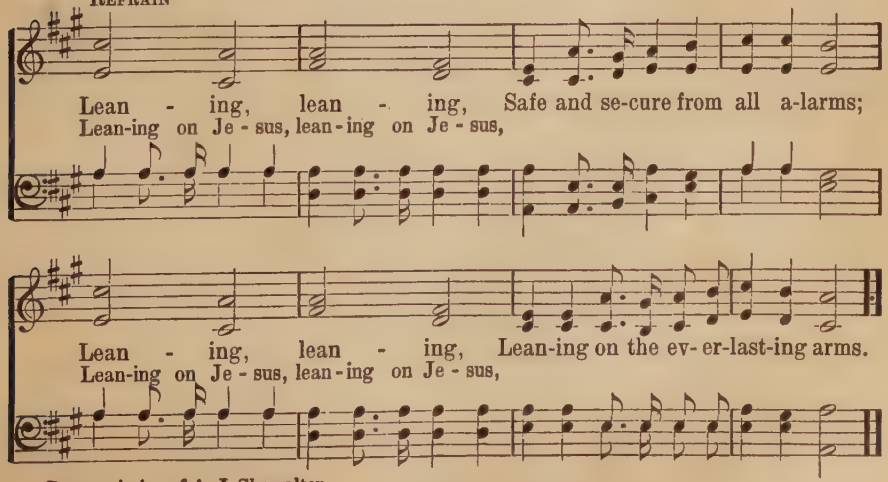


129 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms

E. A. HOFFMAN A. J. SHOWALTER


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms?
What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

REFRAIN


Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

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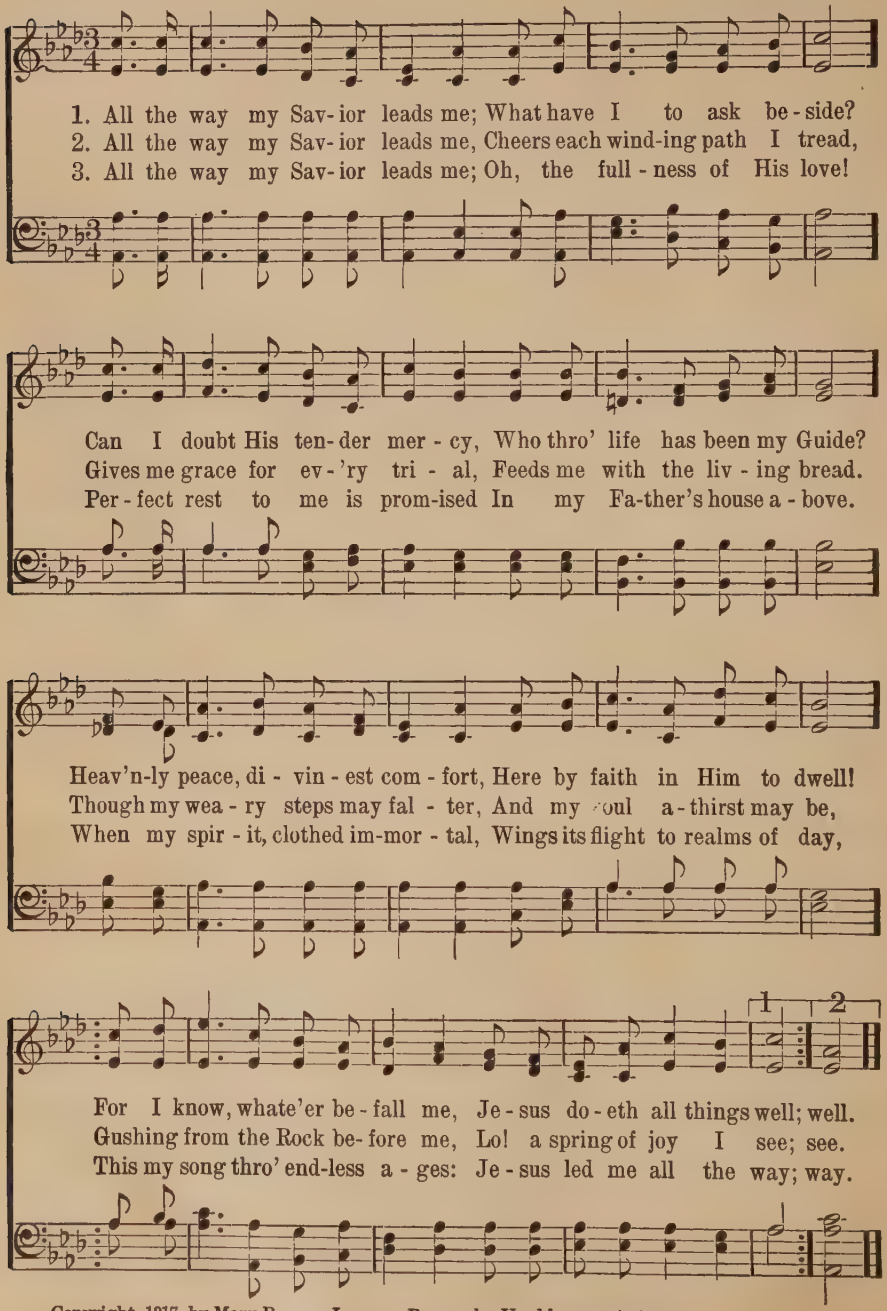
130 All the Way My Savior Leads Me

FANNY J. CROSBY ROBERT LOWRY


1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.
Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
1
2
For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way.

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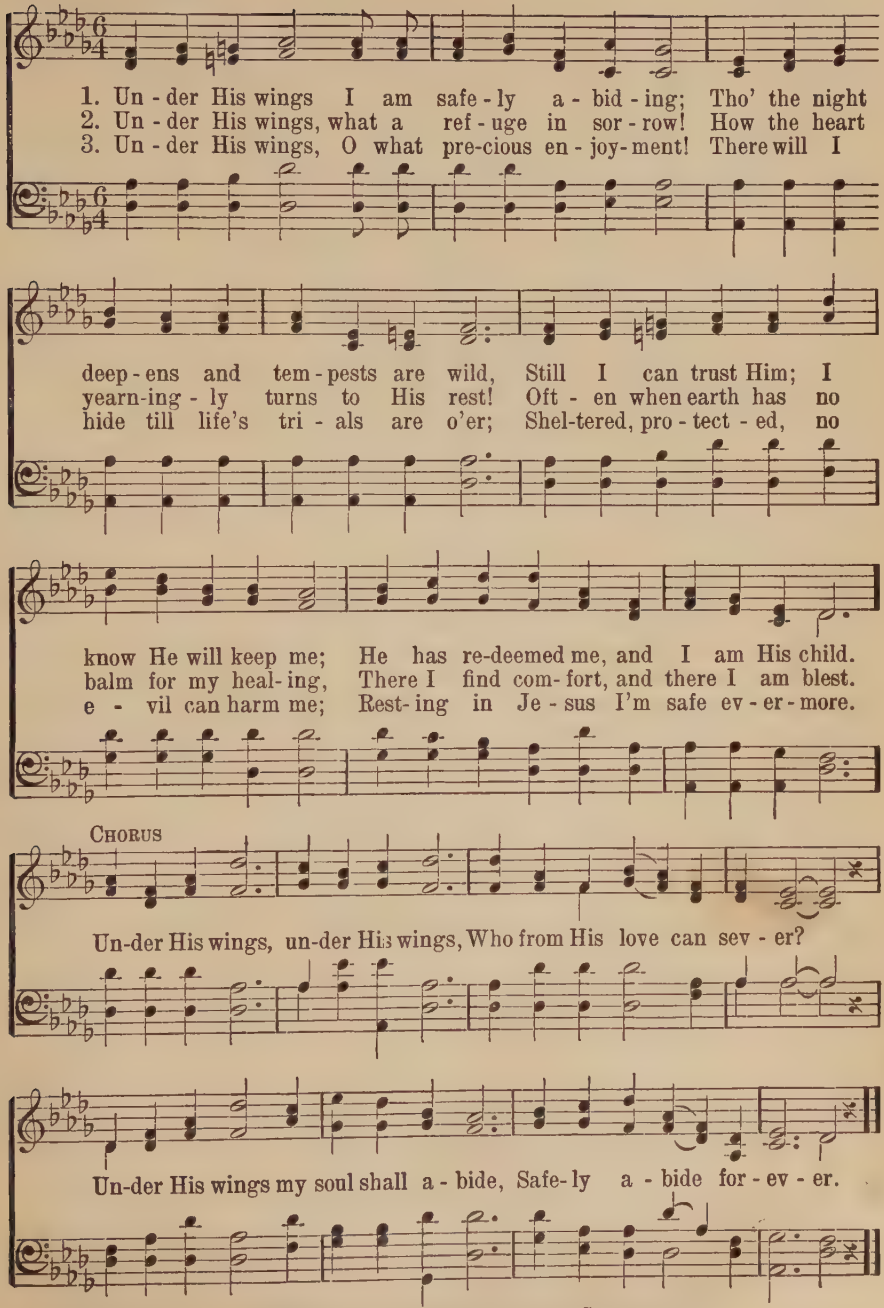
131 Under His Wings

WILLIAM O. CUSHING — IRA D. SANKEY

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
3. Un - der His wings, O what pre-cious en - joy-ment! There will I
deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I
yearn-ing - ly turns to His rest! Oft - en when earth has no
hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel-tered, pro - tect - ed, no
know He will keep me; He has re-deemed me, and I am His child.
balm for my heal-ing, There I find com-fort, and there I am blest.
e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
CHORUS
Un-der His wings, un-der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?
Un-der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe-ly a - bide for - ev - er.

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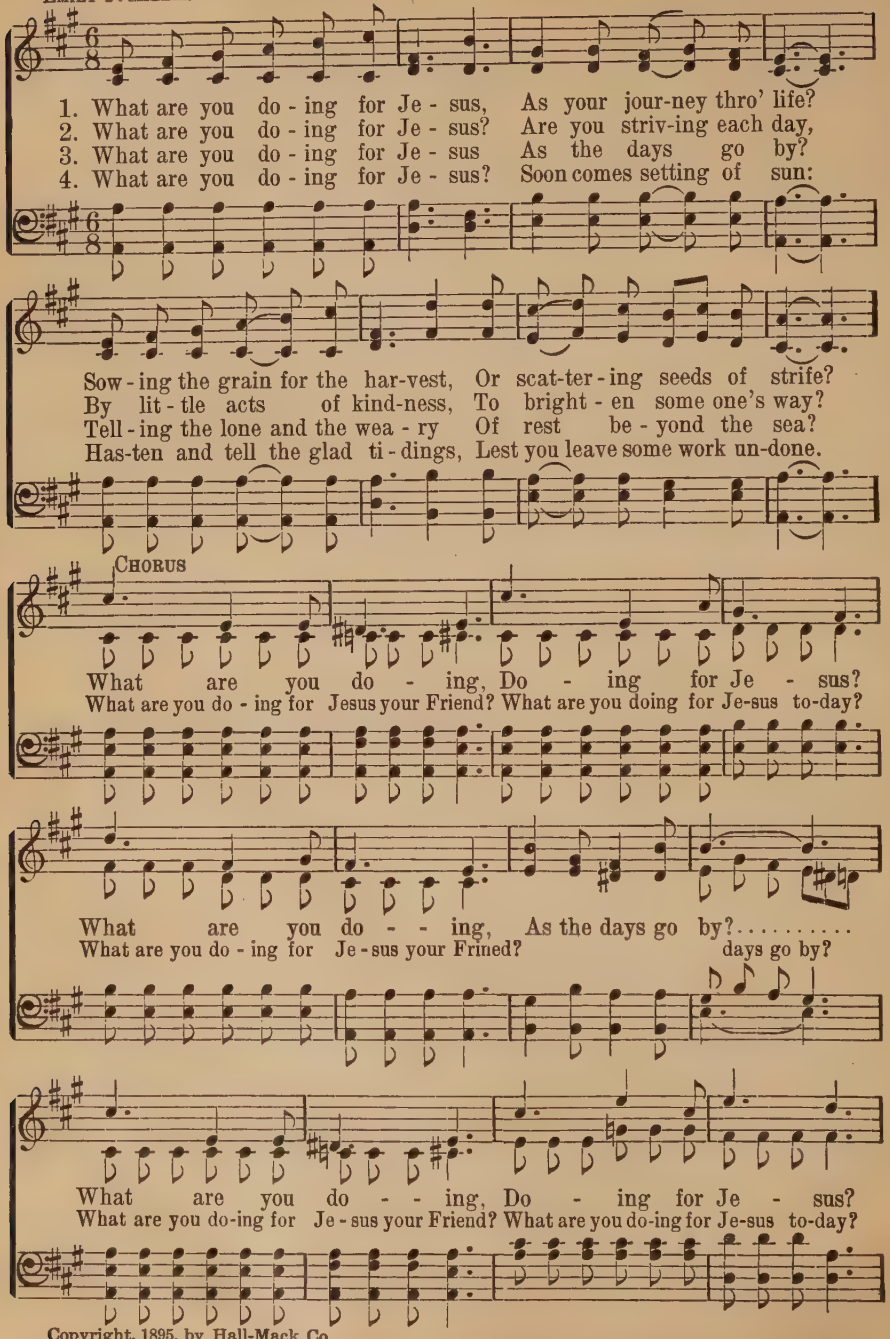
132 What Are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER J. LINCOLN HALL


1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, As your jour-ney thro' life?
2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you striv-ing each day,
3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus As the days go by?
4. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun:
Sow - ing the grain for the har-vest, Or scat-ter - ing seeds of strife?
By lit - tle acts of kind-ness, To bright - en some one's way?
Tell - ing the lone and the wea - ry Of rest be - yond the sea?
Has-ten and tell the glad ti - dings, Lest you leave some work un-done.
CHORUS
What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
What are you do - ing for Jesus your Friend? What are you doing for Je-sus to-day?
What are you do - - ing, As the days go by?.....
What are you do - ing for Je - sus your Friend? days go by?
What are you do - - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
What are you do-ing for Je - sus your Friend? What are you do-ing for Je-sus to-day?

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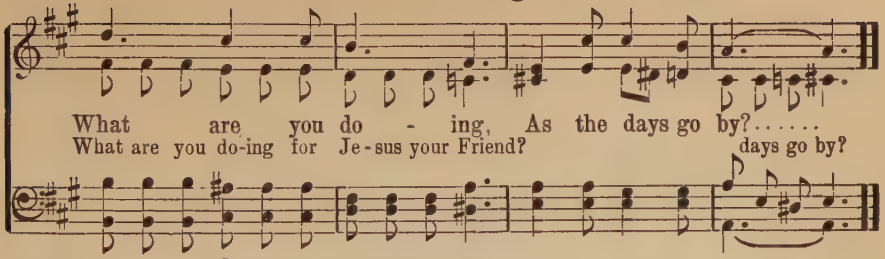
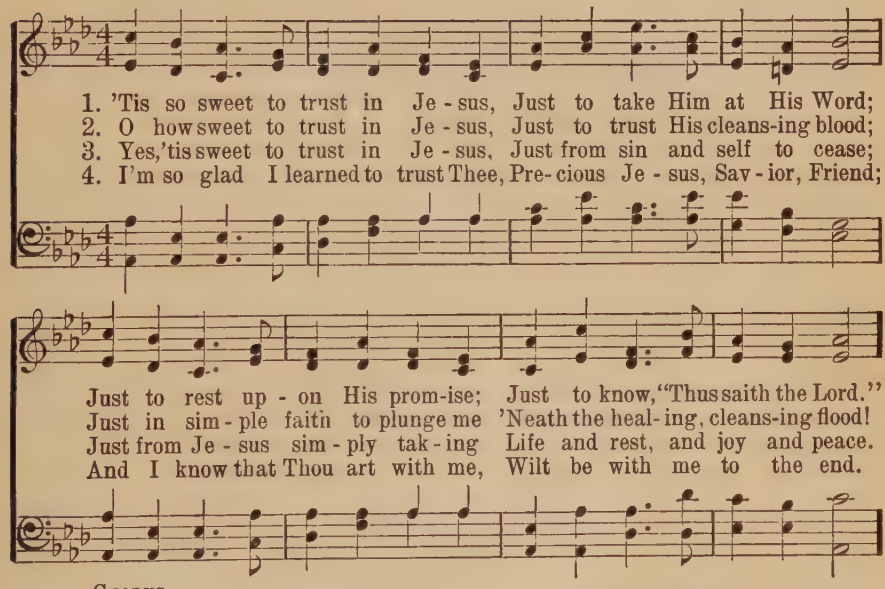
What Are You Doing for Jesus?

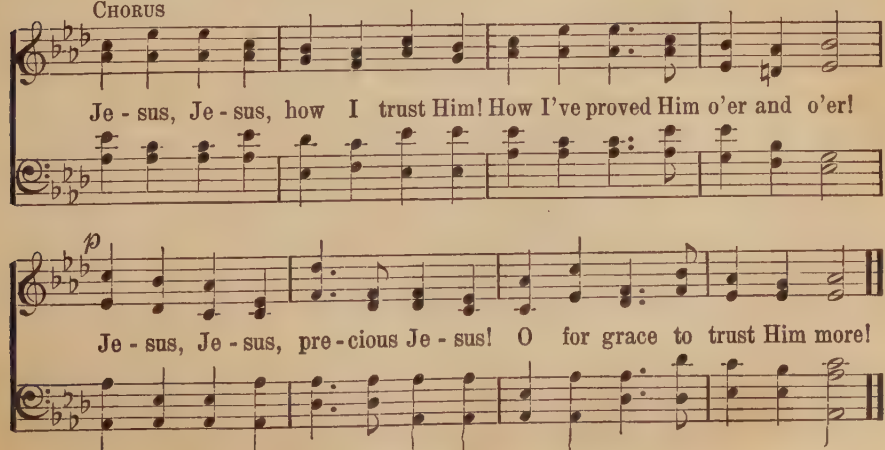


133 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

LOUISA M. R. STEAD — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS



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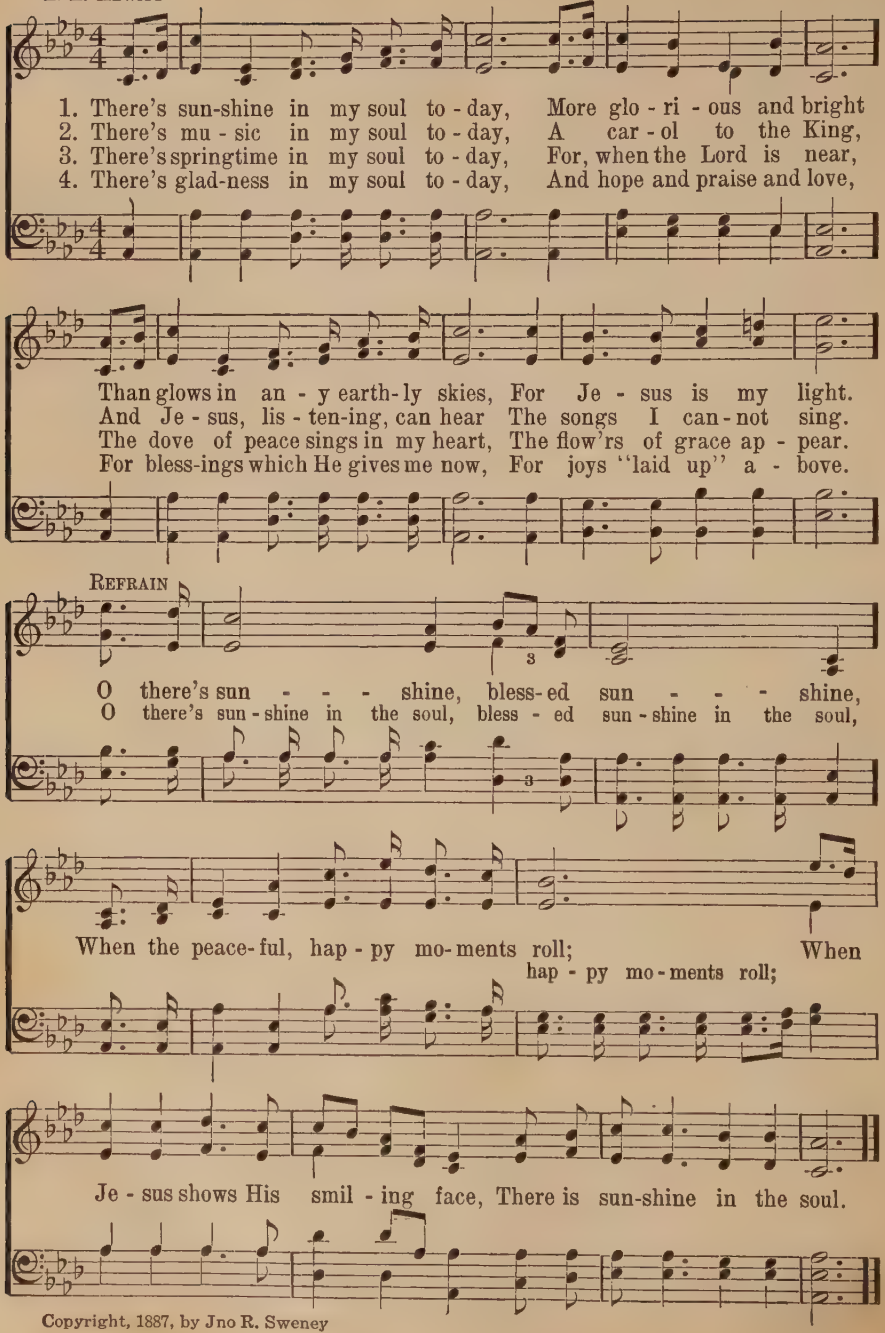
Sunshine In the Soul

E. E. Hewitt

Jno. R. Sweney

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to - day, And hope and praise and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
Refrain
O there's sun - - - - shine, bless - ed sun - - - - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap - py mo-ments roll;
When hap - py mo - ments roll;
Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

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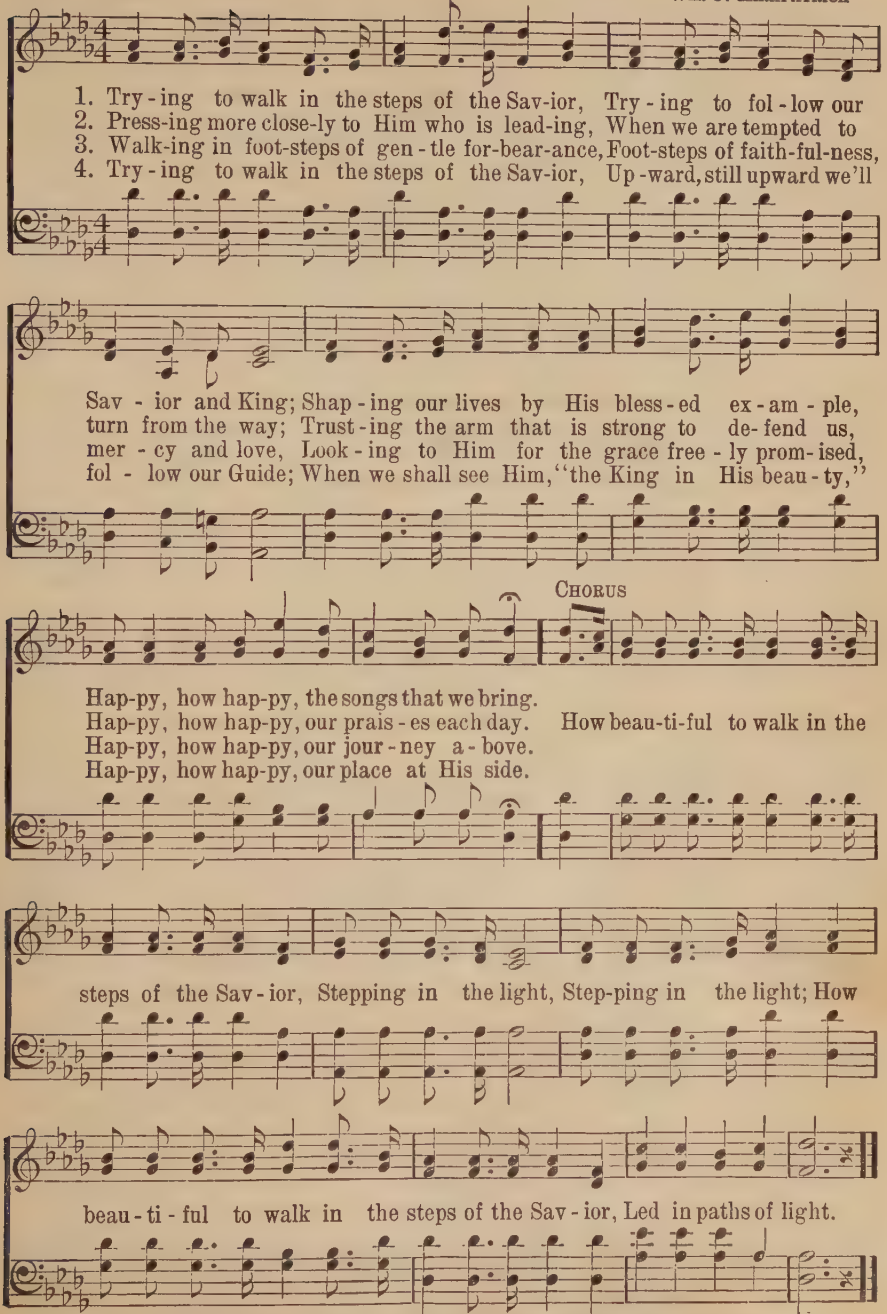
135 Stepping In the Light

E. E. Hewitt — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more close-ly to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Foot-steps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Up - ward, still upward we'll
Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"
Chorus
Hap-py, how hap-py, the songs that we bring.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our prais - es each day. How beau-ti-ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how hap-py, our jour - ney a - bove.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our place at His side.
steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Step-ping in the light; How
beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Led in paths of light.

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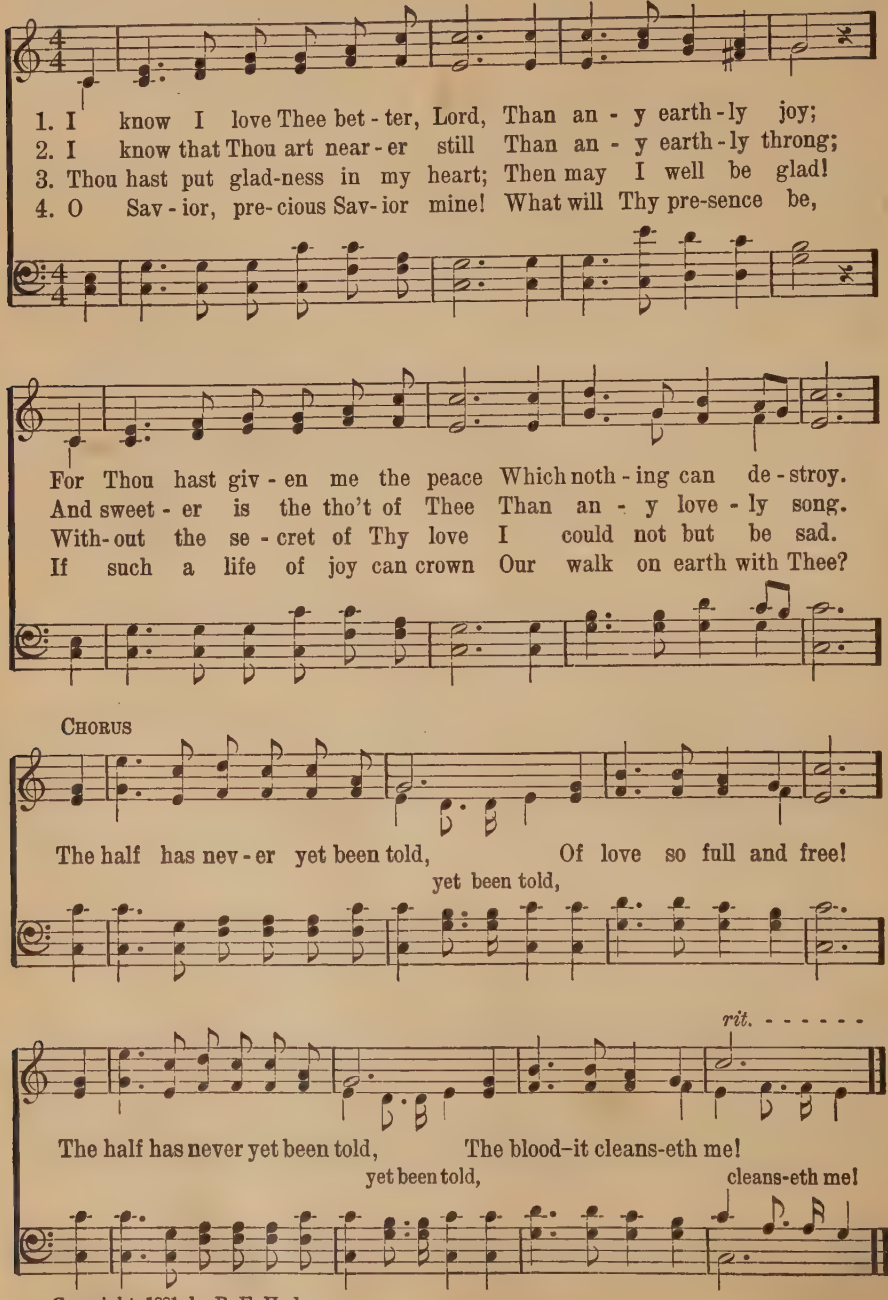
136 I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL R. E. HUDSON


1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pre-sence be,
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With-out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
CHORUS
The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told,
rit.
The half has never yet been told, The blood-it cleans-eth me!
yet been told, cleans-eth me!

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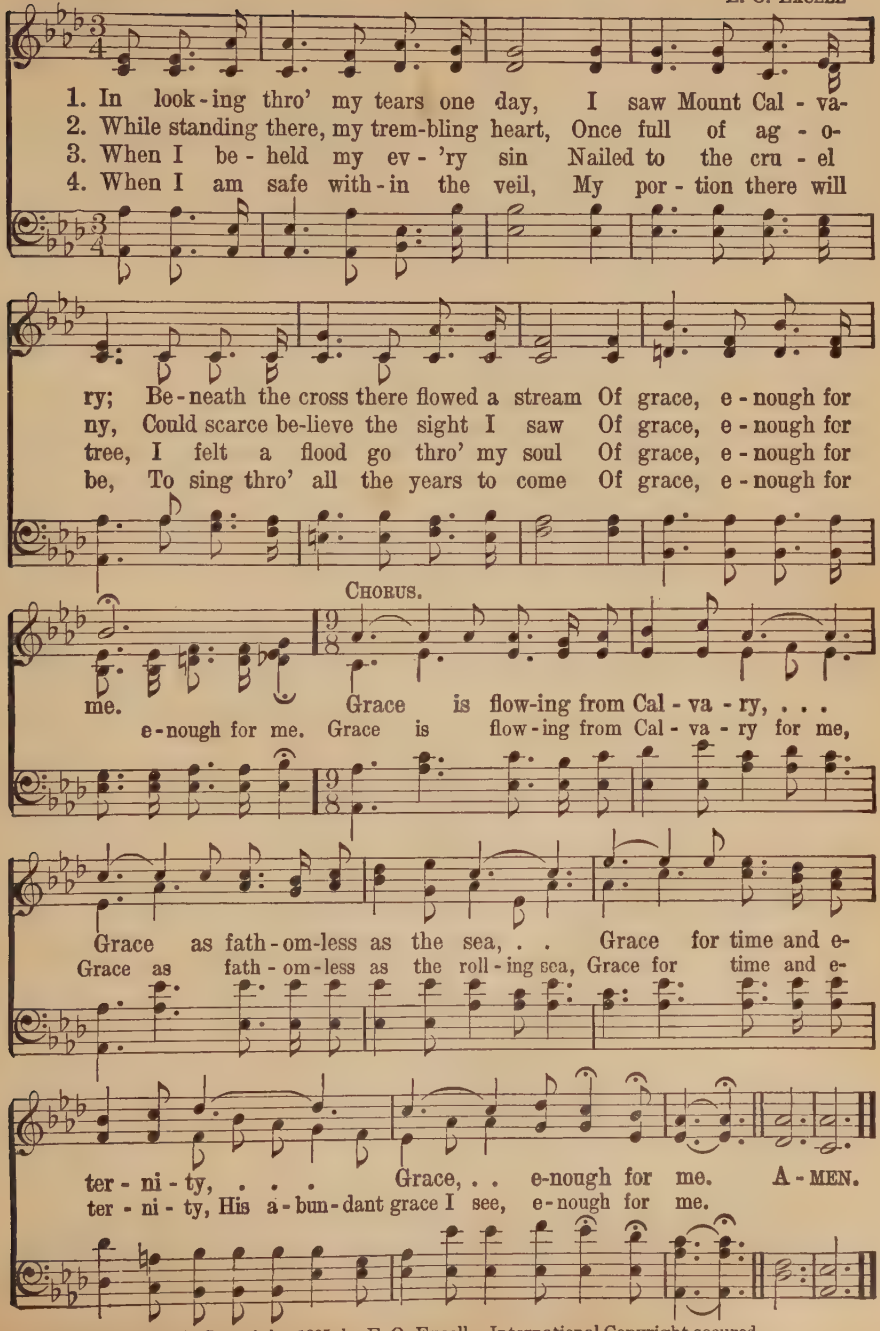
137 Grace, Enough For Me

E. O. E. E. O. Excell


1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va-
2. While standing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o-
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por - tion there will
ry; Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e - nough for
ny, Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, e - nough for
tree, I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e - nough for
be, To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e - nough for
Chorus.
me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry, . . .
e-nough for me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me,
Grace as fath-om-less as the sea, . . Grace for time and e-
Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea, Grace for time and e-
ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . e-nough for me. A - MEN.
ter - ni - ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

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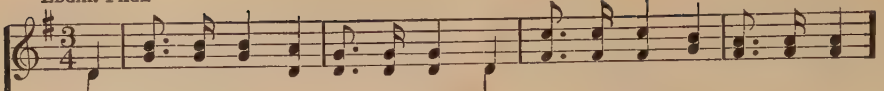
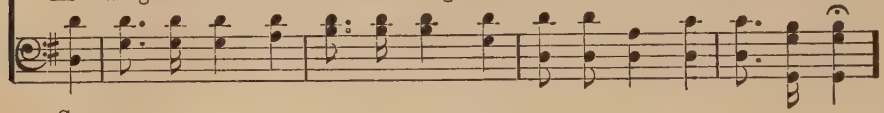
Beulah Land

EDGAR PAGE

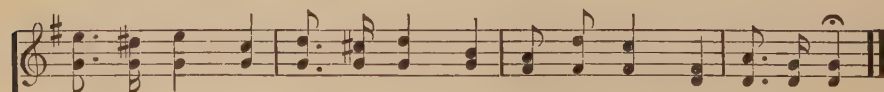
JNO. R. SWENEY

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph- yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of Heaven's mel - o - dy,

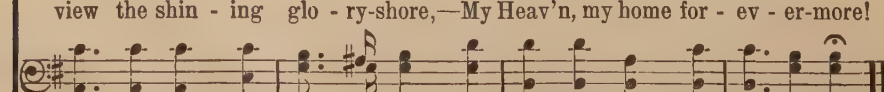
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav- en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad - ing grow, Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet Re-demp-tion song.



CHORUS

O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,

I look a- way a- cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me, And

view the shin - ing glo - ry-shore,—My Heav'n, my home for - ev - er-more!



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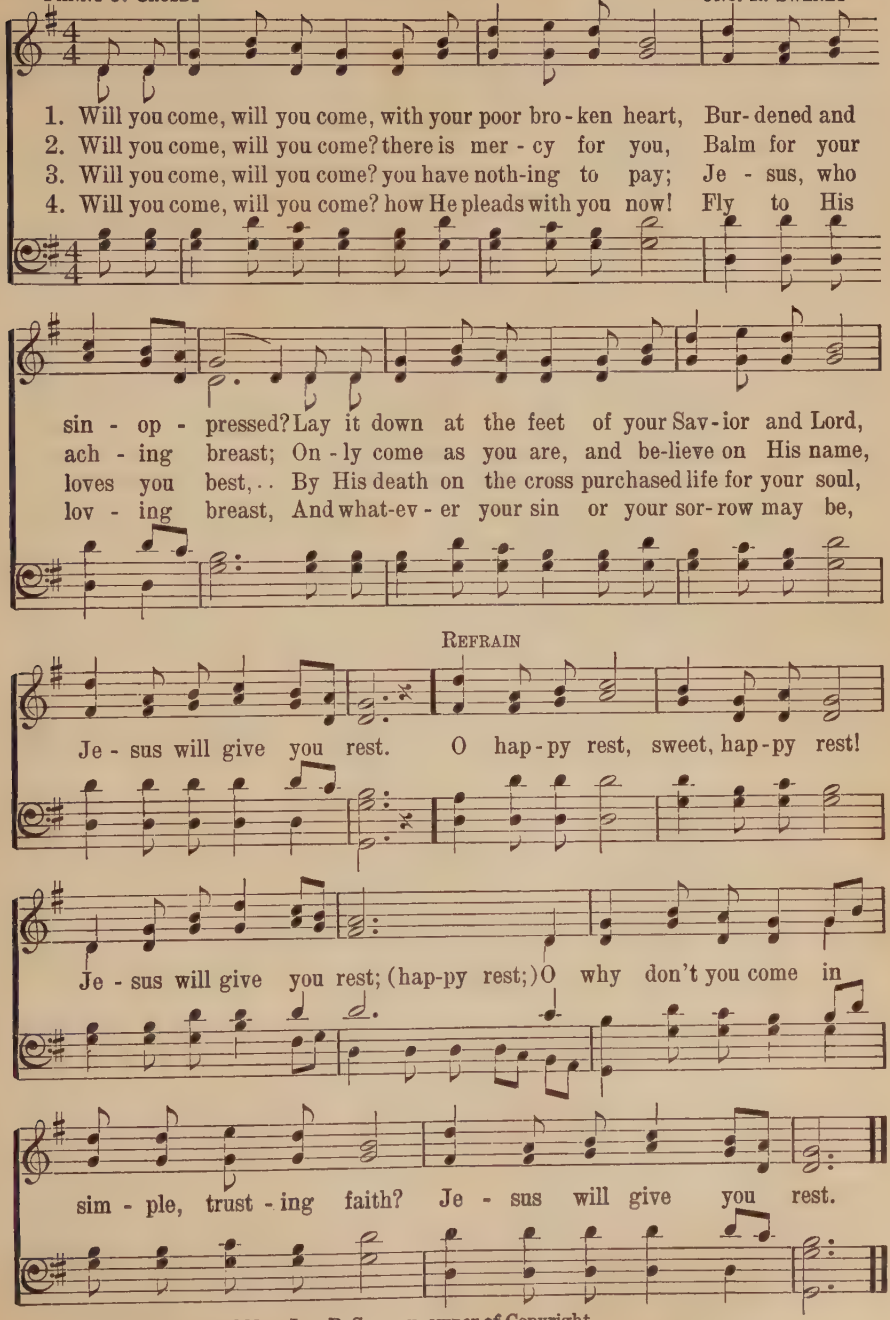
139 Jesus Will Give You Rest

FANNY J. CROSBY JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor bro-ken heart, Bur-dened and
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer-cy for you, Balm for your
3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je-sus, who
4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His
sin-op-pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord,
ach-ing breast; On-ly come as you are, and be-lieve on His name,
loves you best,.. By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
lov-ing breast, And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be,
REFRAIN
Je-sus will give you rest. O hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest!
Je-sus will give you rest; (hap-py rest;) O why don't you come in
sim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je-sus will give you rest.

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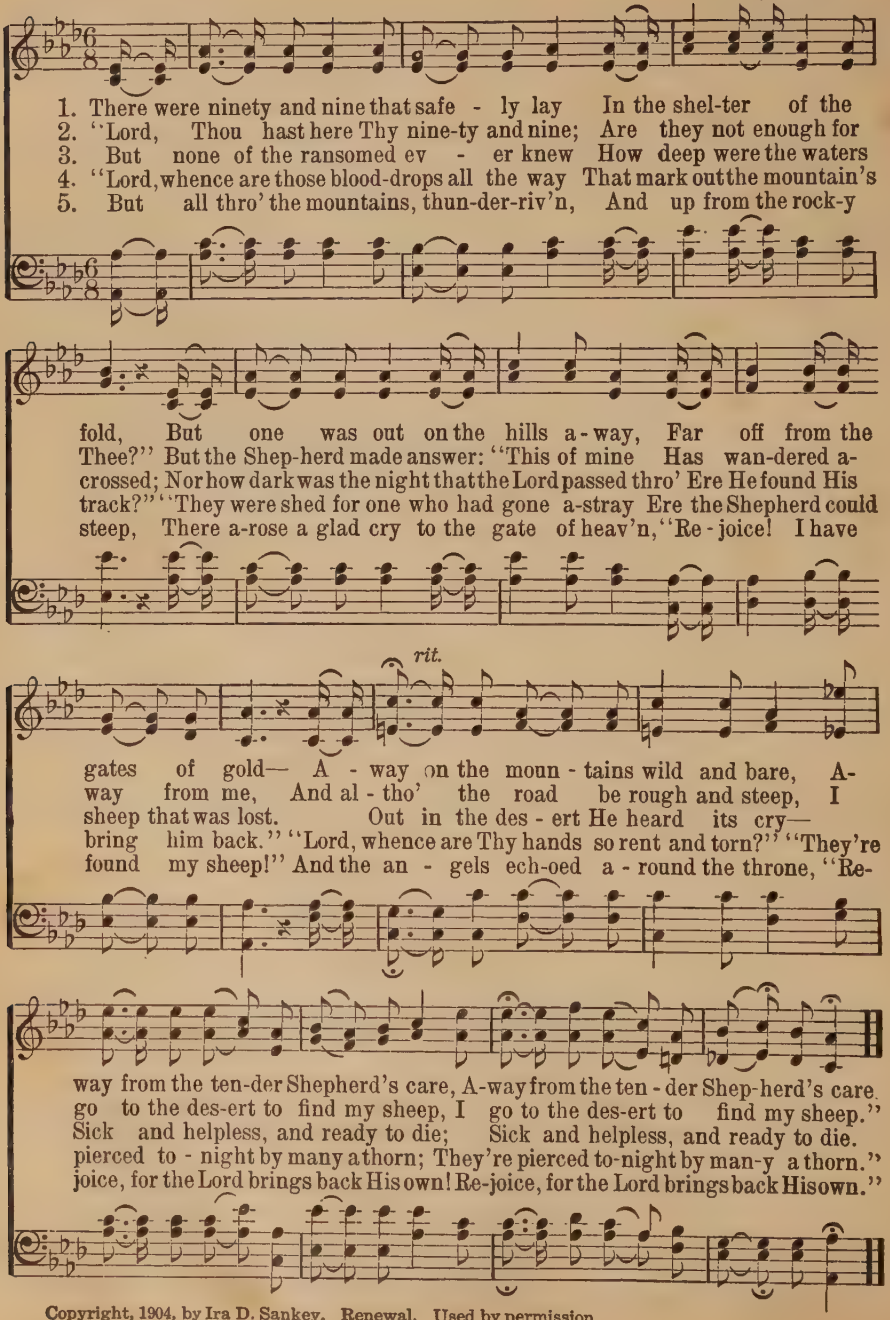
140 The Ninety and Nine

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE — IRA D. SANKEY


1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel-ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not enough for
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's
5. But all thro' the mountains, thun-der-riv'n, And up from the rock-y
fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the
Thee?" But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of mine Has wan-dered a-
crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His
track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could
steep, There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have
rit.
gates of gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A-
way from me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I
sheep that was lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry—
bring him back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're
found my sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oed a - round the throne, "Re-
way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
go to the des-ert to find my sheep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep."
Sick and helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
pierced to - night by many a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
joice, for the Lord brings back His own! Re-joice, for the Lord brings back His own."

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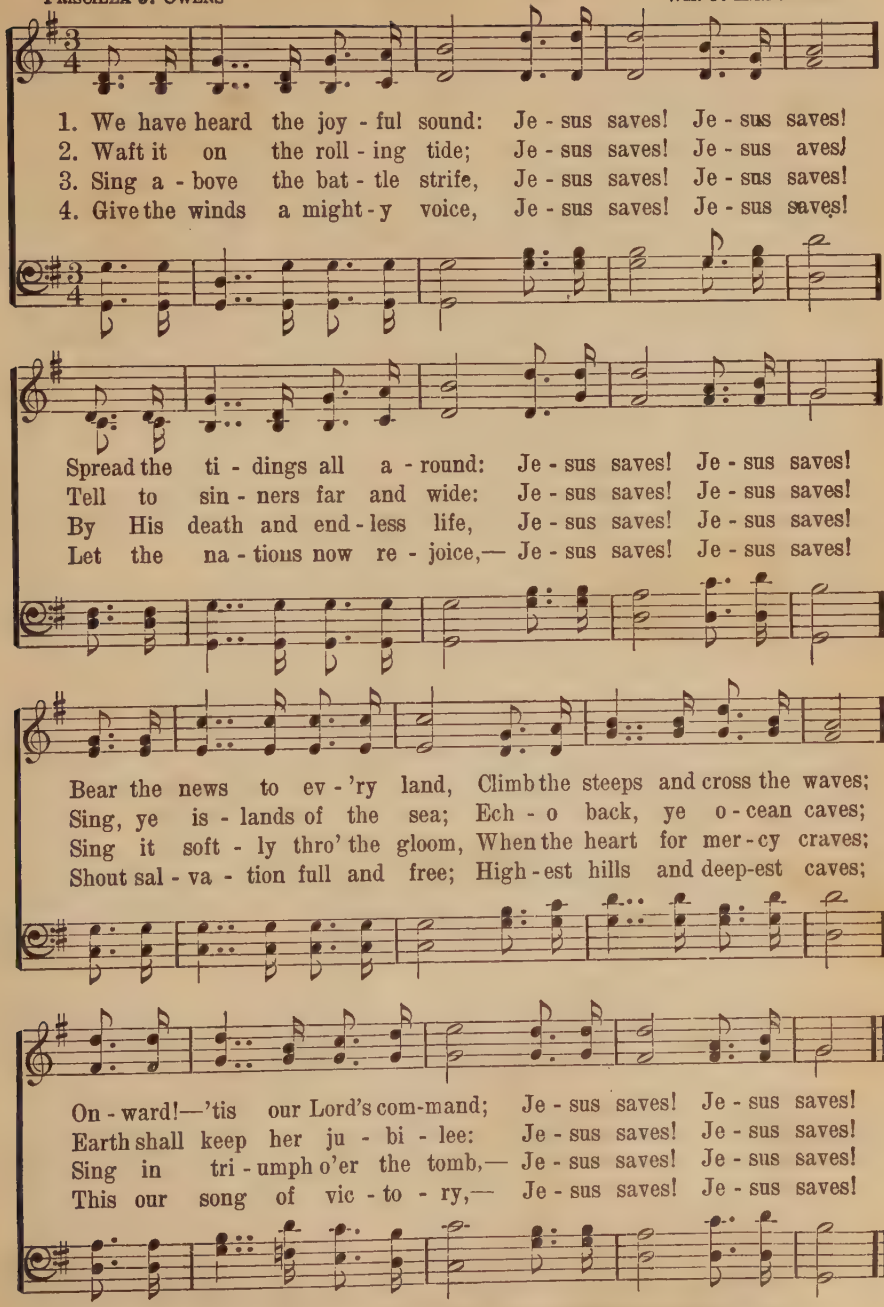
141 Jesus Saves

PRISCILLA J. OWENS — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free; High - est hills and deep-est caves;
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

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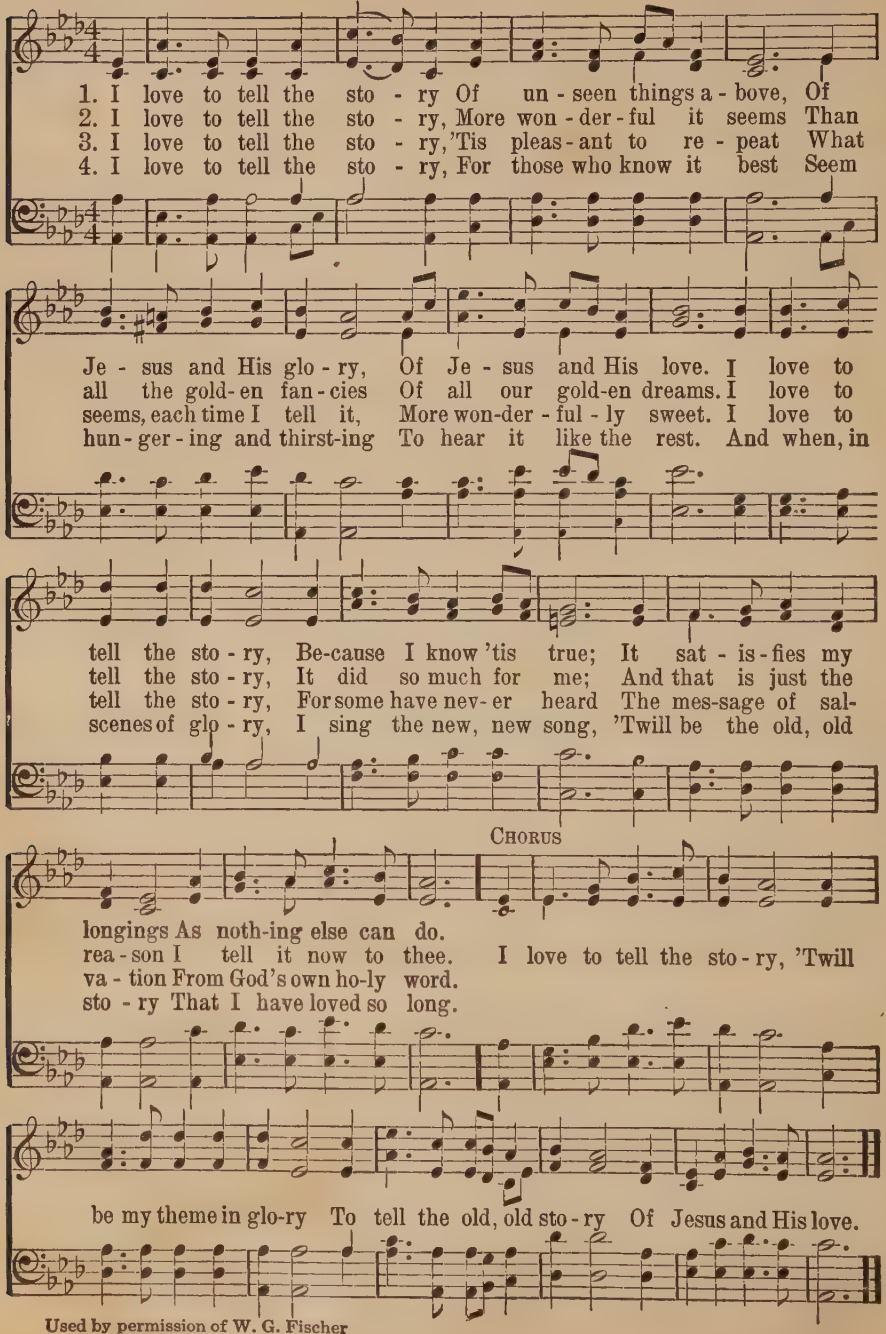
142 I Love to Tell the Story

CATHERINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in
tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal-
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old
CHORUS
longings As noth-ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.
be my theme in glo-ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

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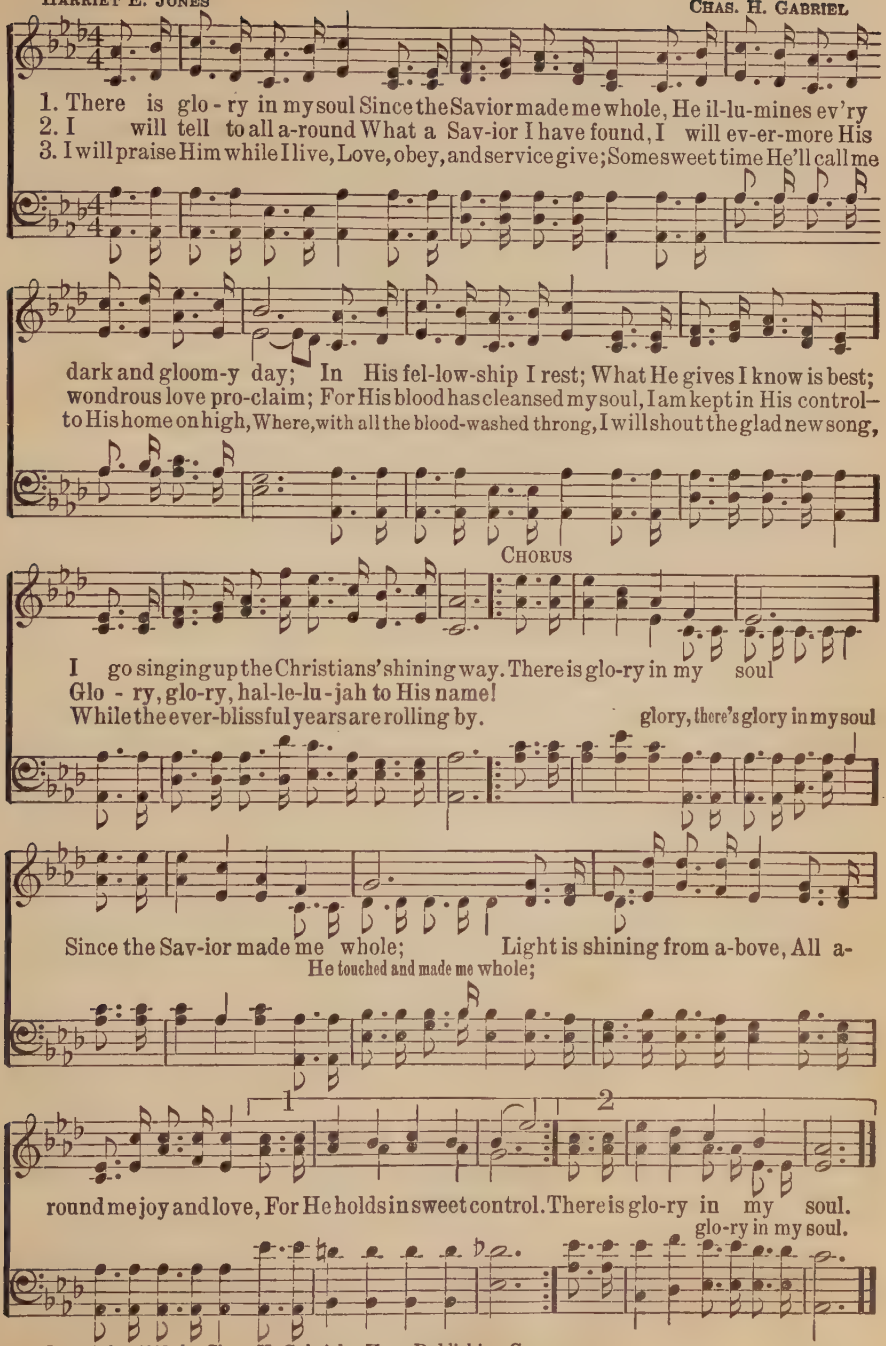
143 Joy of the Soul

HARRIET E. JONES — CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. There is glo - ry in my soul Since the Savior made me whole, He il-lu-mines ev'ry
2. I will tell to all a-round What a Sav-ior I have found, I will ev-er-more His
3. I will praise Him while I live, Love, obey, and service give; Some sweet time He'll call me
dark and gloom-y day; In His fel-low-ship I rest; What He gives I know is best;
wondrous love pro-claim; For His blood has cleansed my soul, I am kept in His control—
to His home on high, Where, with all the blood-washed throng, I will shout the glad new song,
CHORUS
I go singing up the Christians' shining way. There is glo-ry in my soul
Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah to His name!
While the ever-blissful years are rolling by.
glory, there's glory in my soul
Since the Sav-ior made me whole;
Light is shining from a-bove, All a-
He touched and made me whole;
1
2
round me joy and love, For He holds in sweet control. There is glo-ry in my soul.
glo-ry in my soul.

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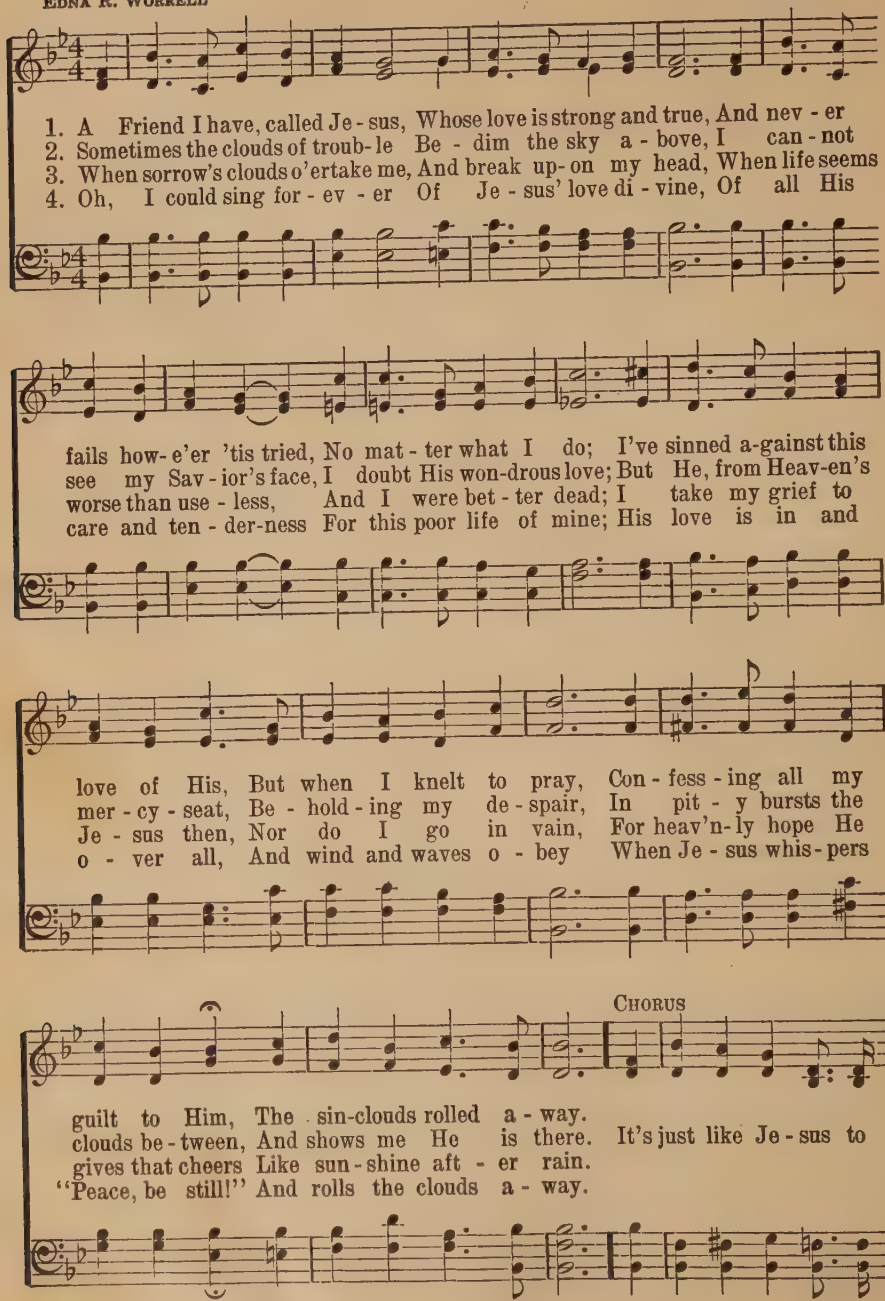
144 It's Just Like His Great Love

EDNA R. WORRELL — DEKOVEN


1. A Friend I have, called Je - sus, Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of troub - le Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up - on my head, When life seems
4. Oh, I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His
fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinned a-gainst this
see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His won-drous love; But He, from Heav-en's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der-ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and
love of His, But when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat, Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope He
o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey When Je - sus whis - pers
CHORUS
guilt to Him, The sin-clouds rolled a - way.
clouds be - tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers Like sun - shine aft - er rain.
"Peace, be still!" And rolls the clouds a - way.

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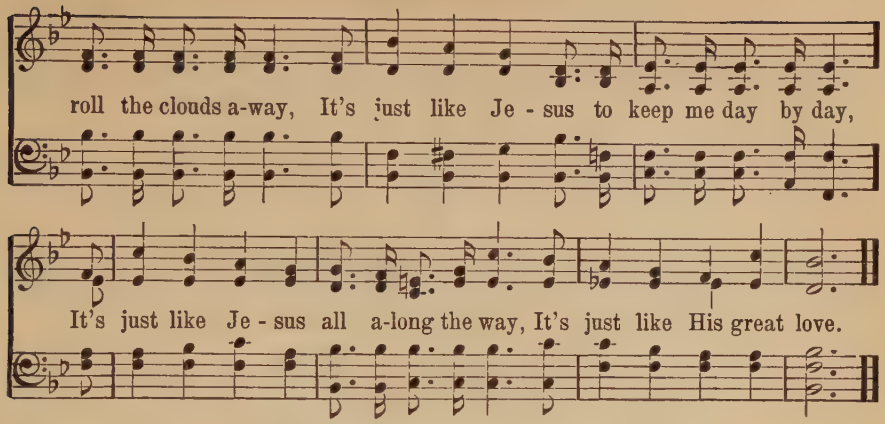
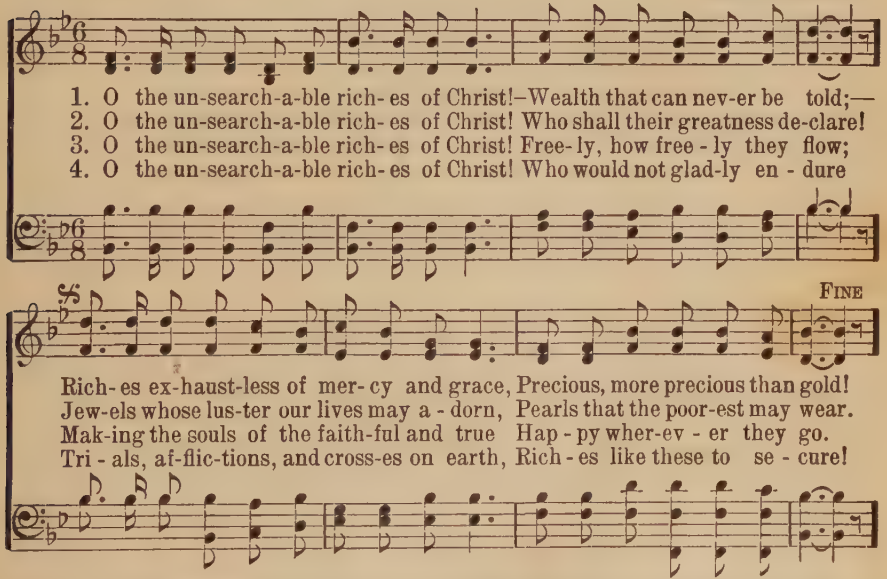
It's Just Like His Great Love


roll the clouds a-way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,
It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

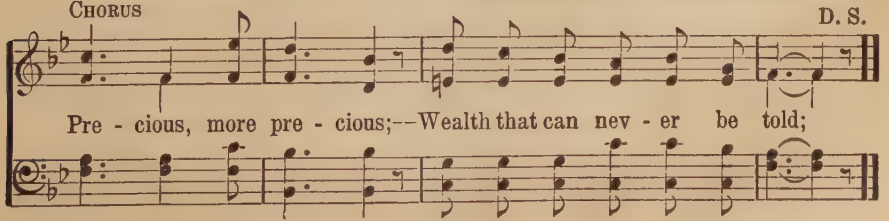
145 Unsearchable Riches

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY


1. O the un-search-a-ble rich- es of Christ!—Wealth that can nev-er be told;—
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich- es of Christ! Who shall their greatness de-clare!
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich- es of Christ! Free- ly, how free - ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich- es of Christ! Who would not glad-ly en - dure
FINE
Rich- es ex-haust-less of mer- cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
Jew-els whose lus-ter our lives may a - dorn, Pearls that the poor-est may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap - py wher-ev - er they go.
Tri - als, af-flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich - es like these to se - cure!

D.S.—*O the un-search-a - ble rich - es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.*

CHORUS D. S.



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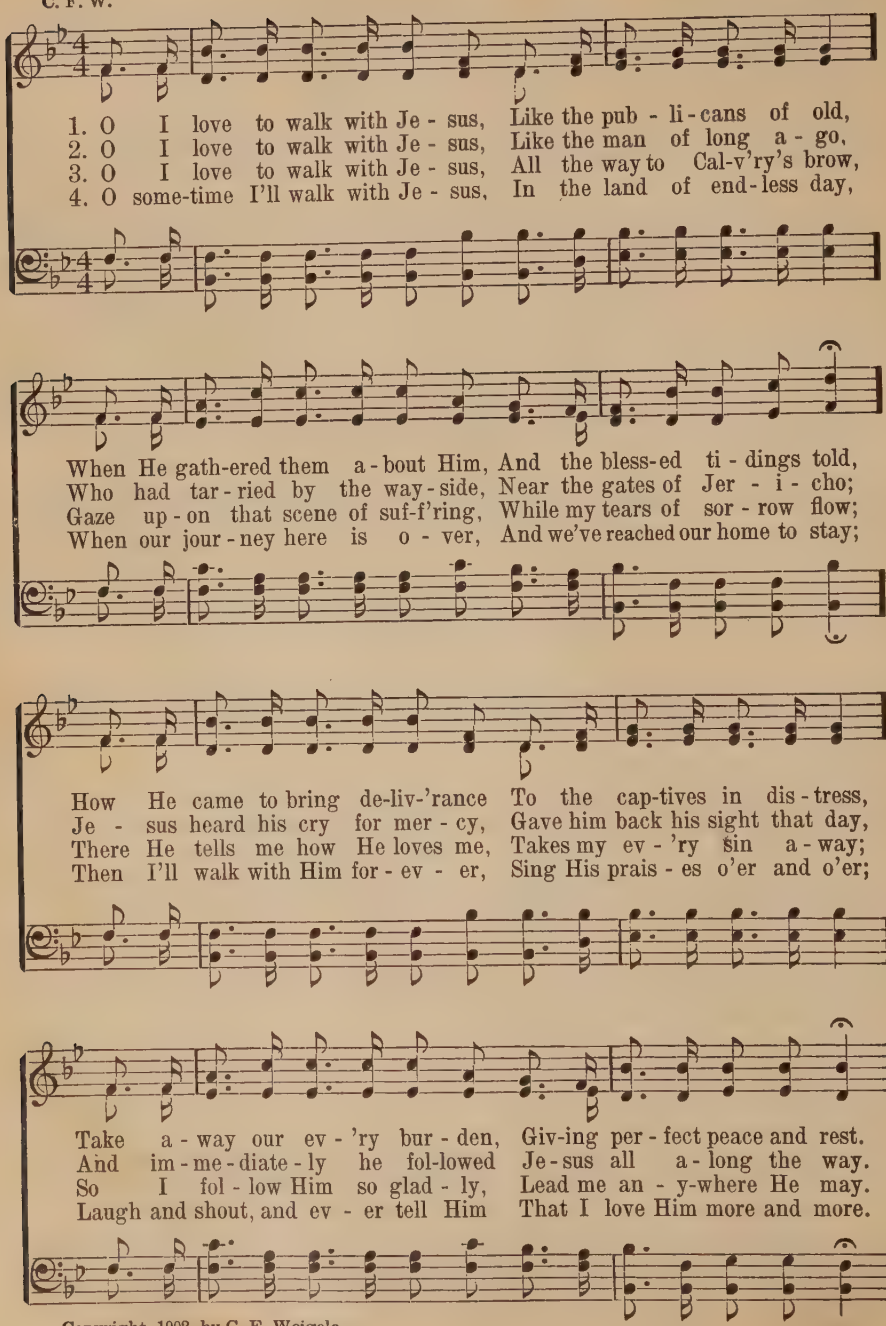
I Love to Walk With Jesus

C. F. W.

C. F. Weigele


1. O I love to walk with Je - sus, Like the pub - li - cans of old,
2. O I love to walk with Je - sus, Like the man of long a - go,
3. O I love to walk with Je - sus, All the way to Cal-v'ry's brow,
4. O some-time I'll walk with Je - sus, In the land of end-less day,
When He gath-ered them a - bout Him, And the bless-ed ti - dings told,
Who had tar - ried by the way - side, Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
Gaze up - on that scene of suf-f'ring, While my tears of sor - row flow;
When our jour - ney here is o - ver, And we've reached our home to stay;
How He came to bring de-liv-'rance To the cap-tives in dis - tress,
Je - sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev - 'ry sin a - way;
Then I'll walk with Him for - ev - er, Sing His prais - es o'er and o'er;
Take a - way our ev - 'ry bur - den, Giv-ing per - fect peace and rest.
And im - me - diate - ly he fol-lowed Je - sus all a - long the way.
So I fol - low Him so glad - ly, Lead me an - y-where He may.
Laugh and shout, and ev - er tell Him That I love Him more and more.

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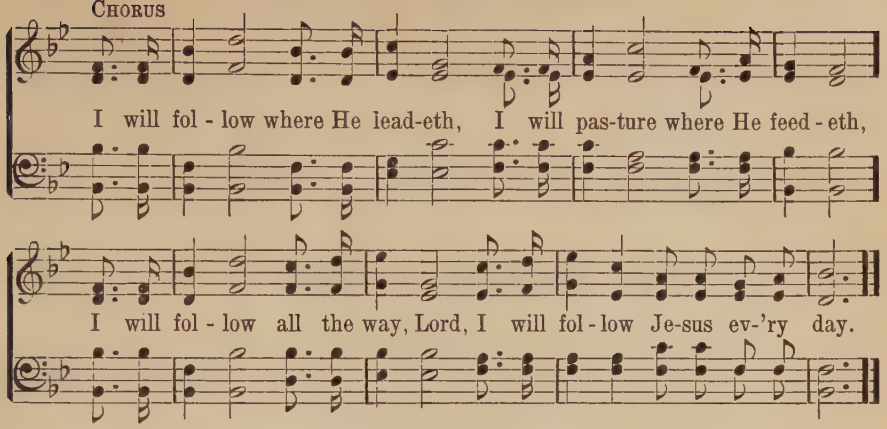
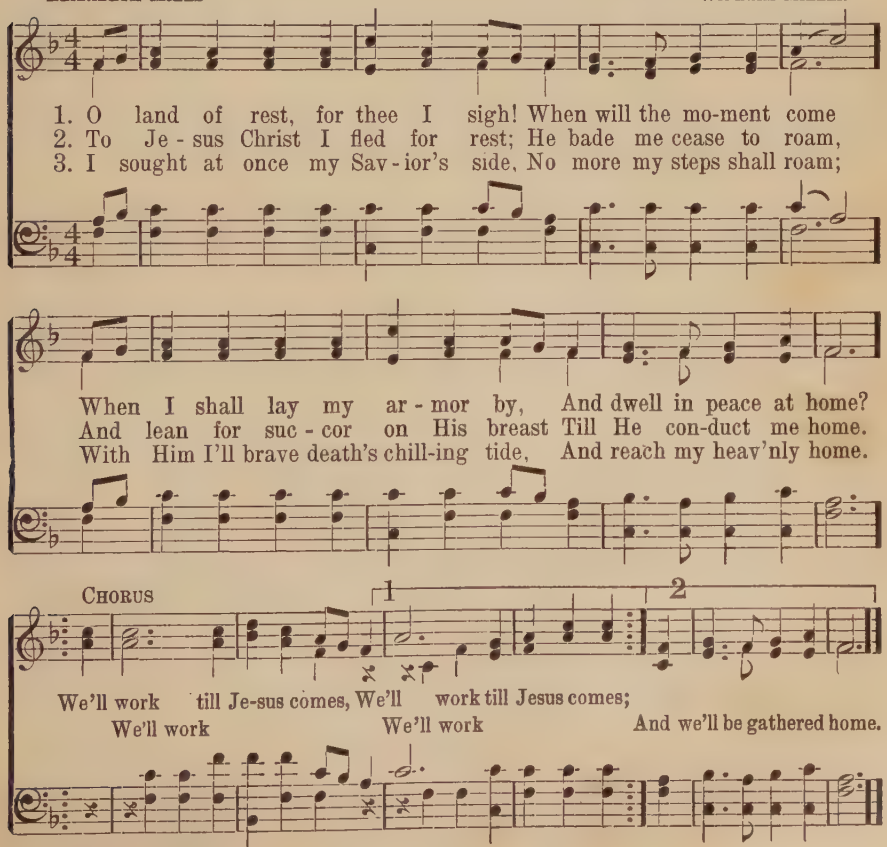
I Love to Walk With Jesus


Chorus
I will fol - low where He lead-eth, I will pas-ture where He feed - eth,
I will fol - low all the way, Lord, I will fol - low Je-sus ev-'ry day.

147 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

Elizabeth Mills — William Miller


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'nly home.
Chorus
1
2
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes;
We'll work We'll work And we'll be gathered home.

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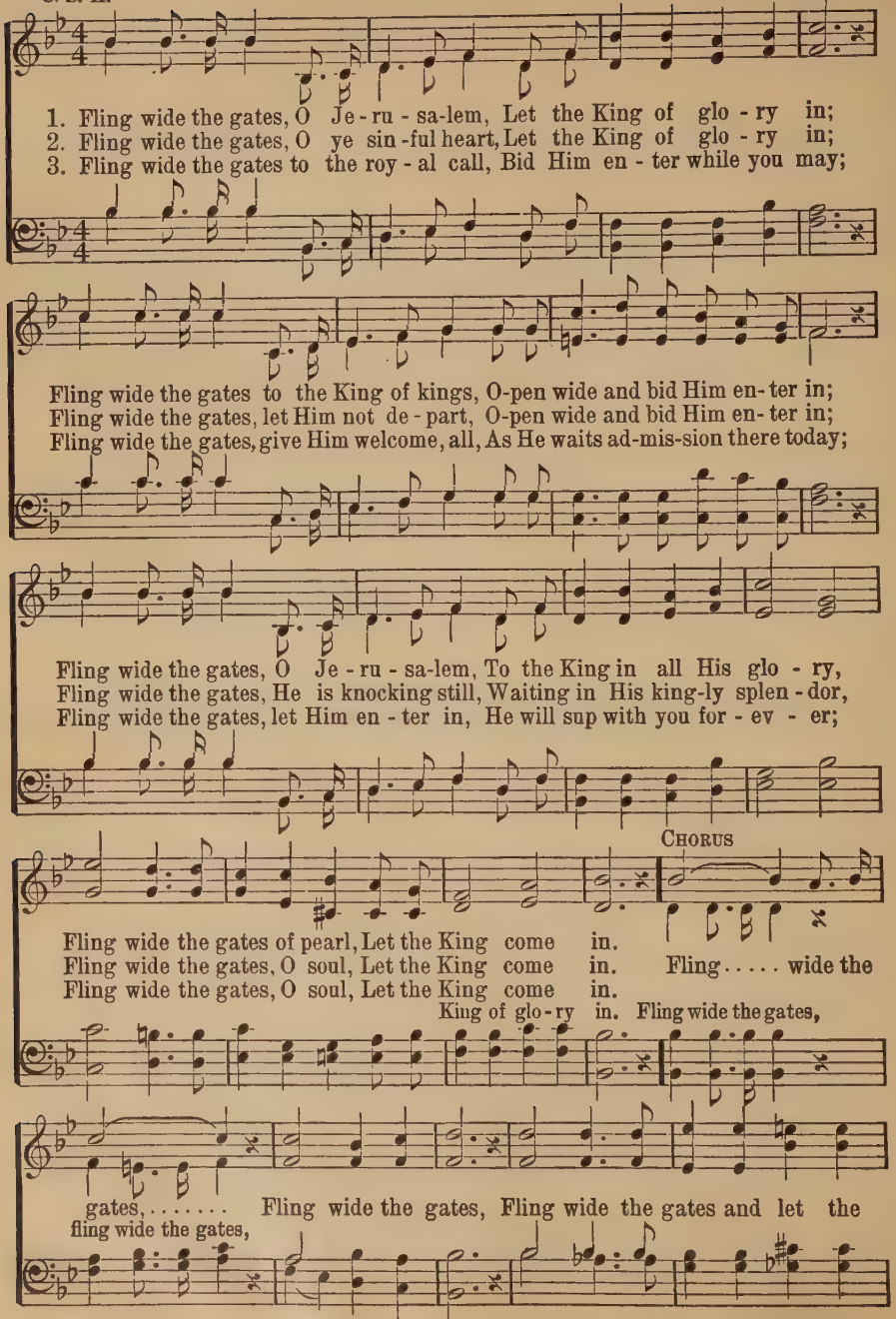
Fling Wide the Gates

C. S. K. C. S. KAUFFMAN


1. Fling wide the gates, O Je - ru - sa-lem, Let the King of glo - ry in;
2. Fling wide the gates, O ye sin - ful heart, Let the King of glo - ry in;
3. Fling wide the gates to the roy - al call, Bid Him en - ter while you may;
Fling wide the gates to the King of kings, O-pen wide and bid Him en- ter in;
Fling wide the gates, let Him not de - part, O-pen wide and bid Him en- ter in;
Fling wide the gates, give Him welcome, all, As He waits ad-mis-sion there today;
Fling wide the gates, O Je - ru - sa-lem, To the King in all His glo - ry,
Fling wide the gates, He is knocking still, Waiting in His king-ly splen - dor,
Fling wide the gates, let Him en - ter in, He will sup with you for - ev - er;
CHORUS
Fling wide the gates of pearl, Let the King come in.
Fling wide the gates, O soul, Let the King come in. Fling . . . . . wide the
Fling wide the gates, O soul, Let the King come in.
King of glo - ry in. Fling wide the gates,
gates, ... Fling wide the gates, Fling wide the gates and let the
fling wide the gates,

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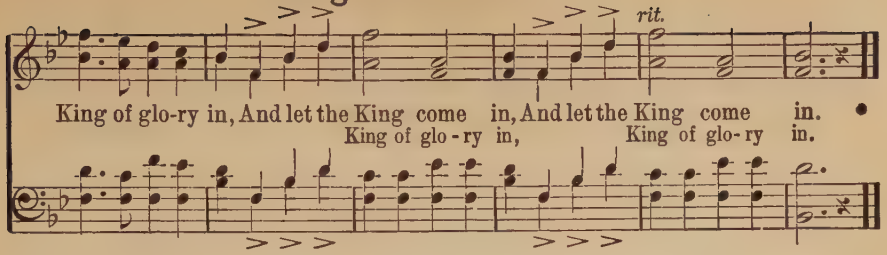
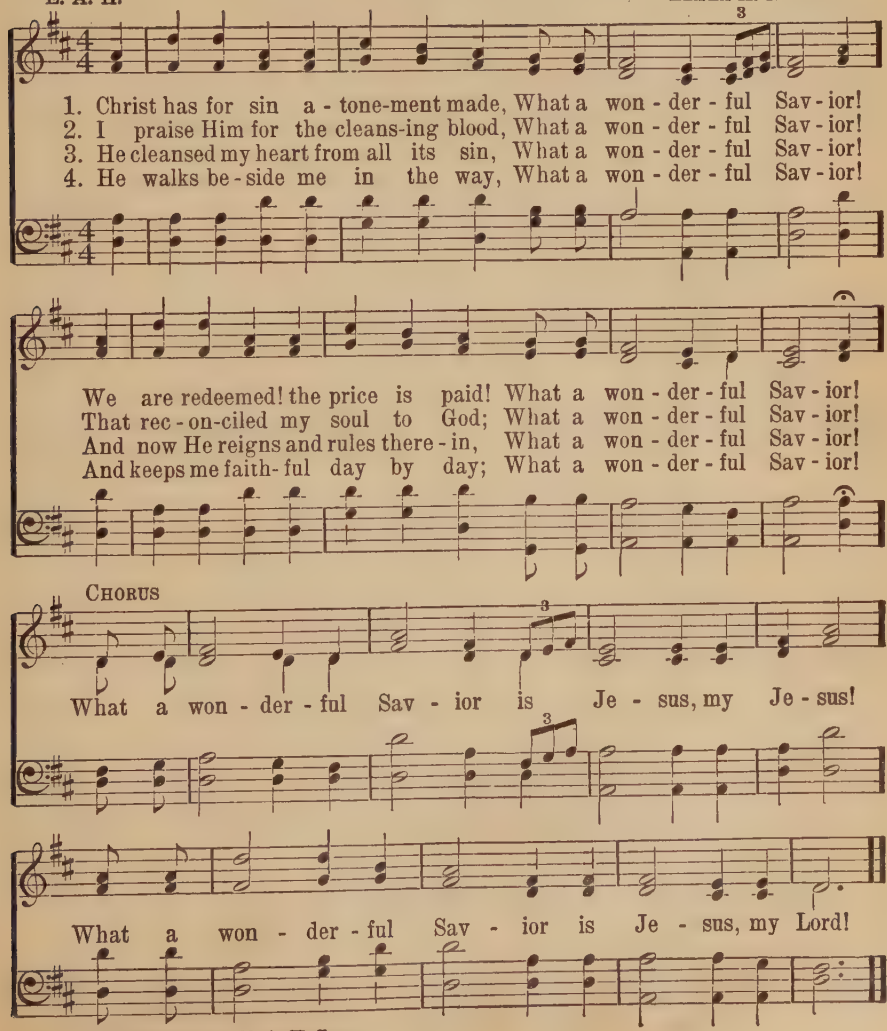
Fling Wide the Gates



149 What a Wonderful Savior

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
2. I praise Him for the cleans-ing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
That rec-on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And now He reigns and rules there-in, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And keeps me faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
CHORUS
What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Je-sus!
What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!

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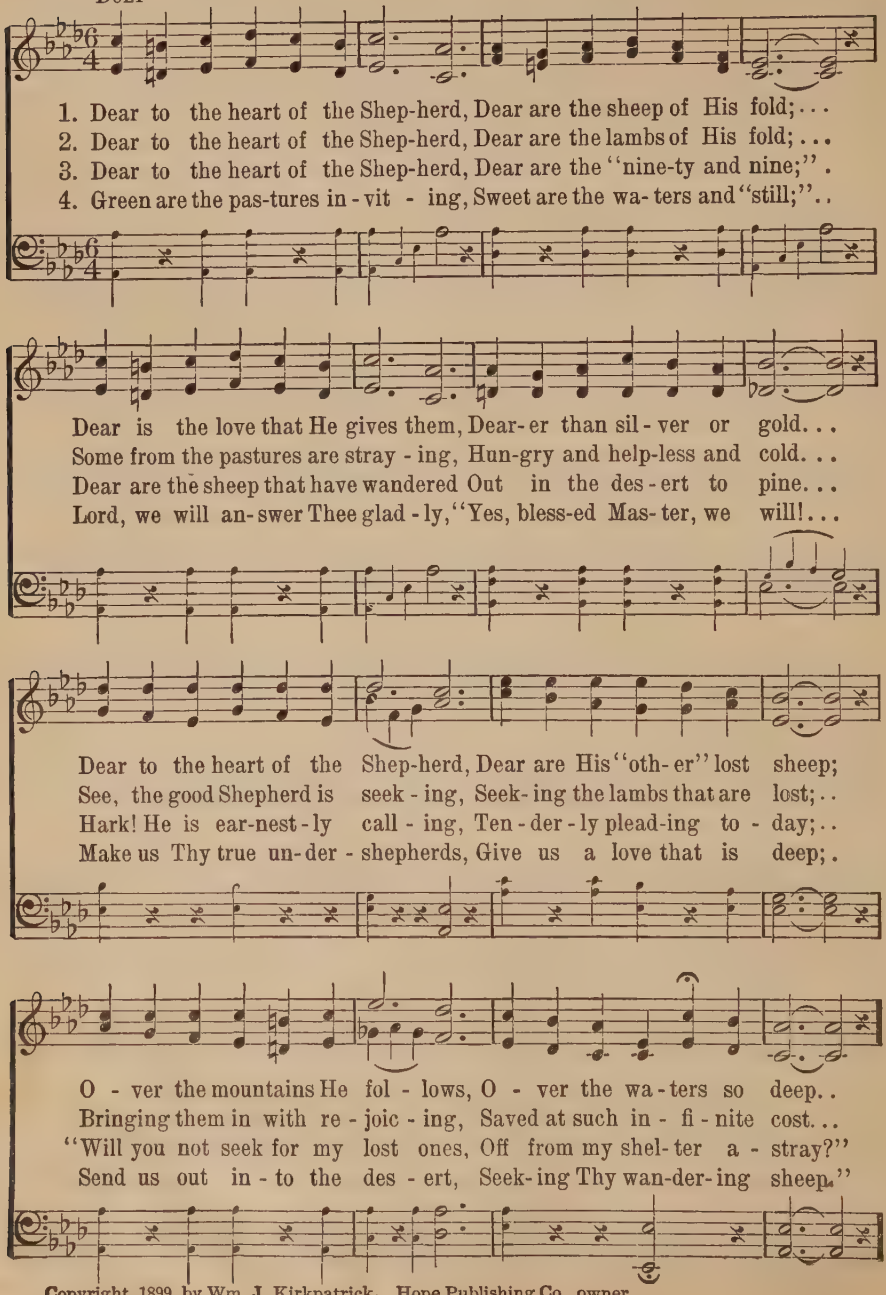
150 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

Duet


1. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;...
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;...
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the "nine-ty and nine;"...
4. Green are the pas-tures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the wa-ters and "still;"...
Dear is the love that He gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold...
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hun-gry and help-less and cold...
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the des-ert to pine...
Lord, we will an-swer Thee glad-ly, "Yes, bless-ed Mas-ter, we will!...
Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are His "oth-er" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seek-ing the lambs that are lost;..
Hark! He is ear-nest-ly call-ing, Ten-der-ly plead-ing to-day;..
Make us Thy true un-der-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;.
O-ver the mountains He fol-lows, O-ver the wa-ters so deep..
Bringing them in with re-joic-ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost...
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shel-ter a-stray?"
Send us out in-to the des-ert, Seek-ing Thy wan-der-ing sheep."

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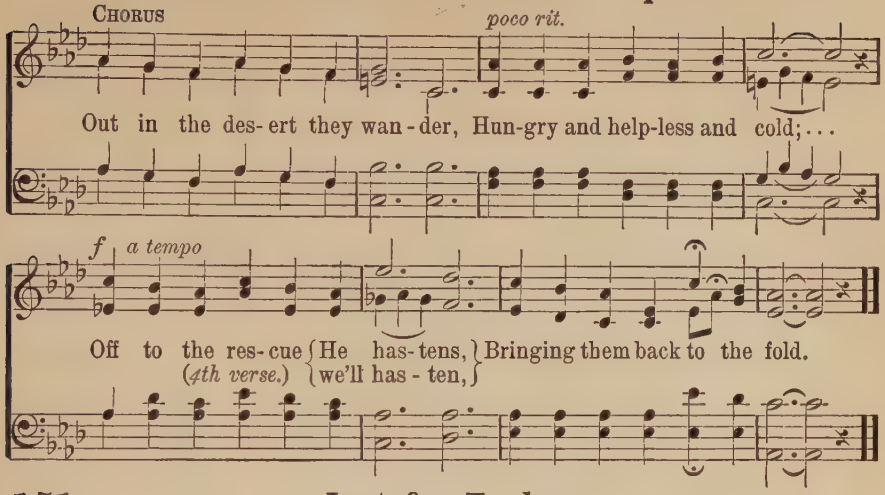
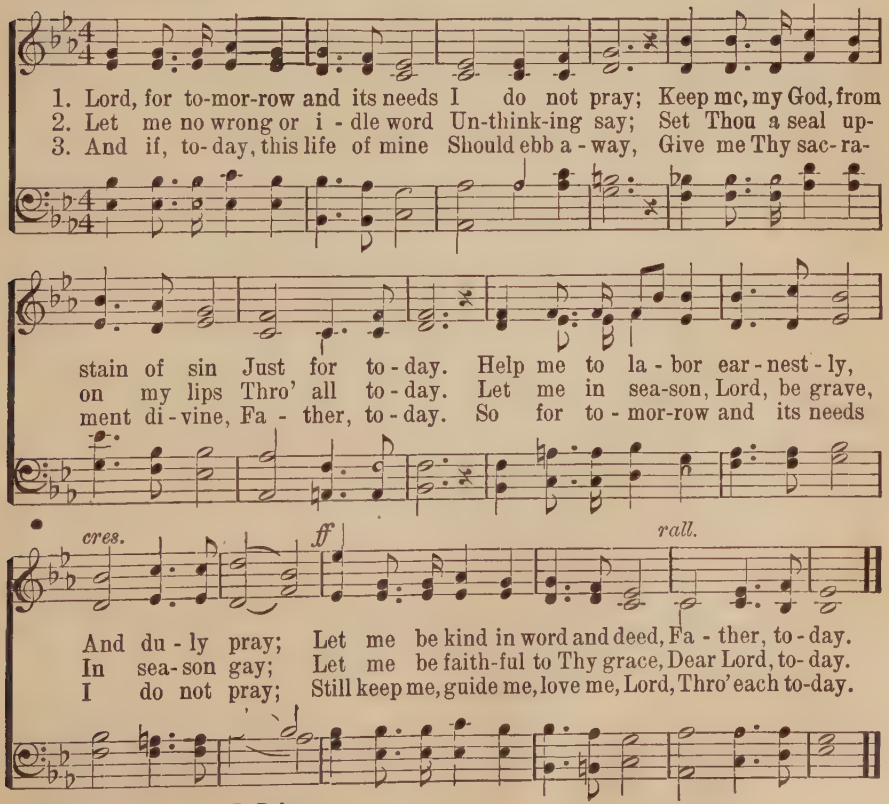
Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd


CHORUS
poco rit.
Out in the des- ert they wan - der, Hun-gry and help-less and cold; . . .
f
a tempo
Off to the res- cue (4th verse.) {He has- tens, we'll has - ten,} Bringing them back to the fold.

151 Just for To-day

E. R. WILBERFORCE H. R. PALMER


1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un-think-ing say; Set Thou a seal up-
3. And if, to- day, this life of mine Should ebb a - way, Give me Thy sac- ra-
stain of sin Just for to - day. Help me to la - bor ear - nest - ly,
on my lips Thro' all to - day. Let me in sea-son, Lord, be grave,
ment di - vine, Fa - ther, to - day. So for to - mor-row and its needs
cres.
ff
rall.
And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther, to - day.
In sea- son gay; Let me be faith-ful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to- day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day.

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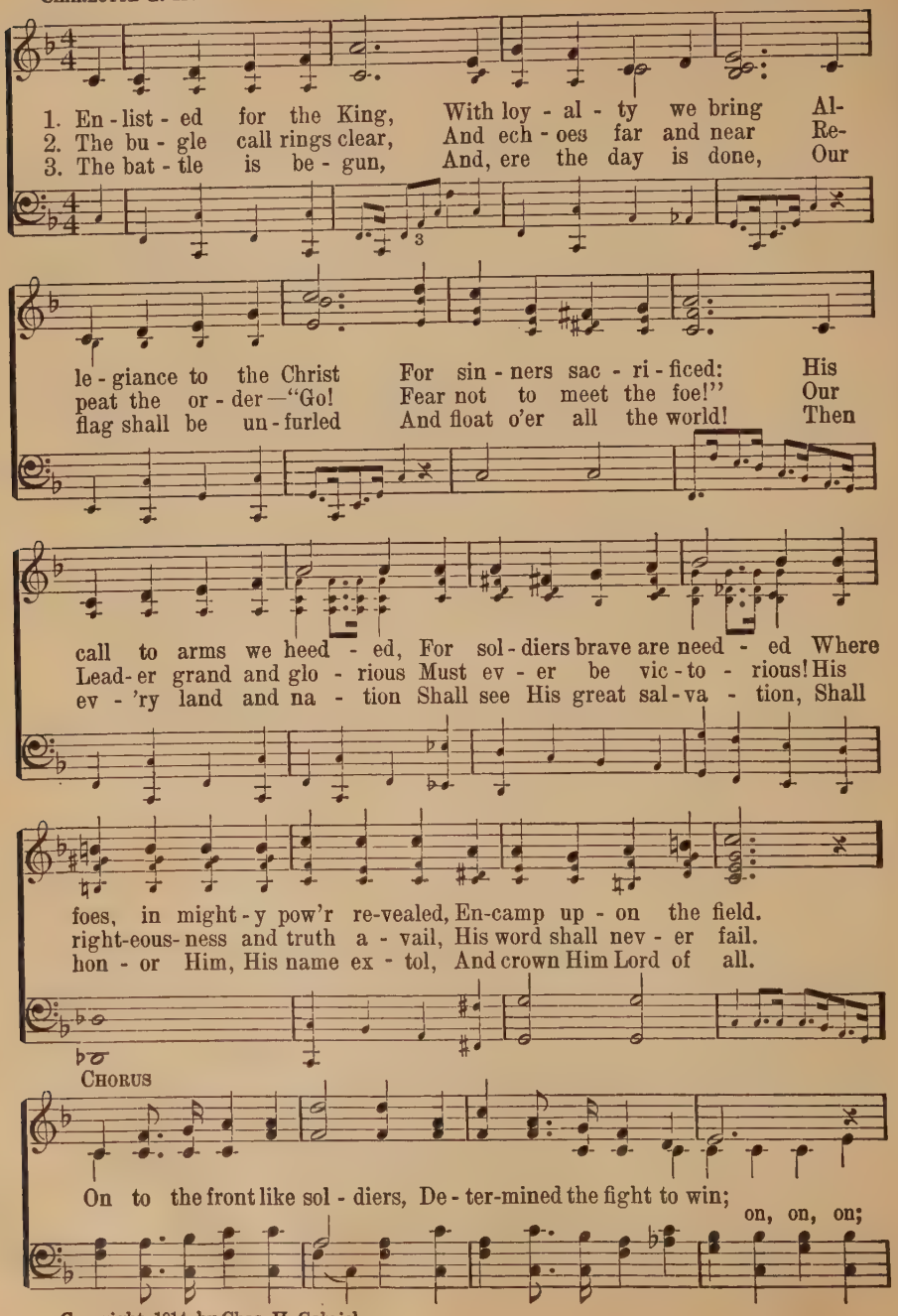
152 Enlisted for the King

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER — CHAS. H. GABRIEL, JR.

1. En - list - ed for the King, With loy - al - ty we bring Al-
2. The bu - gle call rings clear, And ech - oes far and near Re-
3. The bat - tle is be - gun, And, ere the day is done, Our
le - giance to the Christ For sin - ners sac - ri - ficed: His
peat the or - der—"Go! Fear not to meet the foe!" Our
flag shall be un - furled And float o'er all the world! Then
call to arms we heed - ed, For sol - diers brave are need - ed Where
Lead - er grand and glo - rious Must ev - er be vic - to - rious! His
ev - 'ry land and na - tion Shall see His great sal - va - tion, Shall
foes, in might - y pow'r re-vealed, En-camp up - on the field.
right-eous - ness and truth a - vail, His word shall nev - er fail.
hon - or Him, His name ex - tol, And crown Him Lord of all.
CHORUS
On to the front like sol - diers, De - ter-mined the fight to win;
on, on, on;

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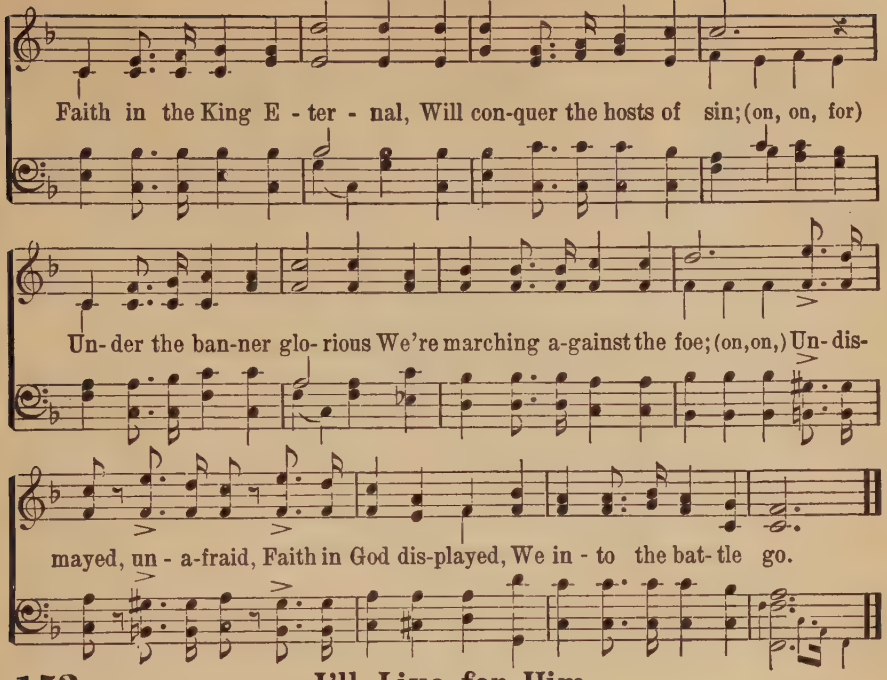
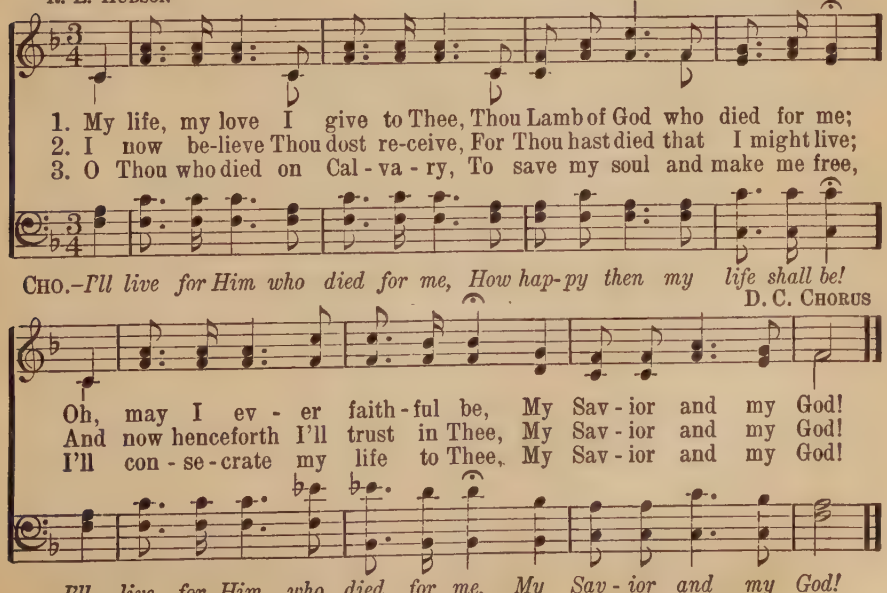
Enlisted for the King


Faith in the King E - ter - nal, Will con-quer the hosts of sin; (on, on, for)
Un- der the ban-ner glo- rious We're marching a-gainst the foe; (on, on,) Un- dis-
mayed, un - a-fraid, Faith in God dis-played, We in - to the bat- tle go.

153 I'll Live for Him

R. E. HUDSON C. R. DUNBAR


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.–I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
D. C. CHORUS
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

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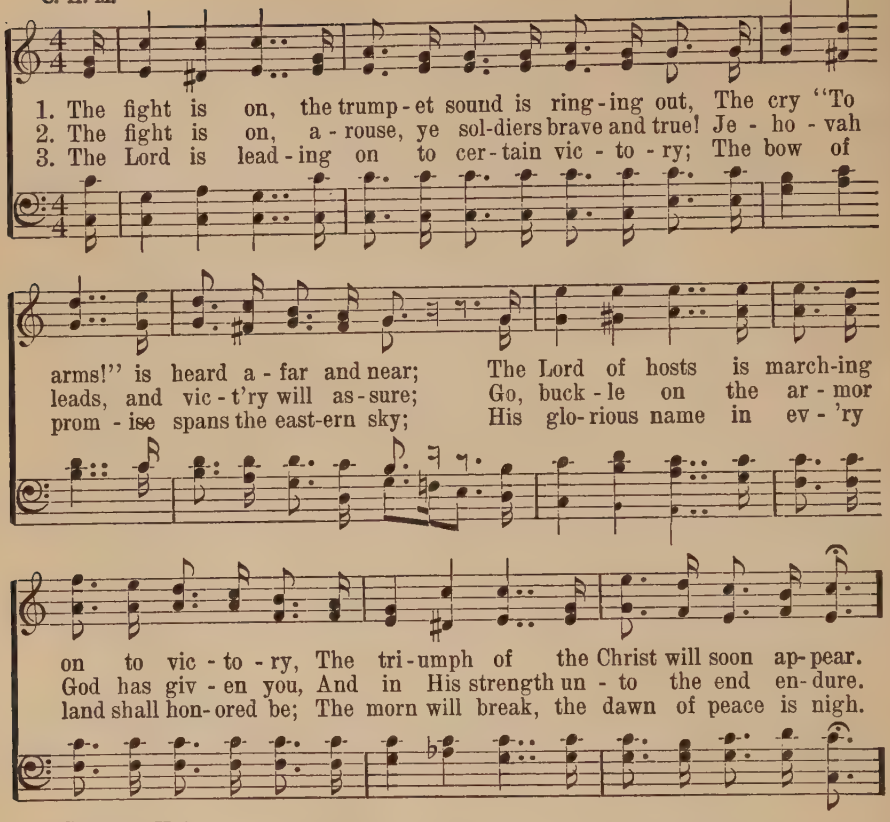
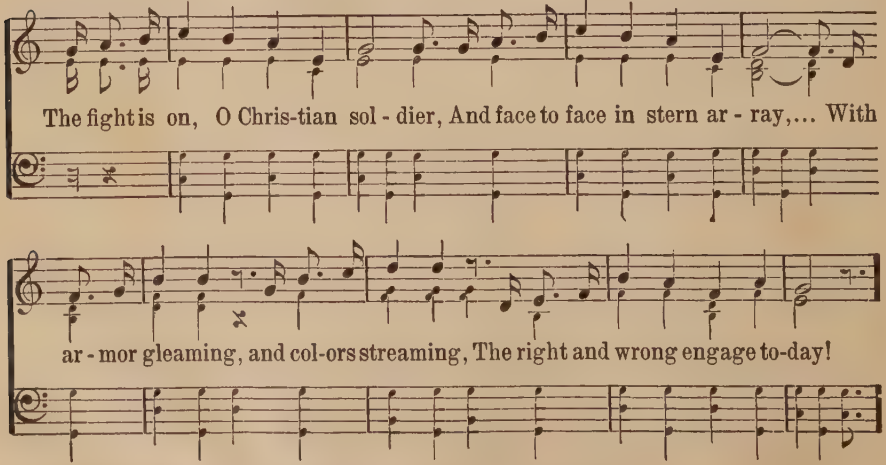
The Fight is On

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris


1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry
on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

Chorus. *Unison*


The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,... With
ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

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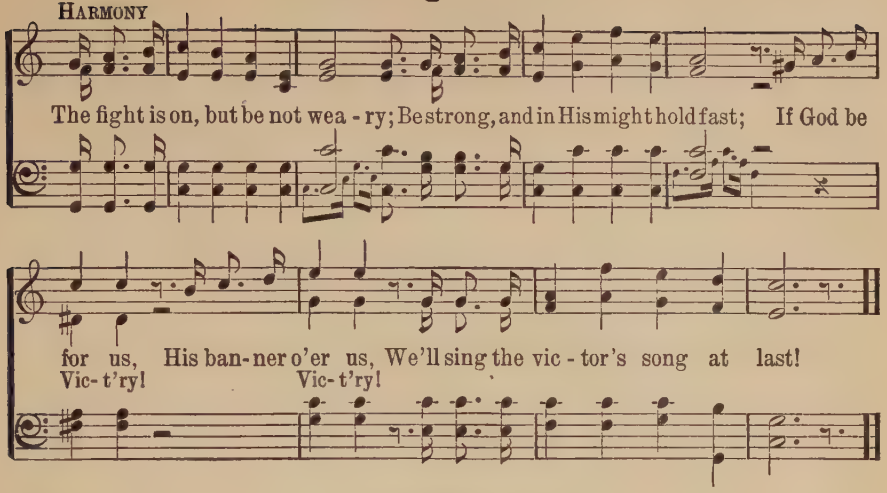
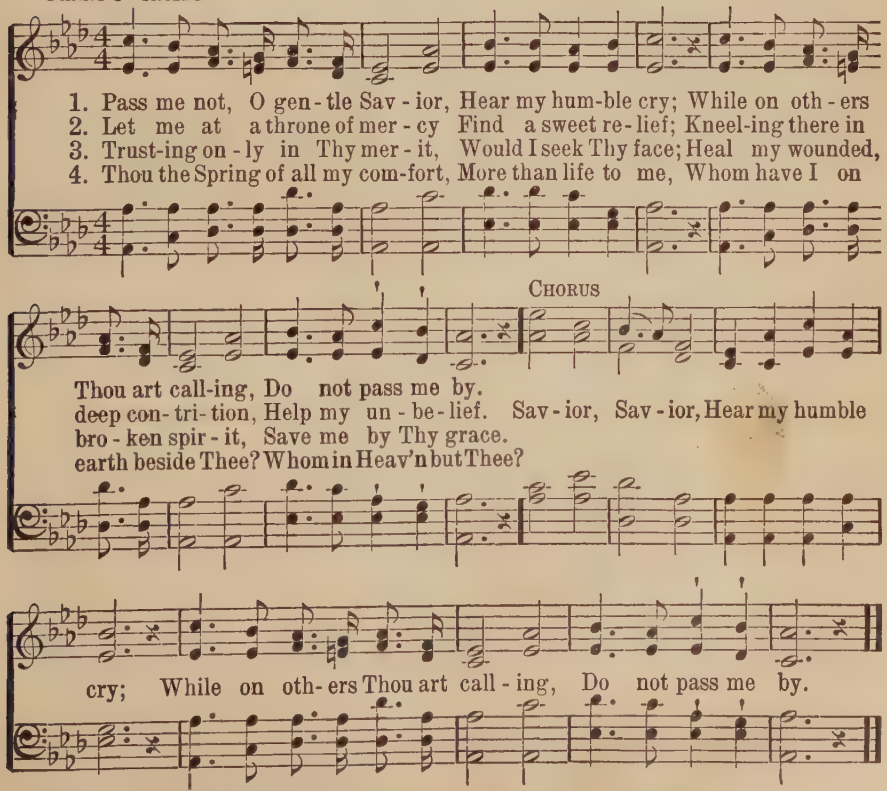
The Fight is On

HARMONY


The fight is on, but be not wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
Vic- t'ry! Vic- t'ry!

155 Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
CHORUS
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con- tri- tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my humble
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
cry; While on oth- ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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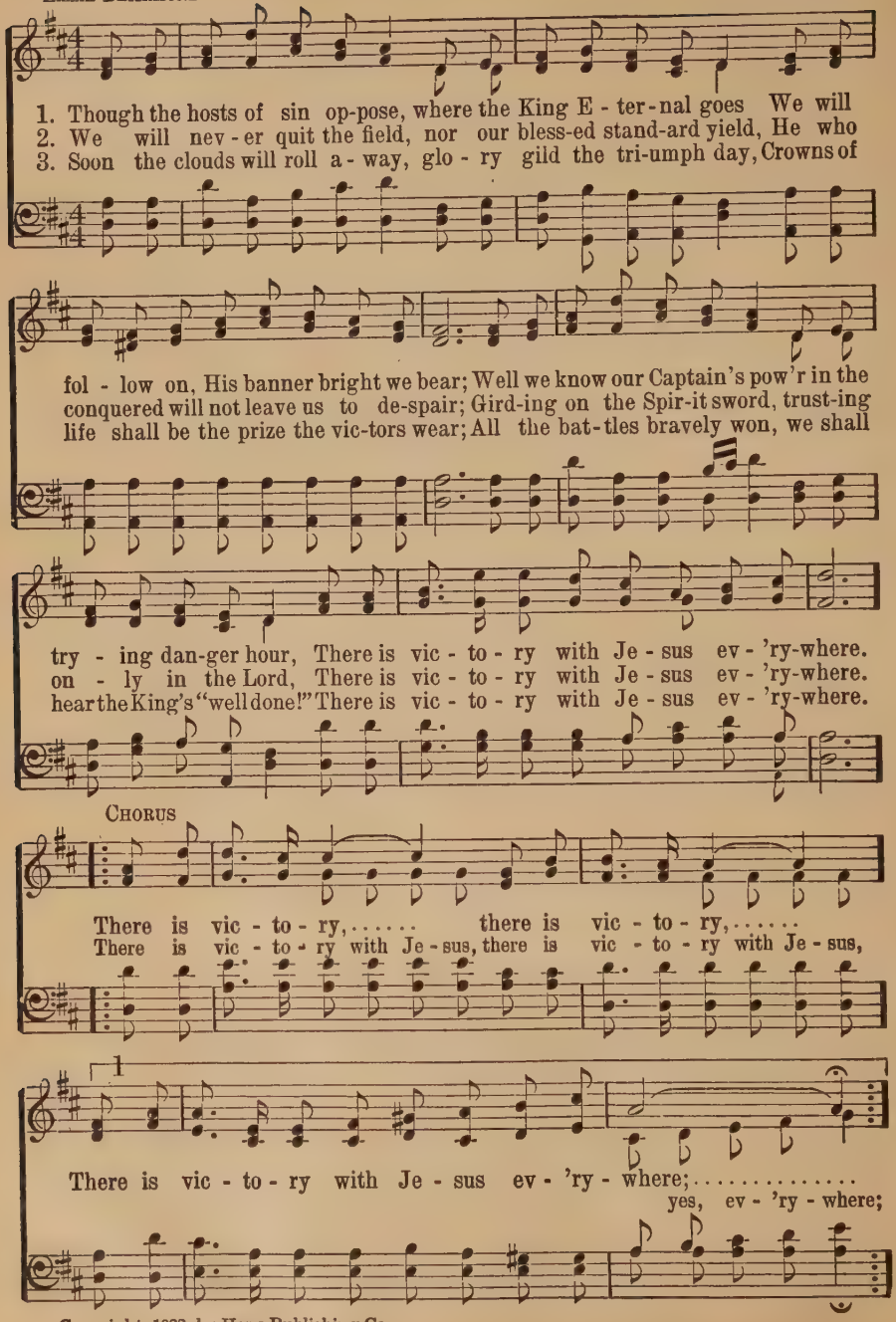
156 Victory With Jesus

LIZZIE DEARMOND — M. L. MCPHAIL

1. Though the hosts of sin op-pose, where the King E - ter-nal goes We will
2. We will nev - er quit the field, nor our bless-ed stand-ard yield, He who
3. Soon the clouds will roll a - way, glo - ry gild the tri-umph day, Crowns of
fol - low on, His banner bright we bear; Well we know our Captain's pow'r in the
conquered will not leave us to de-spair; Gird-ing on the Spir-it sword, trust-ing
life shall be the prize the vic-tors wear; All the bat-tles bravely won, we shall
try - ing dan-ger hour, There is vic - to - ry with Je - sus ev - 'ry-where.
on - ly in the Lord, There is vic - to - ry with Je - sus ev - 'ry-where.
hear the King's "well done!" There is vic - to - ry with Je - sus ev - 'ry-where.
CHORUS
There is vic - to - ry, ... there is vic - to - ry, ...
There is vic - to - ry with Je - sus, there is vic - to - ry with Je - sus,
1
There is vic - to - ry with Je - sus ev - 'ry - where; . . . . . .
yes, ev - 'ry - where;

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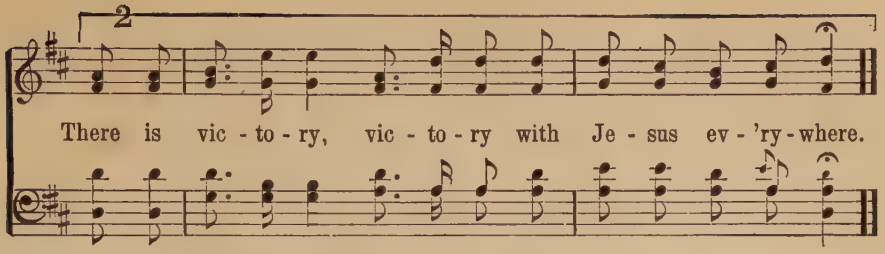
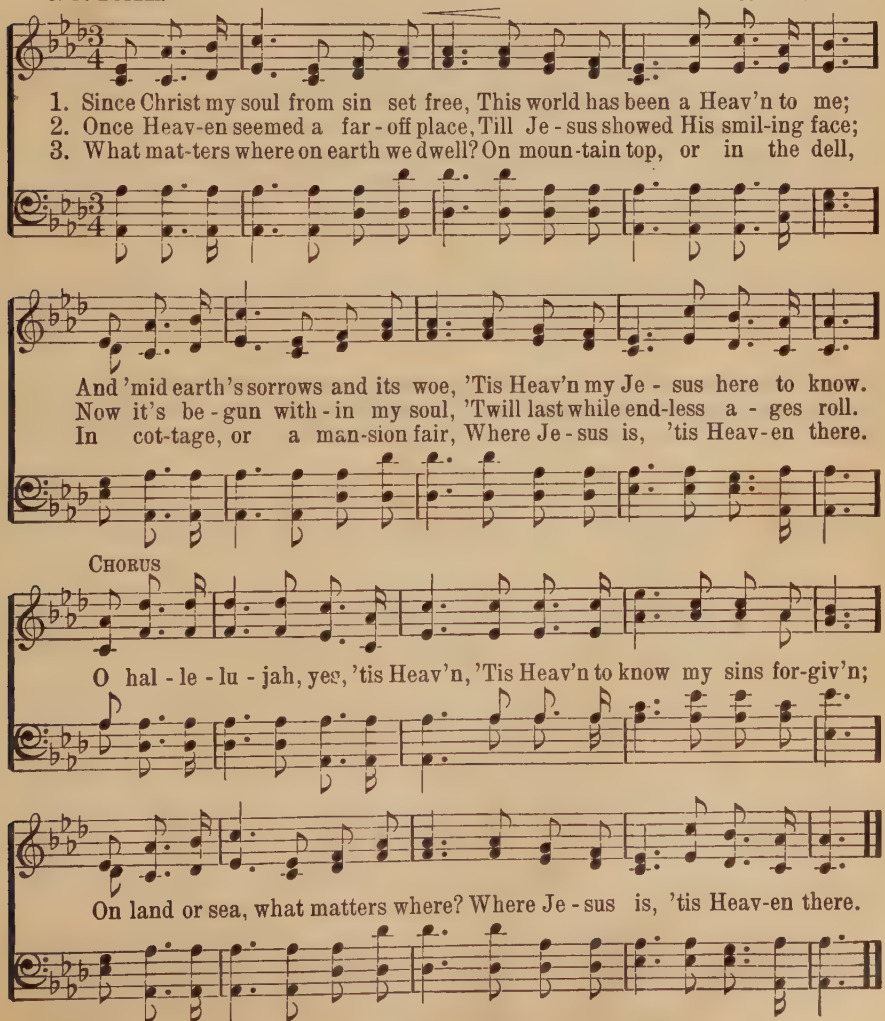
Victory With Jesus



157 Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven

C. F. BUTLER J. M. BLACK


1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a Heav'n to me;
2. Once Heav-en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed His smil-ing face;
3. What mat-ters where on earth we dwell? On moun-tain top, or in the dell,
And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis Heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a - ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis Heav-en there.
CHORUS
O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis Heav'n, 'Tis Heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;
On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis Heav-en there.

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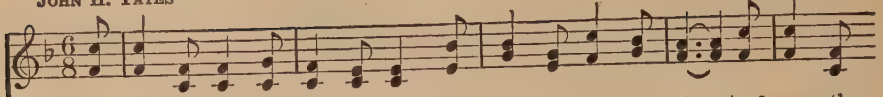
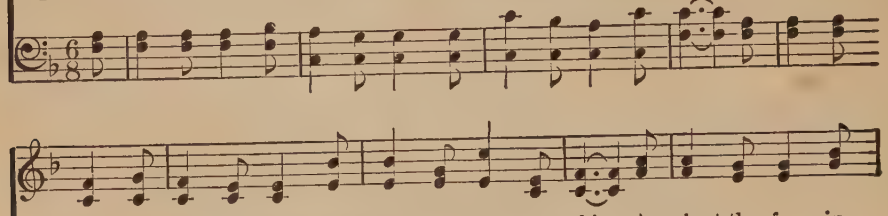
158 Faith Is the Victory

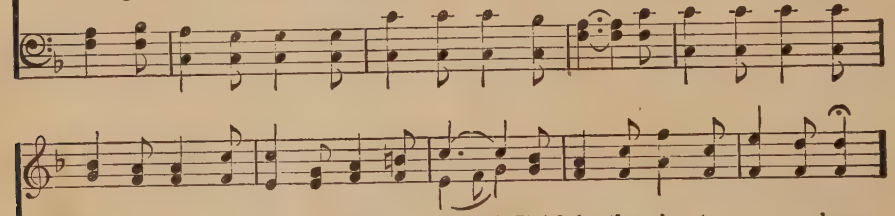
JOHN H. YATES — IRA D. SANKEY



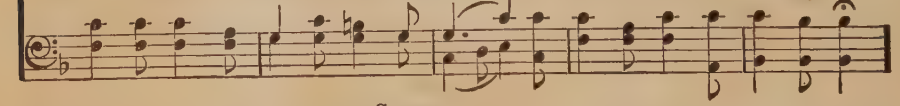
1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And press the
2. His ban-ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We tread the
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be - fore the



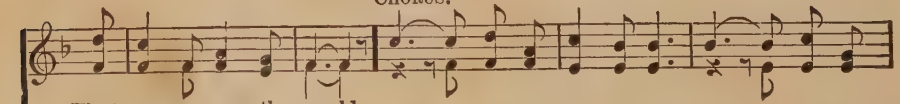
bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-gainst the foe in
road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith, they like a
ease be left be-hind, And—on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hel-met
an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n; Then onward from the



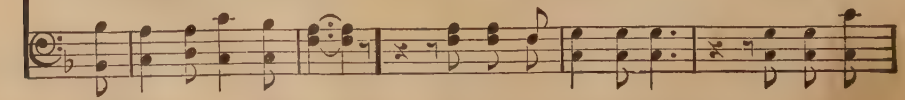
vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know,
whirlwind's breath, Swept o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death
on each head, With truth all girt a - bout, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
hills of light, Our hearts with love aflame; We'll van-quish all the hosts of night,



CHORUS.



That o-ver-comes the world.
Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the
And ech - o with our shout.
In Je-sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the



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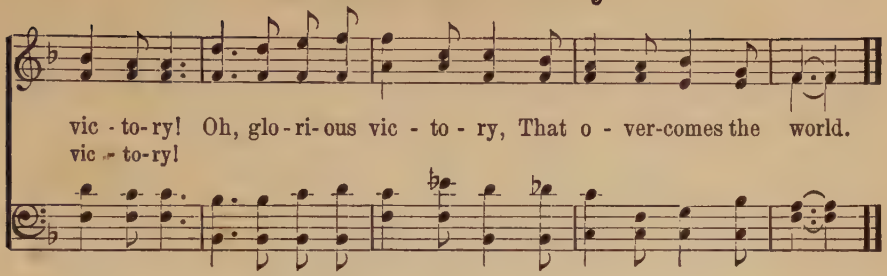
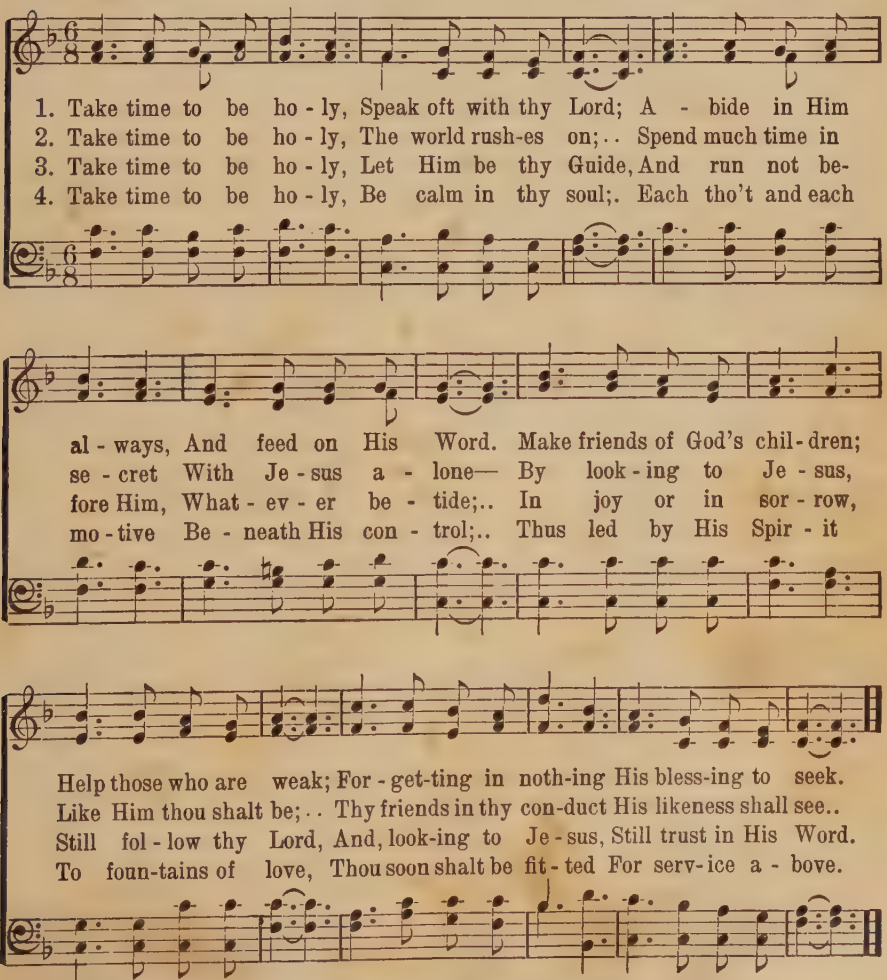
Faith Is the Victory



159 Take Time to Be Holy

W. D. LONGSTAFF GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on;.. Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul;. Each tho't and each
al - ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren;
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look - ing to Je - sus,
fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;.. In joy or in sor - row,
mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;.. Thus led by His Spir - it
Help those who are weak; For - get-ting in noth-ing His bless-ing to seek.
Like Him thou shalt be;.. Thy friends in thy con-duct His likeness shall see..
Still fol - low thy Lord, And, look-ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
To foun-tains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv-ice a - bove.

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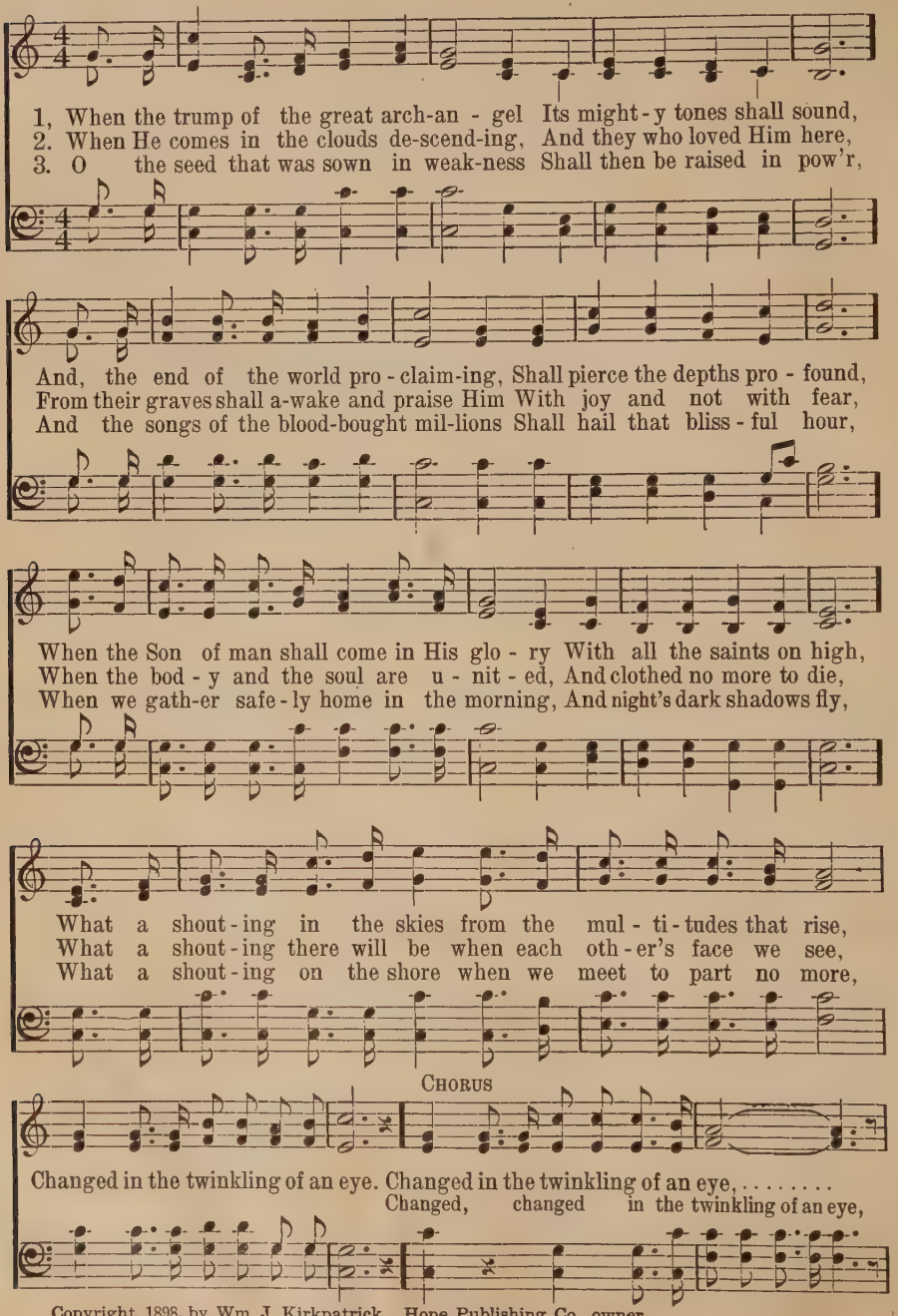
160 Changed in the Twinkling of an Eye

FANNY J. CROSBY — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1, When the trump of the great arch-an - gel Its might - y tones shall sound,
2. When He comes in the clouds de-scend-ing, And they who loved Him here,
3. O the seed that was sown in weak-ness Shall then be raised in pow'r,
And, the end of the world pro - claim-ing, Shall pierce the depths pro - found,
From their graves shall a-wake and praise Him With joy and not with fear,
And the songs of the blood-bought mil-lions Shall hail that bliss - ful hour,
When the Son of man shall come in His glo - ry With all the saints on high,
When the bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, And clothed no more to die,
When we gath-er safe - ly home in the morning, And night's dark shadows fly,
What a shout - ing in the skies from the mul - ti - tudes that rise,
What a shout - ing there will be when each oth - er's face we see,
What a shout - ing on the shore when we meet to part no more,
CHORUS
Changed in the twinkling of an eye. Changed in the twinkling of an eye, ...
Changed, changed in the twinkling of an eye,

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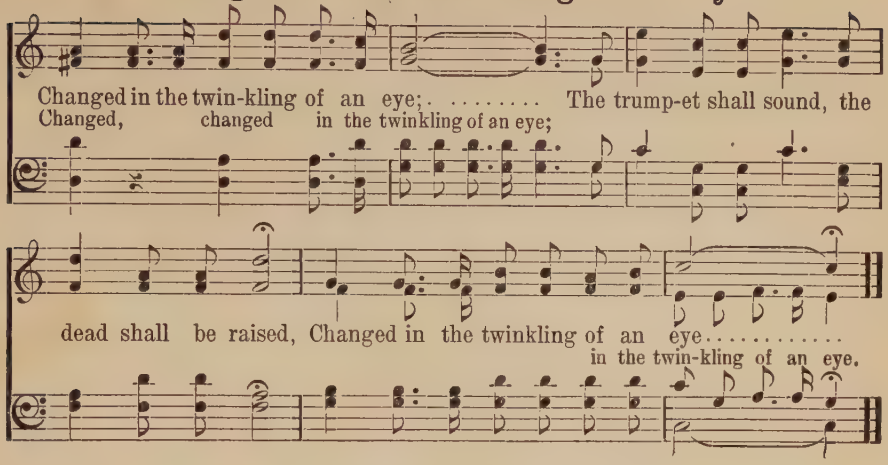
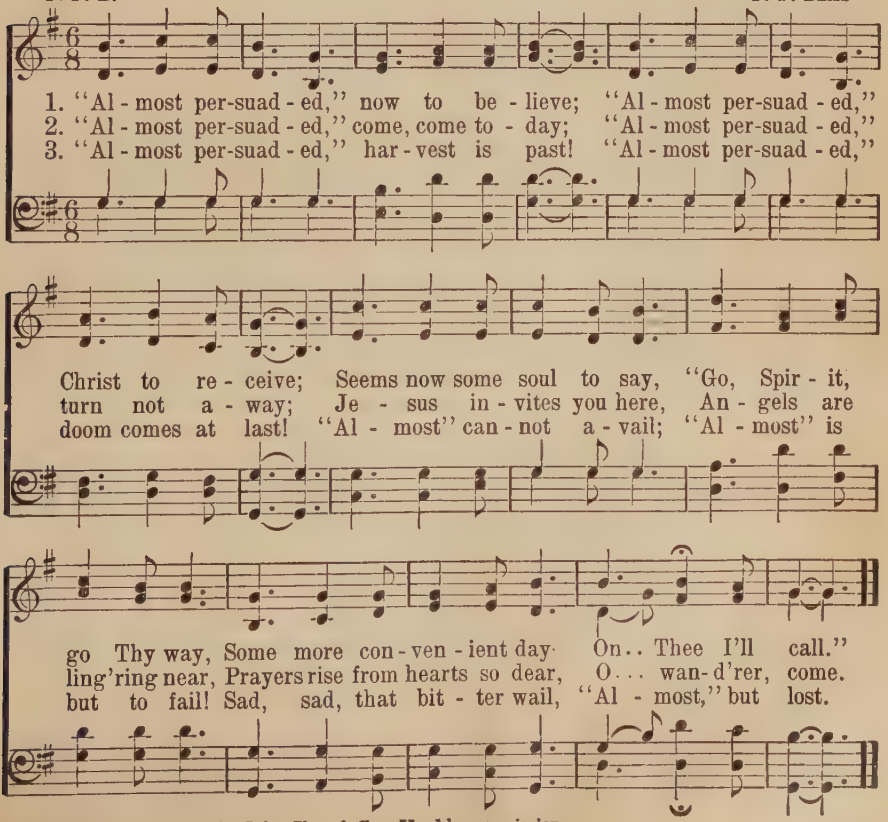
Changed in the Twinkling of an Eye


Changed in the twin-kling of an eye; . . . . . The trump-et shall sound, the
Changed, changed in the twinkling of an eye;
dead shall be raised, Changed in the twinkling of an eye. . . . . .
in the twin-kling of an eye.

161 Almost Persuaded

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On . . Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O . . . wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost.

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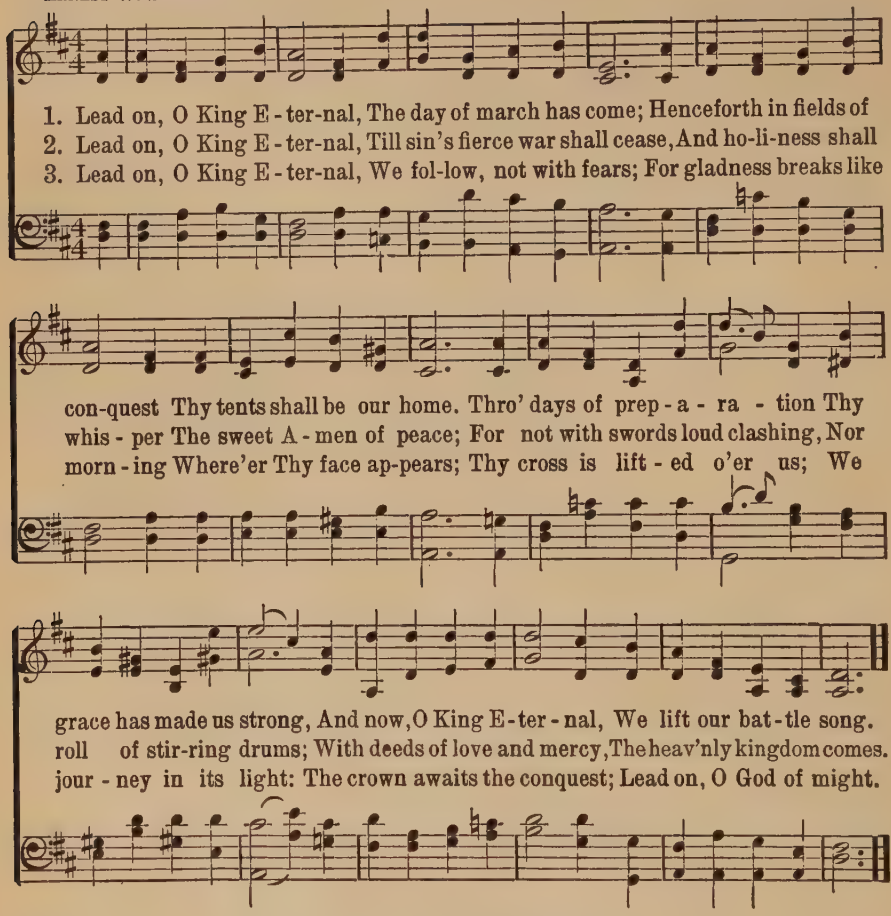
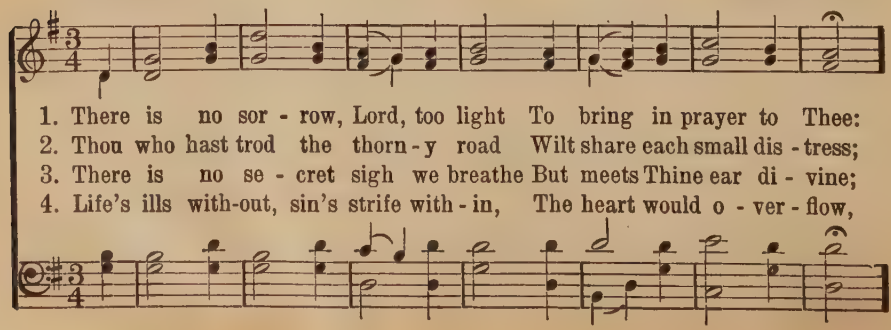
162 Lead On, O King Eternal

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF — HENRY SMART

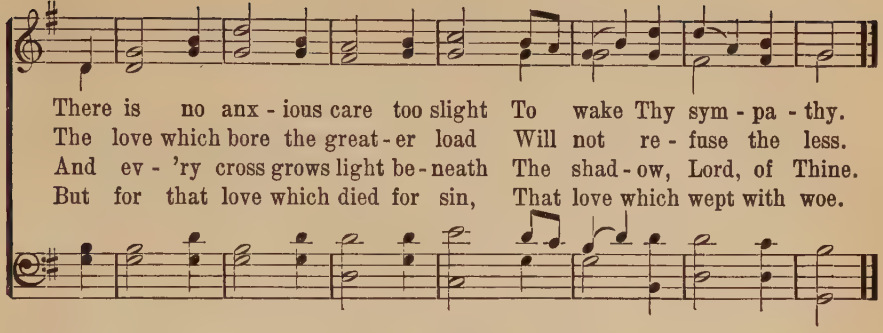

1. Lead on, O King E - ter-nal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of
2. Lead on, O King E - ter-nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And ho-li-ness shall
3. Lead on, O King E - ter-nal, We fol-low, not with fears; For gladness breaks like
con-quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy
whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For not with swords loud clashing, Nor
morn - ing Where'er Thy face ap-pears; Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We
grace has made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
roll of stir-ring drums; With deeds of love and mercy, The heav'nly kingdom comes.
jour - ney in its light: The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might.

163 There is No Sorrow

JANE CREWDSON — JOSEPH GRIGG

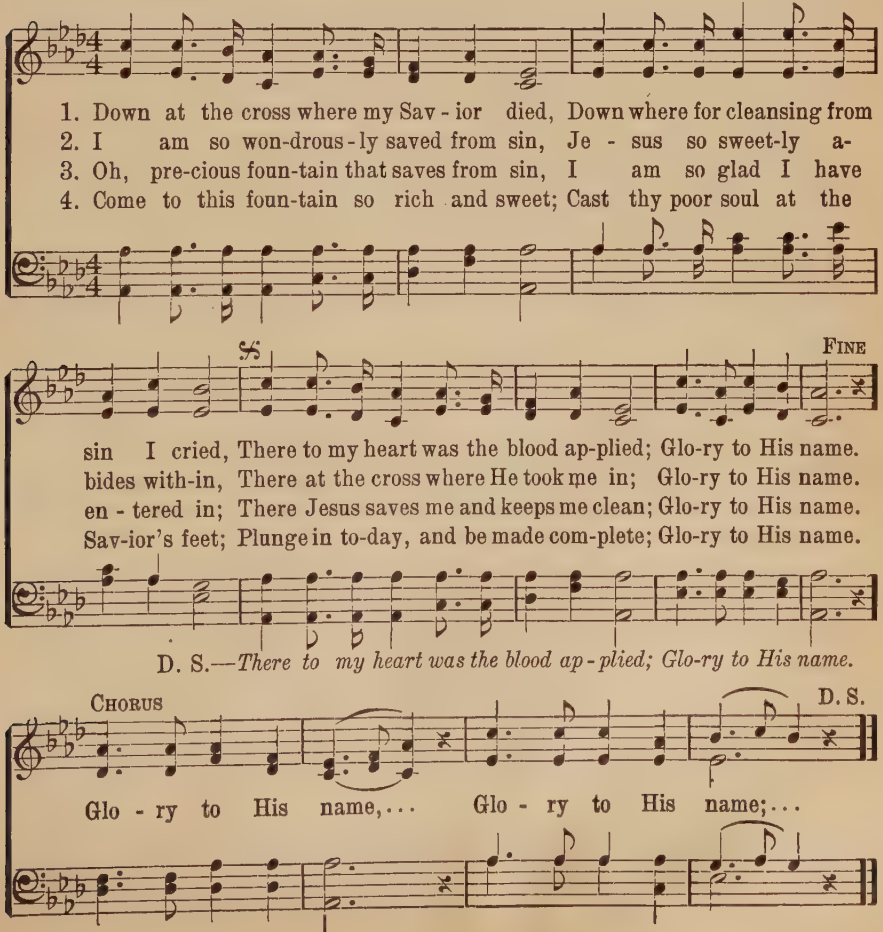

1. There is no sor - row, Lord, too light To bring in prayer to Thee:
2. Thou who hast trod the thorn - y road Wilt share each small dis - tress;
3. There is no se - cret sigh we breathe But meets Thine ear di - vine;
4. Life's ills with-out, sin's strife with - in, The heart would o - ver - flow,

There is No Sorrow


There is no anx - ious care too slight To wake Thy sym - pa - thy.
The love which bore the great - er load Will not re - fuse the less.
And ev - 'ry cross grows light be - neath The shad - ow, Lord, of Thine.
But for that love which died for sin, That love which wept with woe.

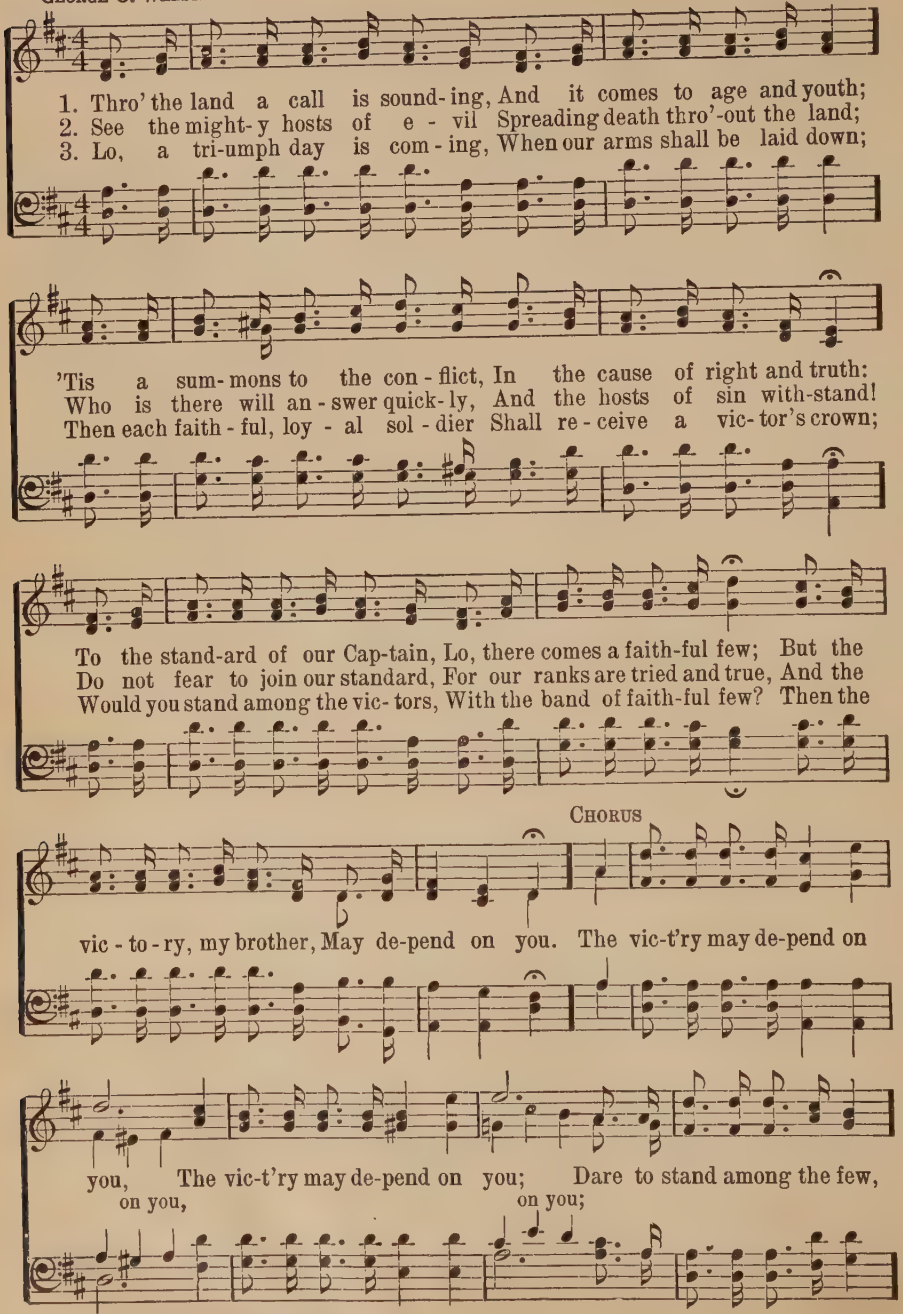
164 Glory to His Name

Rev. E. A. Hoffman — Rev. J. H. Stockton


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
Fine
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo-ry to His name.
Chorus
D. S.
Glo - ry to His name,... Glo - ry to His name;...

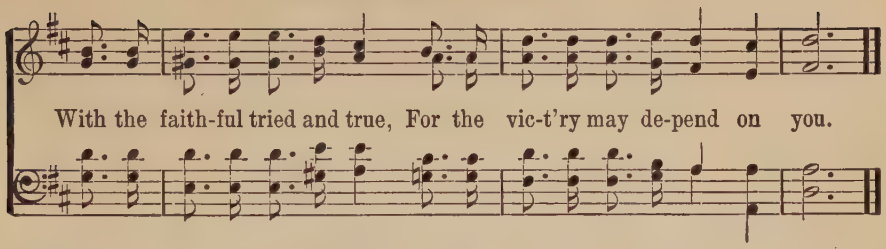
165 The Victory May Depend On You

GEORGE O. WEBSTER J. H. FILLMORE


1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might-y hosts of e - vil Spreading death thro'-out the land;
3. Lo, a tri-umph day is com - ing, When our arms shall be laid down;
'Tis a sum-mons to the con - flict, In the cause of right and truth:
Who is there will an - swer quick-ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand!
Then each faith - ful, loy - al sol - dier Shall re - ceive a vic-tor's crown;
To the stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo, there comes a faith-ful few; But the
Do not fear to join our standard, For our ranks are tried and true, And the
Would you stand among the vic-tors, With the band of faith-ful few? Then the
CHORUS
vic - to - ry, my brother, May de-pend on you. The vic-t'ry may de-pend on
you, The vic-t'ry may de-pend on you; Dare to stand among the few,
on you, on you;

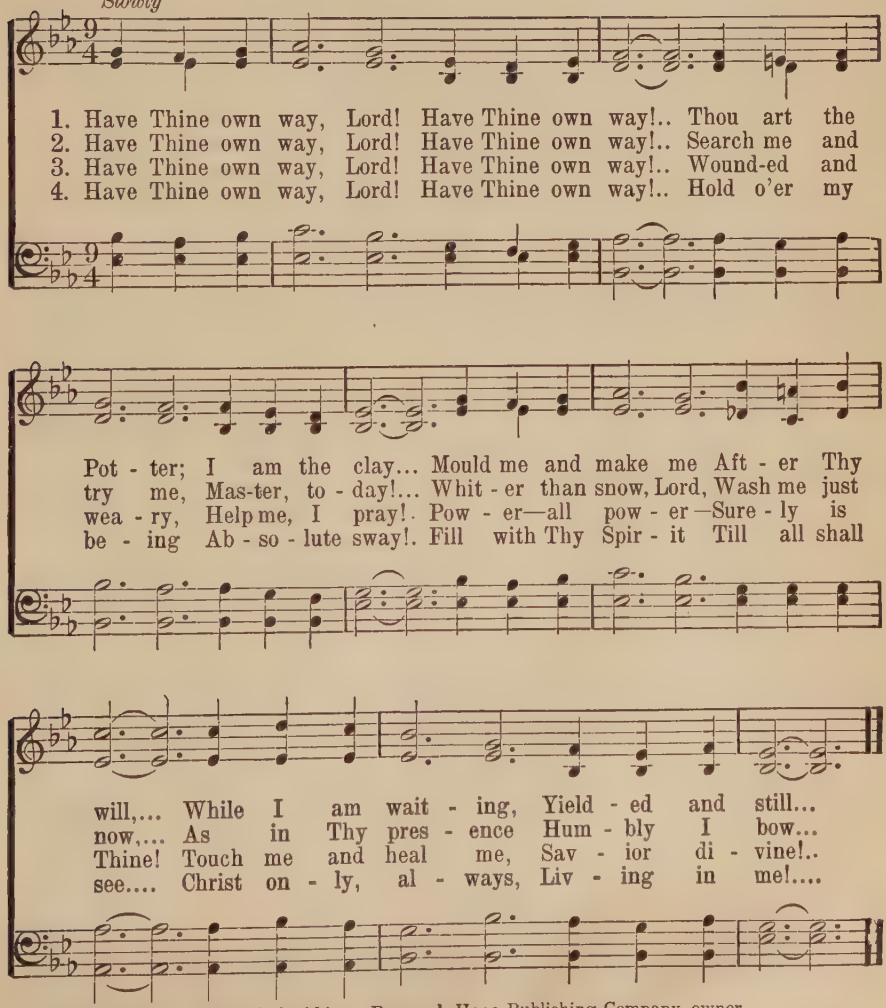
By permission of the Fillmore Bros. Co.

The Victory May Depend On You



166 Have Thine Own Way, Lord

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay... Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to - day!... Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wea - ry, Help me, I pray!. Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway!. Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall
will,... While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still...
now,... As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow...
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!..
see.... Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!....

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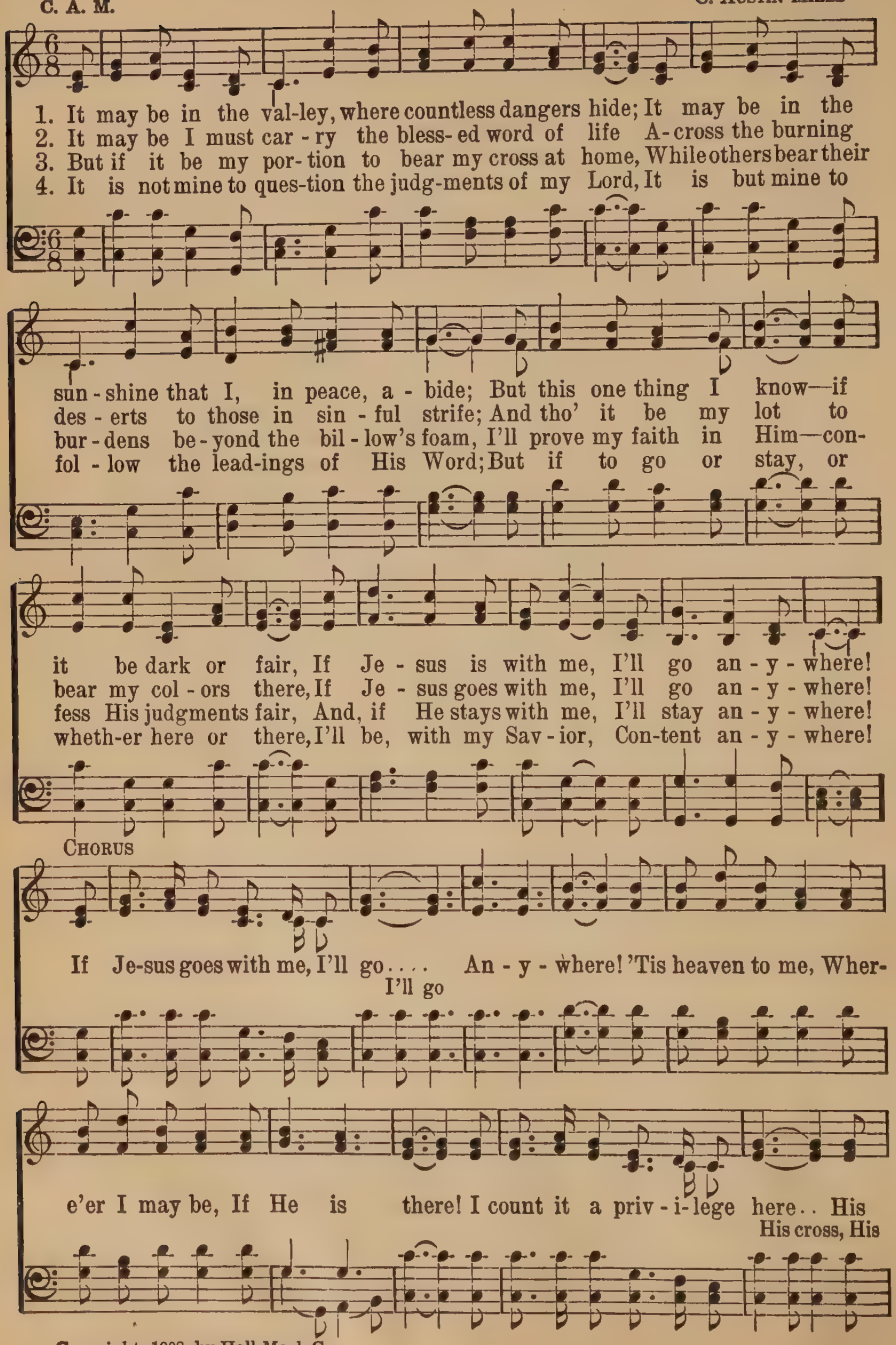
167 If Jesus Goes With Me

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles


1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burning
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of my Lord, It is but mine to
sun-shine that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know—if
des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
fol-low the lead-ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll stay an-y-where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, Con-tent an-y-where!
Chorus
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go.... An-y-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-
I'll go
e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here.. His
His cross, His

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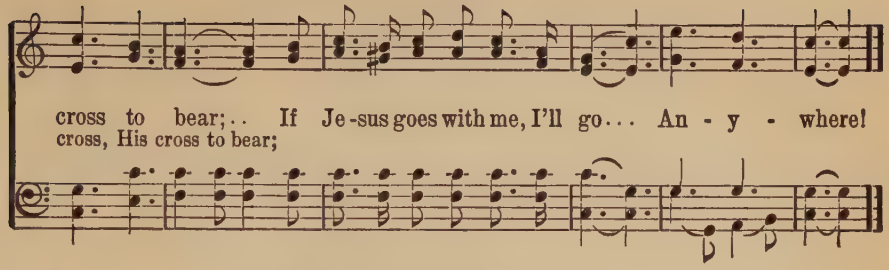
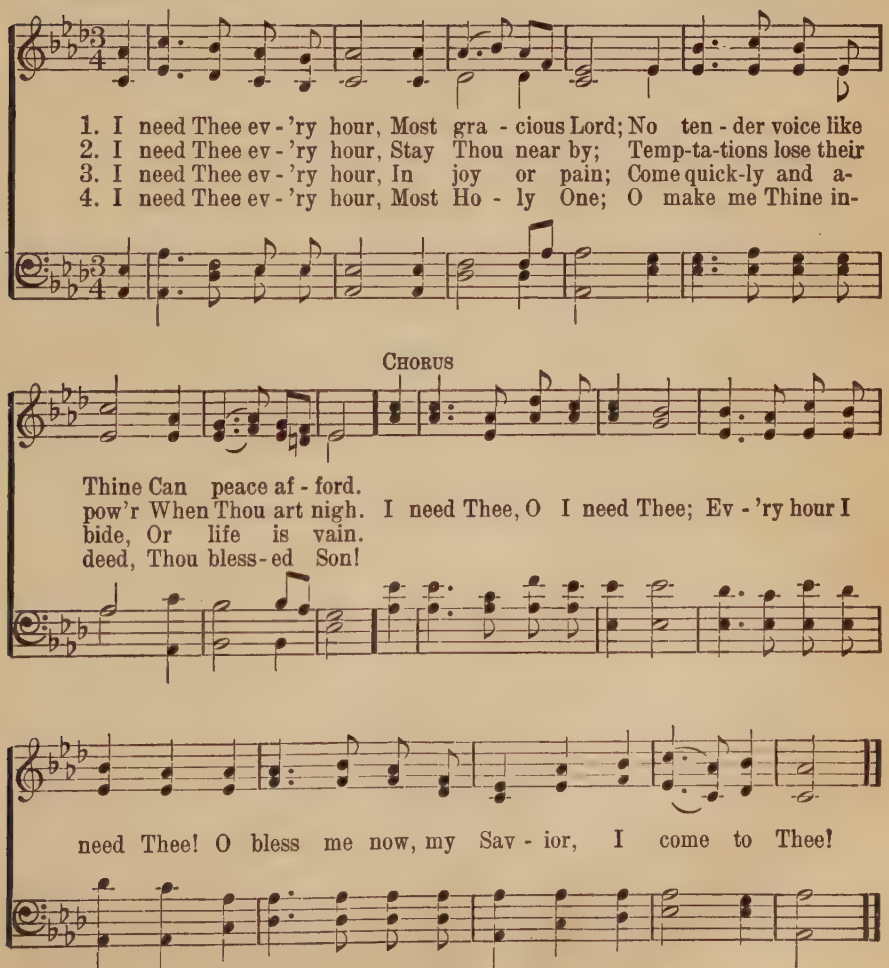
If Jesus Goes With Me



168 I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks — Rev. Robert Lowry

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-
Chorus
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

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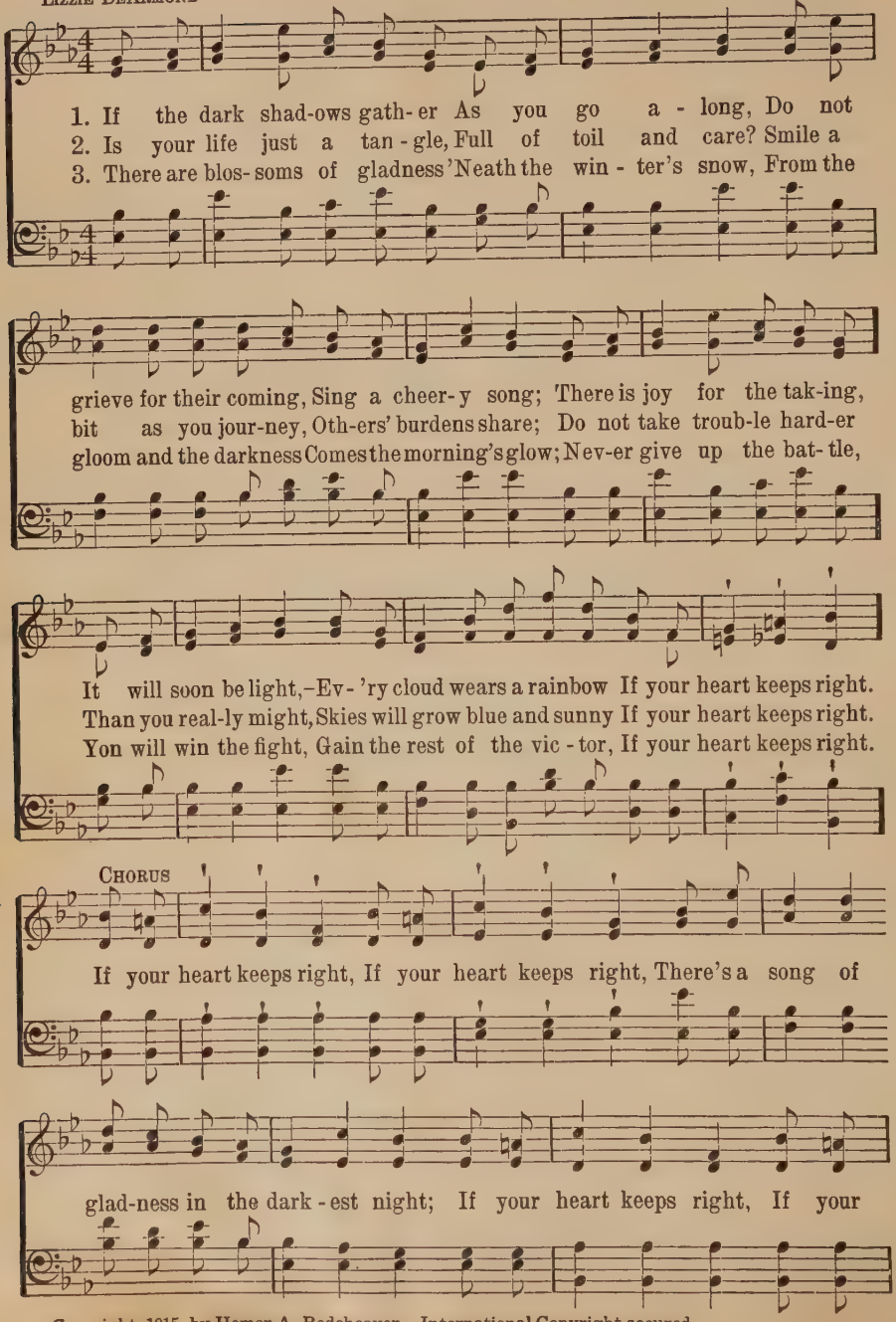
169 If Your Heart Keeps Right

LIZZIE DEARMOND B. D. ACKLEY

1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not
2. Is your life just a tan - gle, Full of toil and care? Smile a
3. There are blos- soms of gladness 'Neath the win - ter's snow, From the
grieve for their coming, Sing a cheer-y song; There is joy for the tak-ing,
bit as you jour-ney, Oth-ers' burdens share; Do not take troub-le hard-er
gloom and the darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat- tle,
It will soon be light,–Ev- 'ry cloud wears a rainbow If your heart keeps right.
Than you real-ly might, Skies will grow blue and sunny If your heart keeps right.
Yon will win the fight, Gain the rest of the vic - tor, If your heart keeps right.
CHORUS
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of
glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

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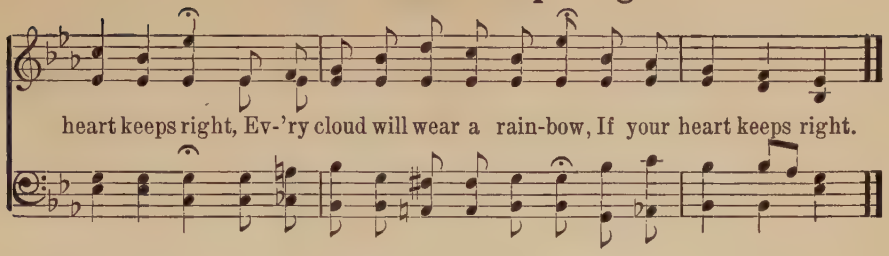
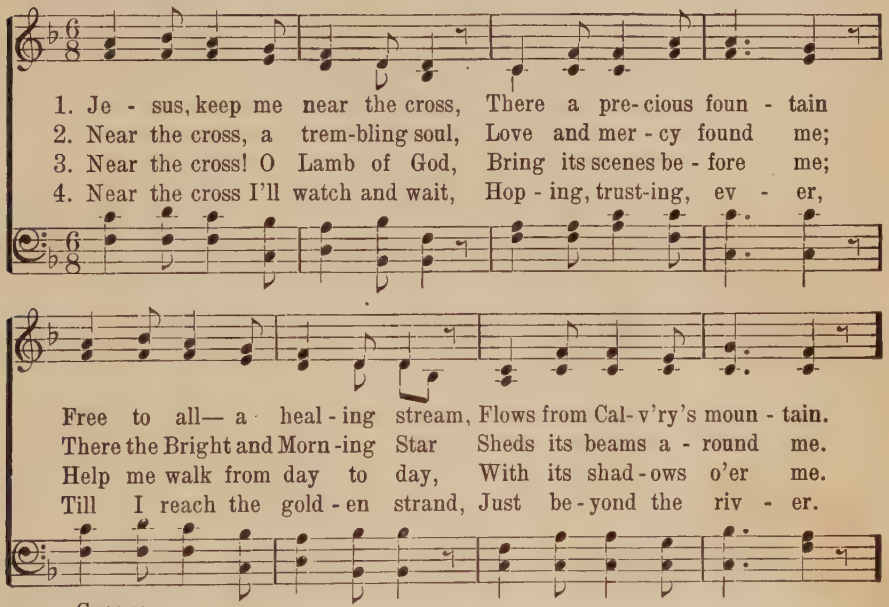
If Your Heart Keeps Right

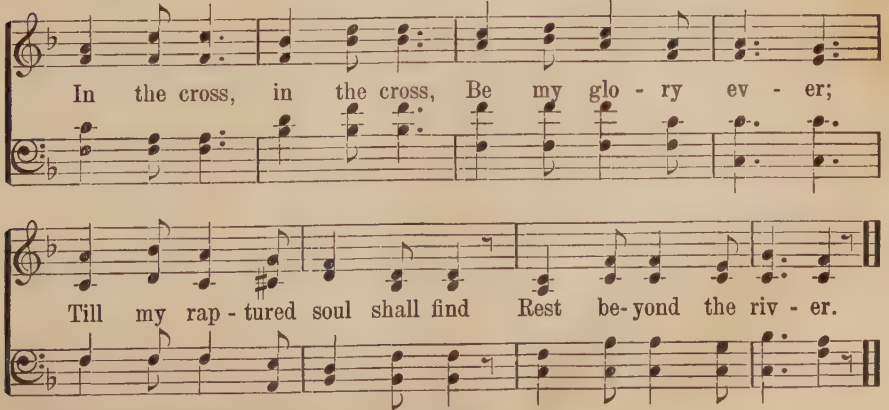


170 Near the Cross

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing, ev - er,
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

CHORUS



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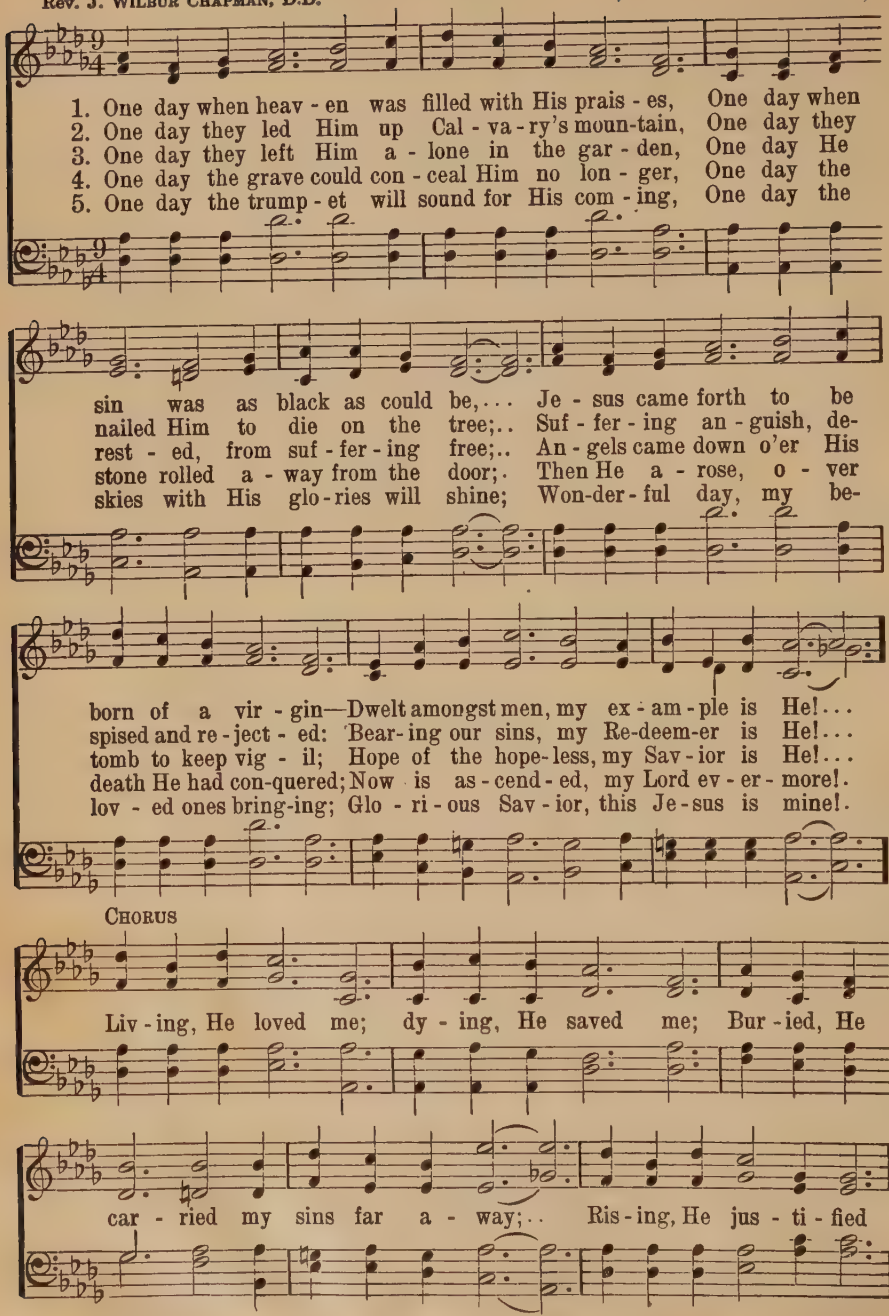
171 One Day!

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. Chas. H. Marsh

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun-tain, One day they
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the
5. One day the trump - et will sound for His com - ing, One day the
sin was as black as could be,... Je - sus came forth to be
nailed Him to die on the tree;.. Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de-
rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free;.. An - gels came down o'er His
stone rolled a - way from the door;. Then He a - rose, o - ver
skies with His glo - ries will shine; Won-der - ful day, my be-
born of a vir - gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am - ple is He!...
spised and re - ject - ed: Bear-ing our sins, my Re-deem-er is He!...
tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope-less, my Sav - ior is He!...
death He had con-quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!.
lov - ed ones bring-ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, this Je - sus is mine!.
Chorus
Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He
car - ried my sins far a - way;.. Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

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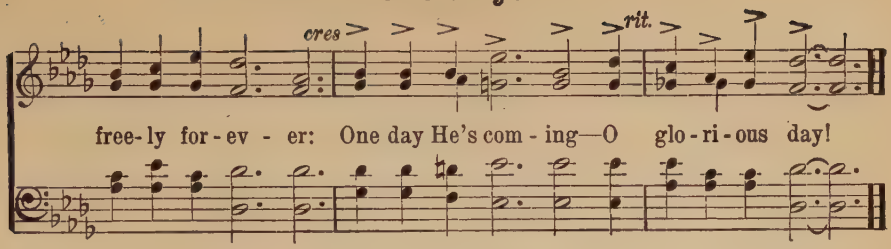
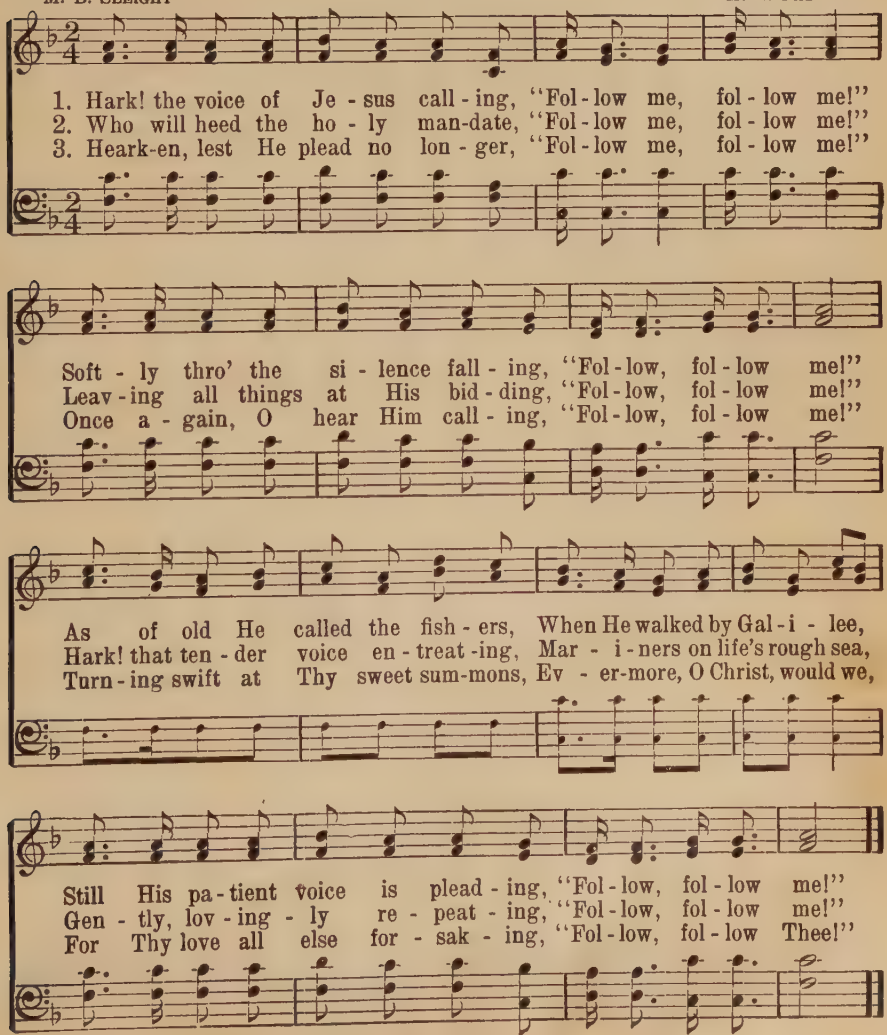
One Day!

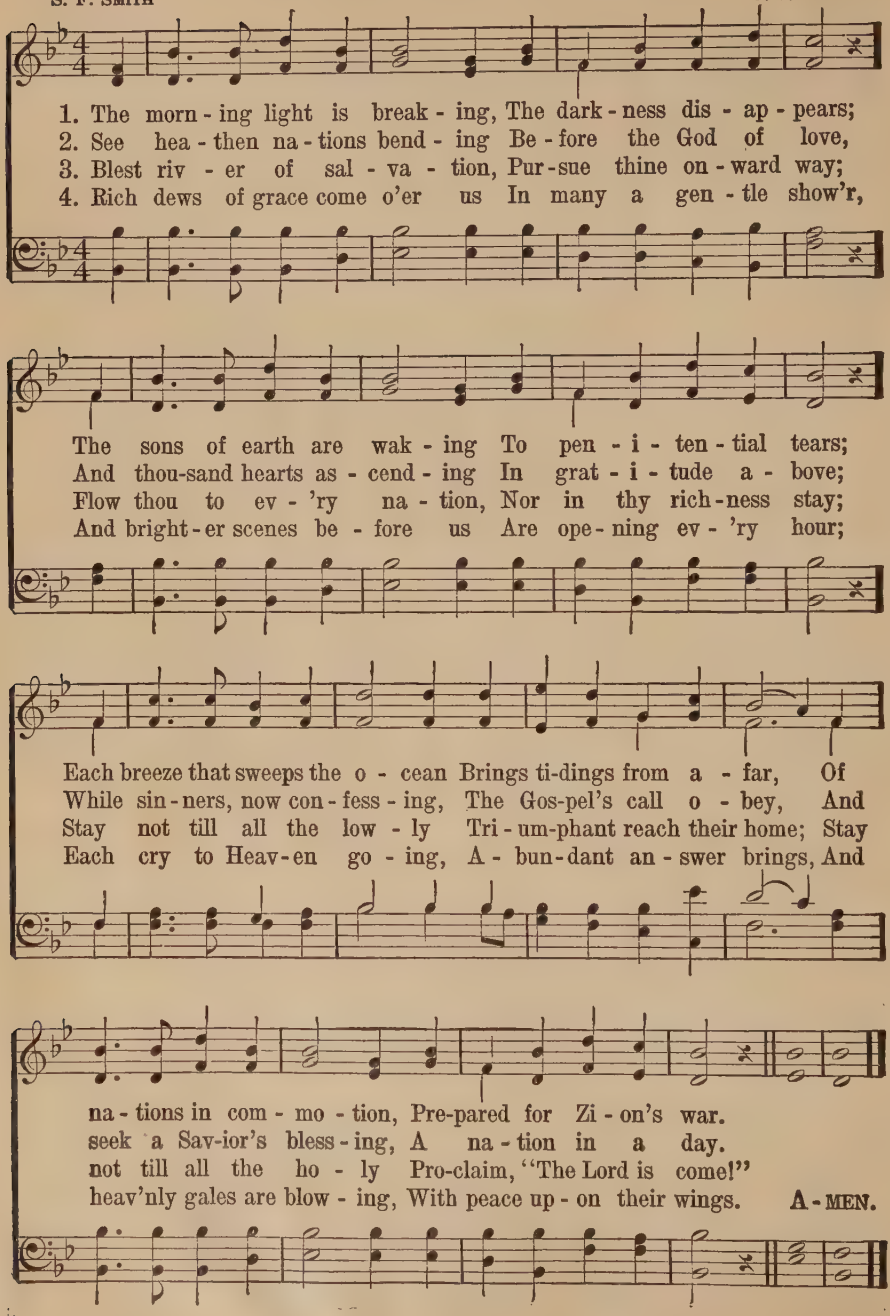


172 Follow Me

M. B. SLEIGHT H. R. PALMER

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
2. Who will heed the ho - ly man-date, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
3. Heark-en, lest He plead no lon - ger, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Leav - ing all things at His bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Once a - gain, O hear Him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
As of old He called the fish - ers, When He walked by Gal - i - lee,
Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing, Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea,
Turn - ing swift at Thy sweet sum-mons, Ev - er-more, O Christ, would we,
Still His pa - tient voice is plead - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly re - peat - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
For Thy love all else for - sak - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Thee!"

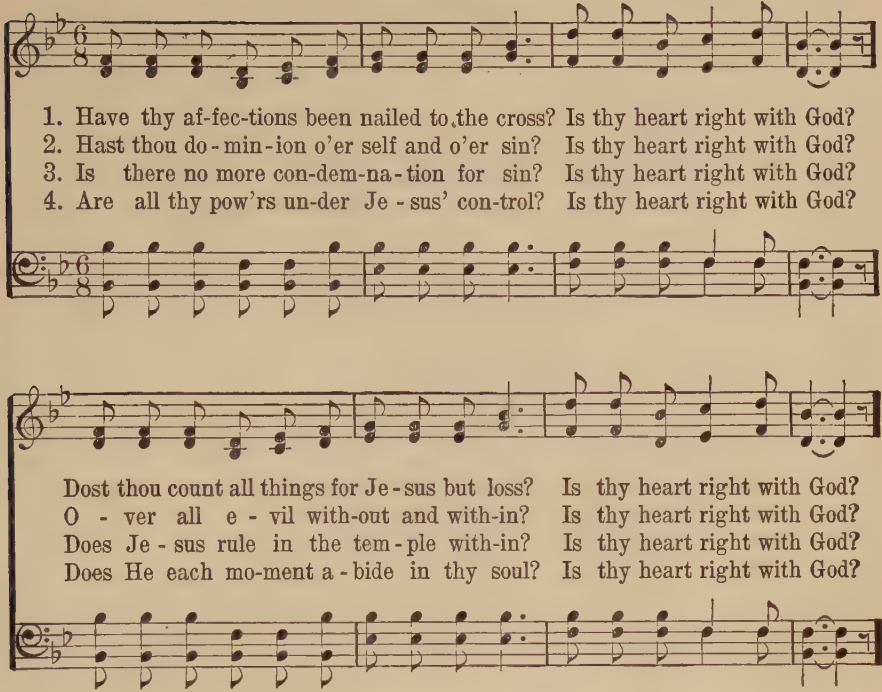
173 The Morning Light is Breaking

S. F. SMITH G. J. WEBB


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou-sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far, Of
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos-pel's call o - bey, And
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And
na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"
heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.

174 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman


1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Chorus.
Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made
ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God? . . A-men.
of God?

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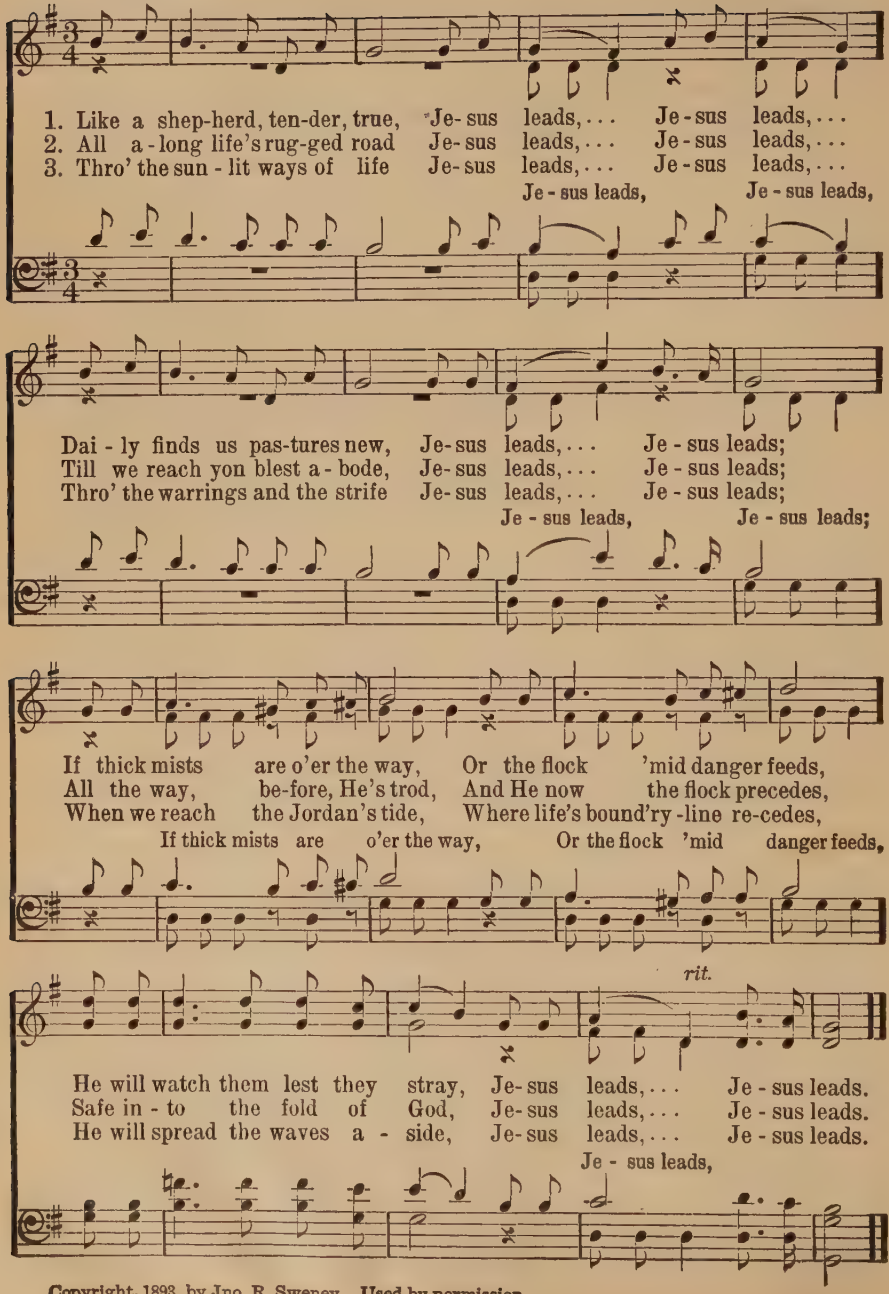
175 Jesus Leads

JOHN R. CLEMENTS

JNO. R. SWENEY

Andante


1. Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ...
2. All a-long life's rug-ged road Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ...
3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ...
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
Dai-ly finds us pas-tures new, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads;
Thro' the warrings and the strife Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads;
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, be-fore, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound'ry-line re-cedes,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
rit.
He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads.
Safe in-to the fold of God, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads.
He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads.
Je-sus leads,

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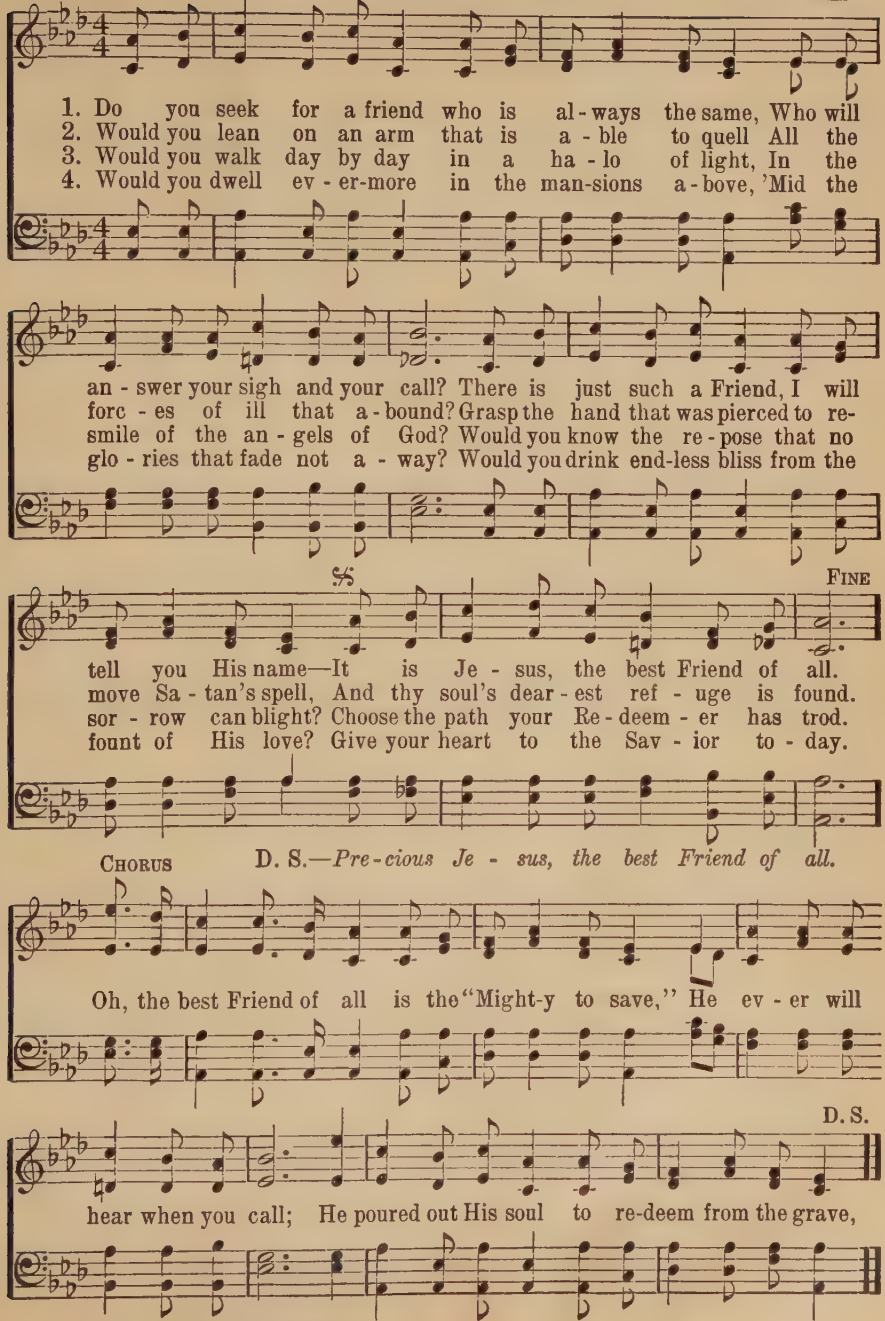
176 The Best Friend of All

G. M. B. G. M. BILLS


1. Do you seek for a friend who is al-ways the same, Who will
2. Would you lean on an arm that is a-ble to quell All the
3. Would you walk day by day in a ha-lo of light, In the
4. Would you dwell ev-er-more in the man-sions a-bove, 'Mid the
an-swer your sigh and your call? There is just such a Friend, I will
forc-es of ill that a-bound? Grasp the hand that was pierced to re-
smile of the an-gels of God? Would you know the re-pose that no
glo-ries that fade not a-way? Would you drink end-less bliss from the
tell you His name—It is Je-sus, the best Friend of all.
move Sa-tan's spell, And thy soul's dear-est ref-uge is found.
sor-row can blight? Choose the path your Re-deem-er has trod.
fount of His love? Give your heart to the Sav-ior to-day.
FINE
CHORUS
D. S.—*Pre-cious Je-sus, the best Friend of all.*
Oh, the best Friend of all is the "Might-y to save," He ev-er will
hear when you call; He poured out His soul to re-deem from the grave,
D. S.

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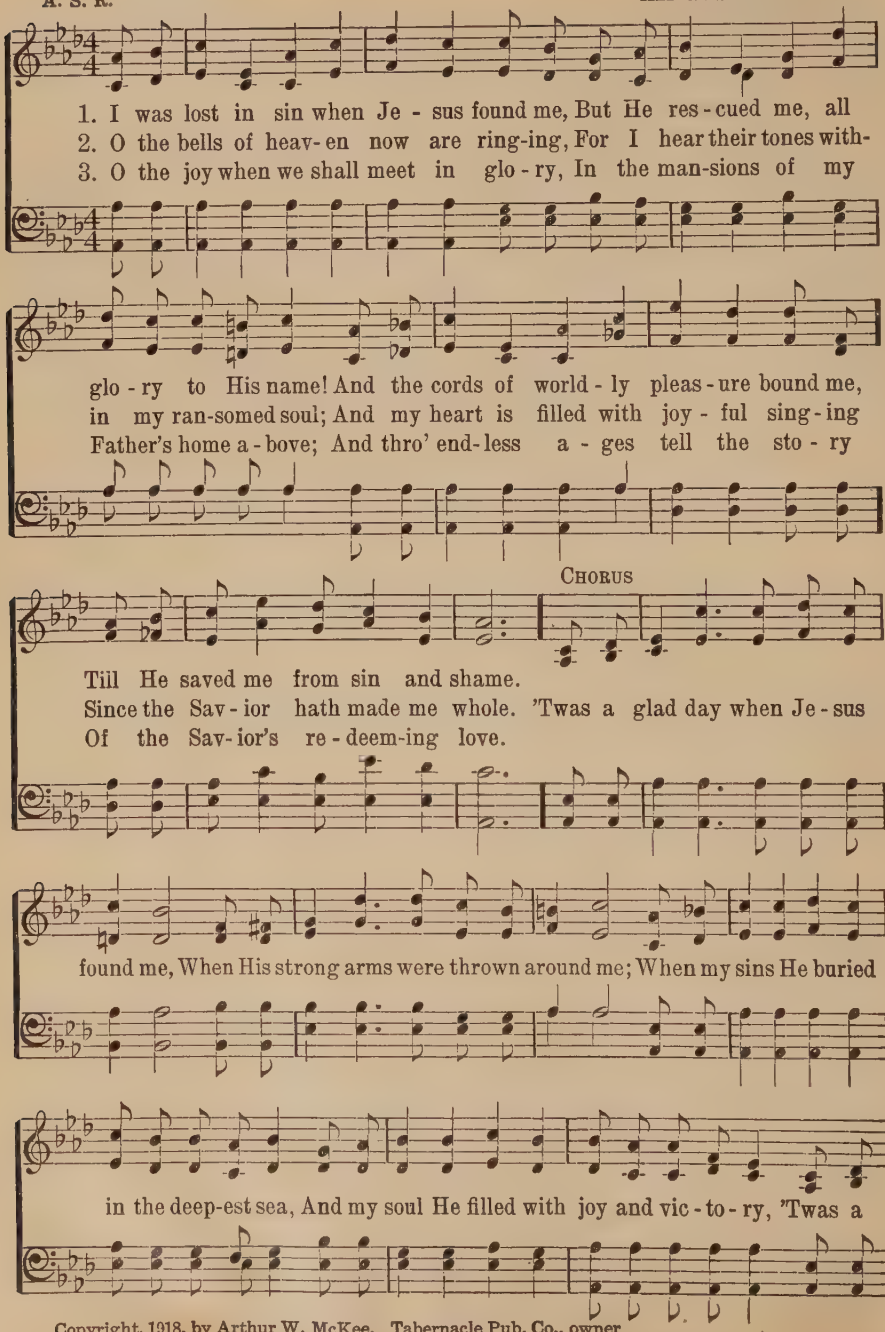
177 'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ

1. I was lost in sin when Je - sus found me, But He res - cued me, all
2. O the bells of heav - en now are ring-ing, For I hear their tones with-
3. O the joy when we shall meet in glo - ry, In the man-sions of my
glo - ry to His name! And the cords of world - ly pleas - ure bound me,
in my ran-somed soul; And my heart is filled with joy - ful sing - ing
Father's home a - bove; And thro' end-less a - ges tell the sto - ry
CHORUS
Till He saved me from sin and shame.
Since the Sav - ior hath made me whole. 'Twas a glad day when Je - sus
Of the Sav - ior's re - deem-ing love.
found me, When His strong arms were thrown around me; When my sins He buried
in the deep-est sea, And my soul He filled with joy and vic - to - ry, 'Twas a

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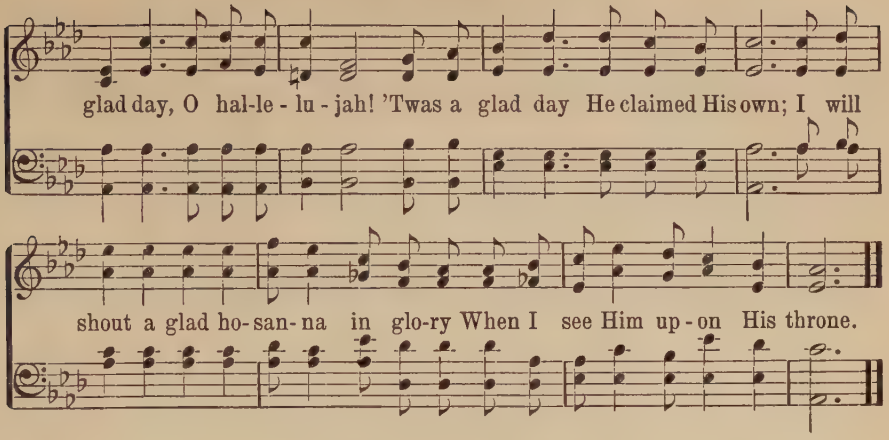
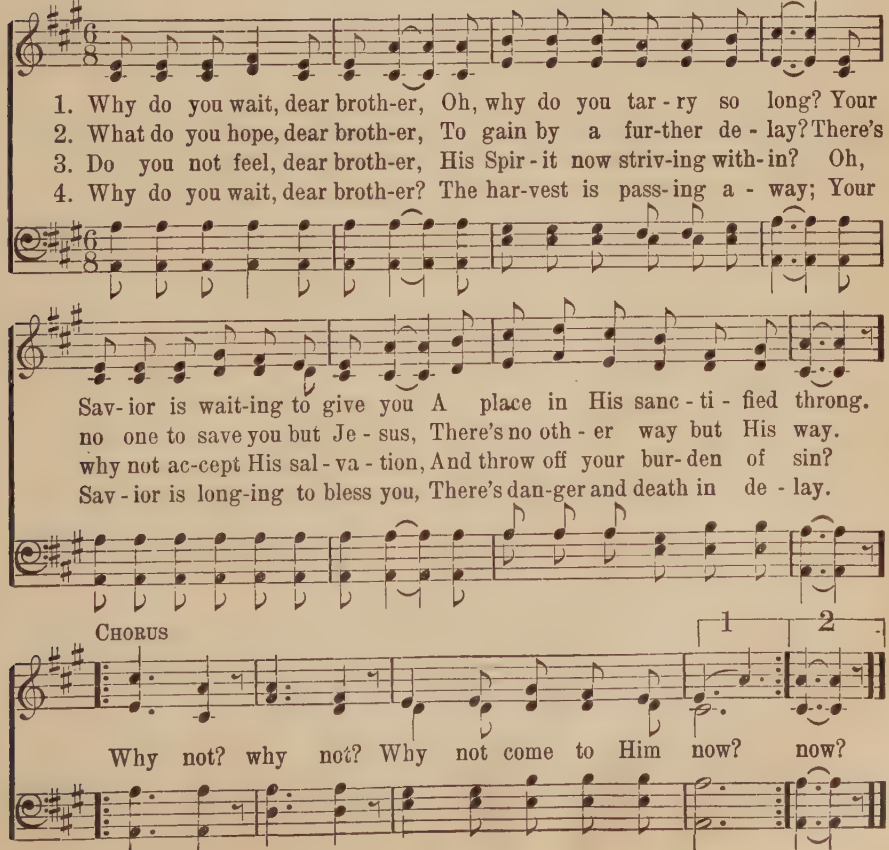
'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me



178 Why Do You Wait?

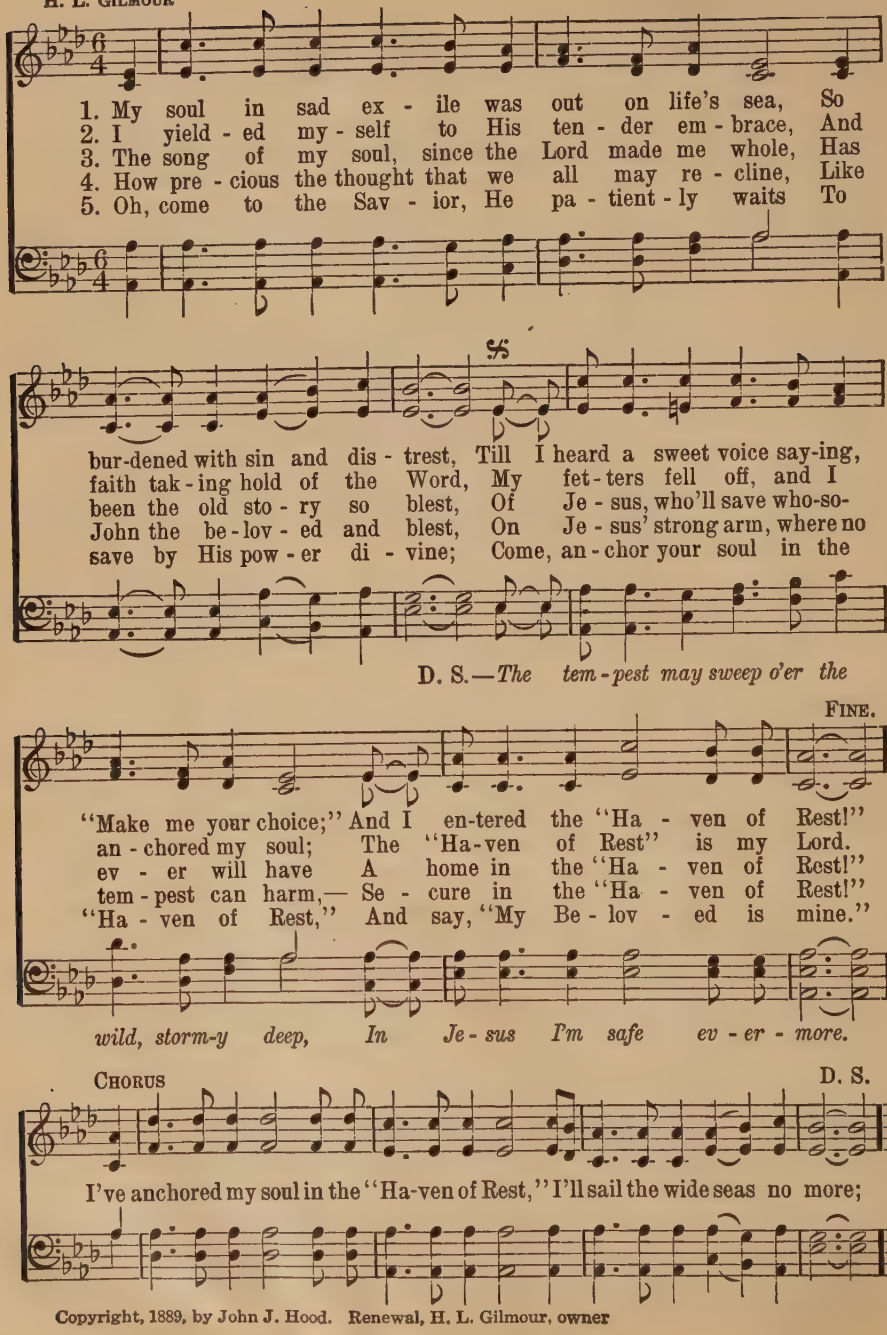
G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-way; Your
Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.
CHORUS
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

The Haven of Rest

H. L. GILMOUR

GEO. D. MOORE


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To
bur-dened with sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the Word, My fet-ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-
John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the
D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the
FINE.
"Make me your choice;" And I en-tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
"Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."
wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
CHORUS
D. S.
I've anchored my soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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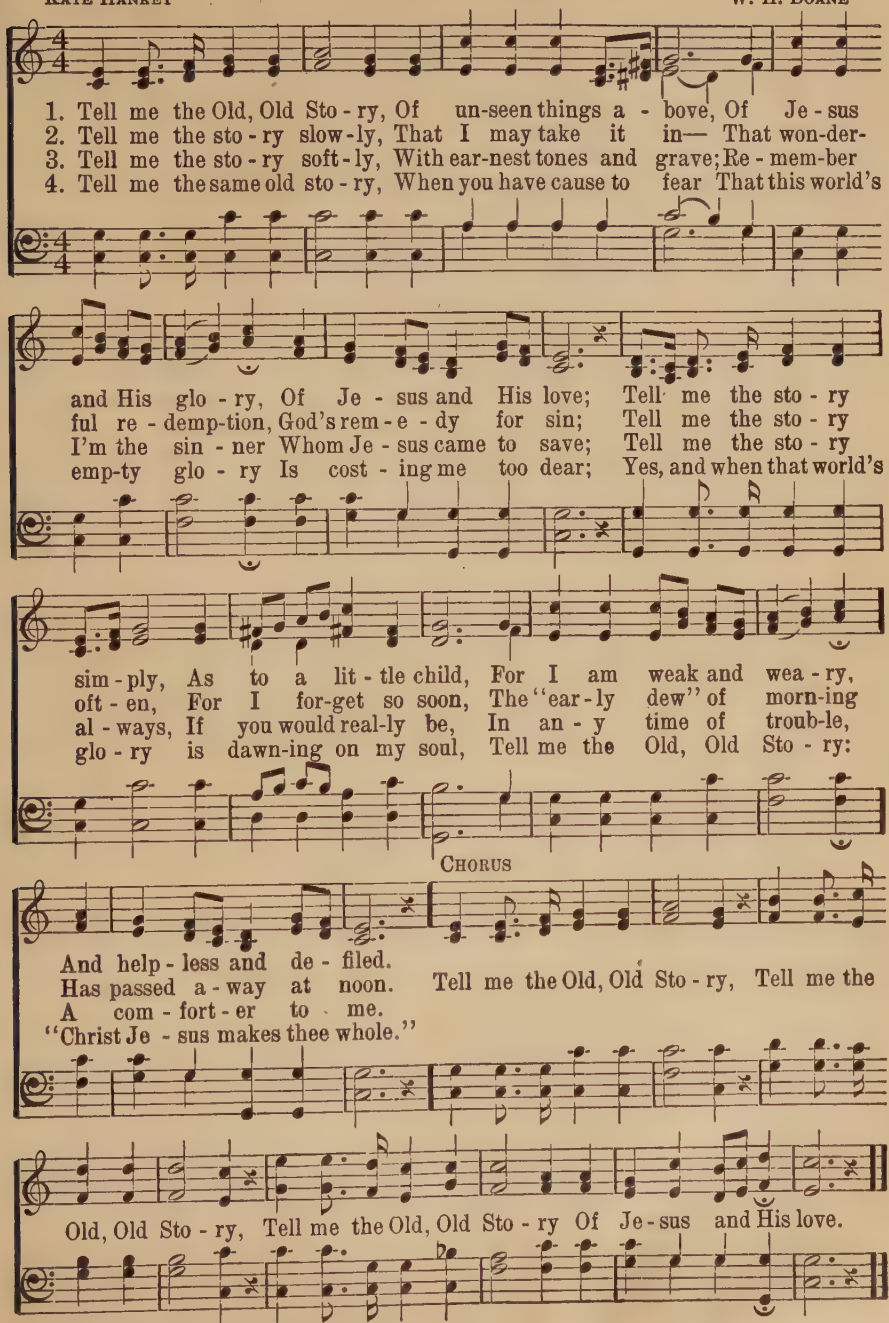
180 Tell Me the Old, Old Story

KATE HANKEY W. H. DOANE

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re - mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry,
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn-ing
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub-le,
glo - ry is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry:
CHORUS
And help - less and de - filed.
Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the
A com - fort - er to me.
"Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."
Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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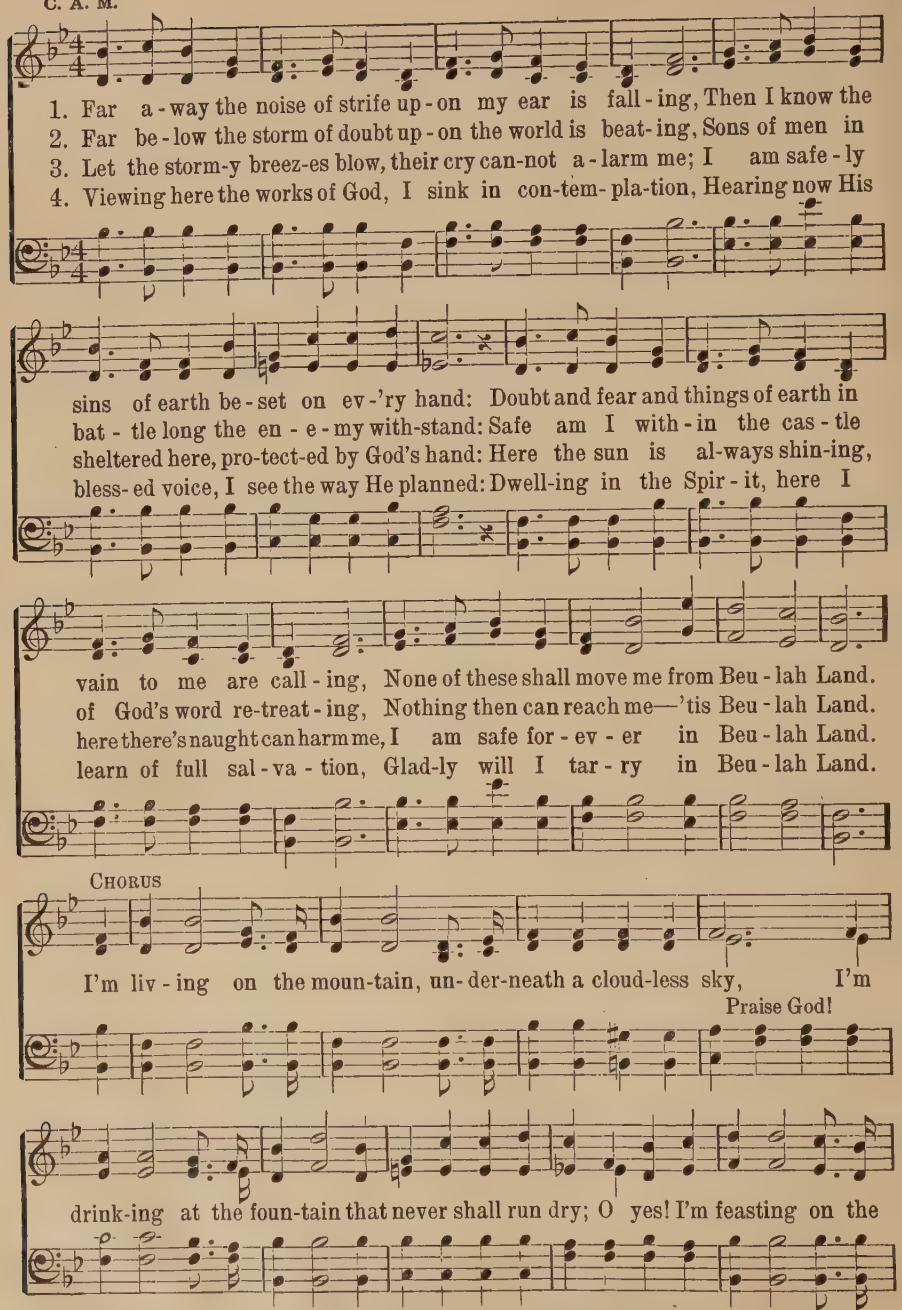
181 Dwelling in Beulah Land

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me; I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His
sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand: Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand: Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand: Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned: Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing then can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.
Chorus
I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!
drink-ing at the foun-tain that never shall run dry; O yes! I'm feasting on the

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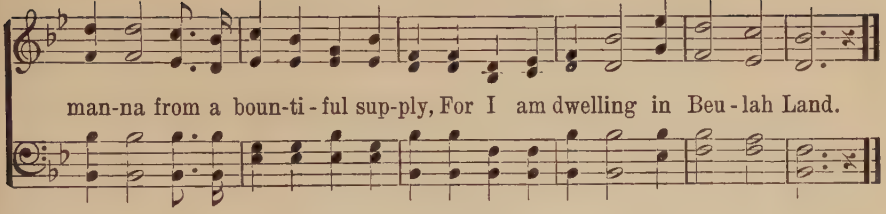
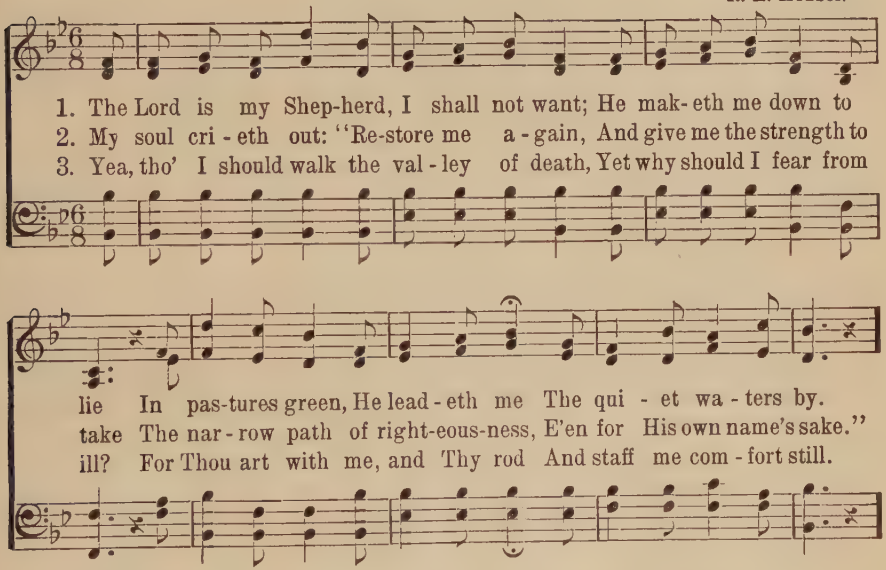
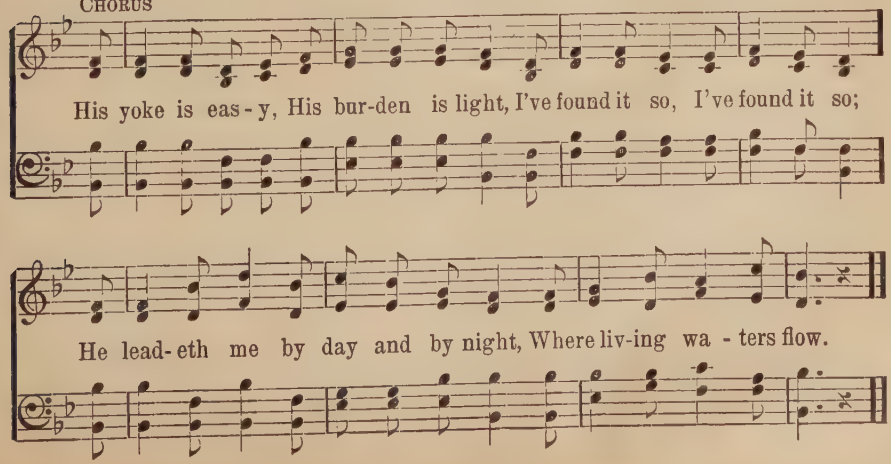
Dwelling In Beulah Land



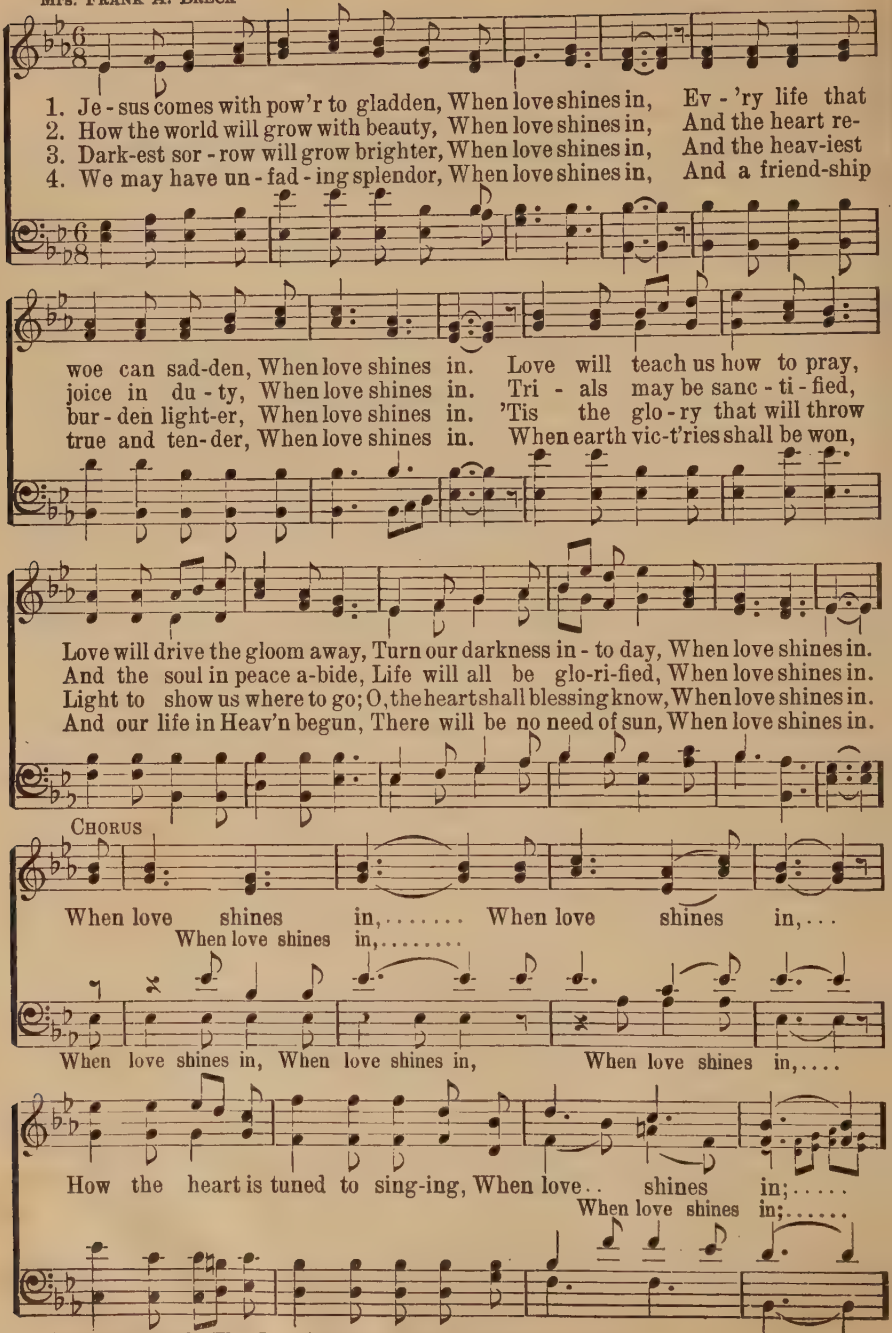
182 His Yoke is Easy

R. E. Hudson


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want; He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from
lie In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
take The nar-row path of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake."
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.


Chorus
His yoke is eas-y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;
He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

183 When Love Shines In

Mrs. Frank A. Breck — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will grow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor - row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un - fad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth vic-t'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in - to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in Heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.
Chorus
When love shines in, When love shines in,
When love shines in,
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,
How the heart is tuned to sing-ing, When love shines in;
When love shines in;

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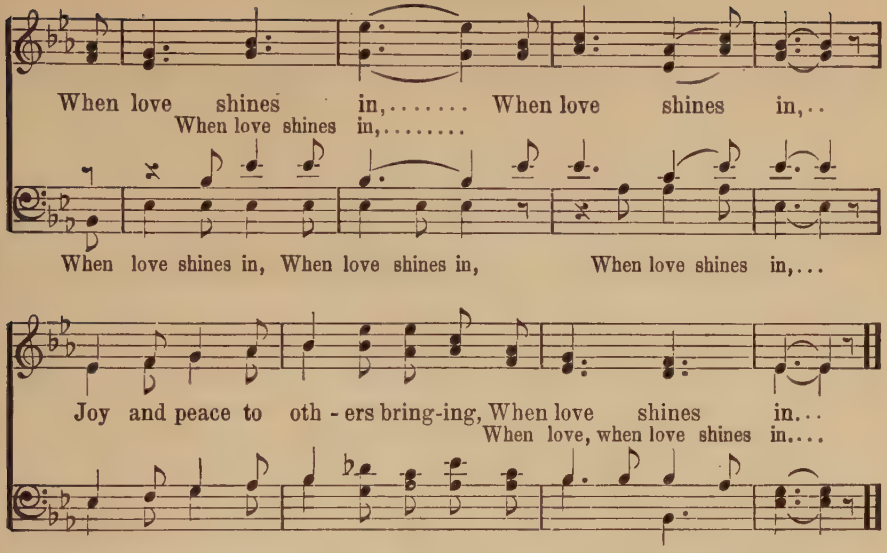
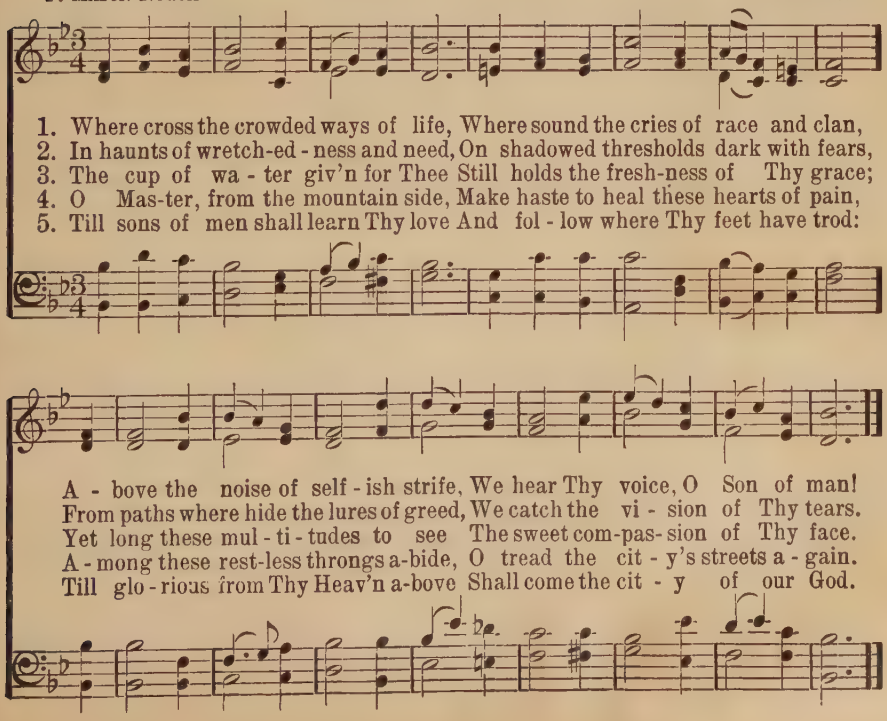
When Love Shines In

When love shines in,..... When love shines in,..
When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,...
Joy and peace to oth - ers bring-ing, When love shines in..
When love, when love shines in....

184 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

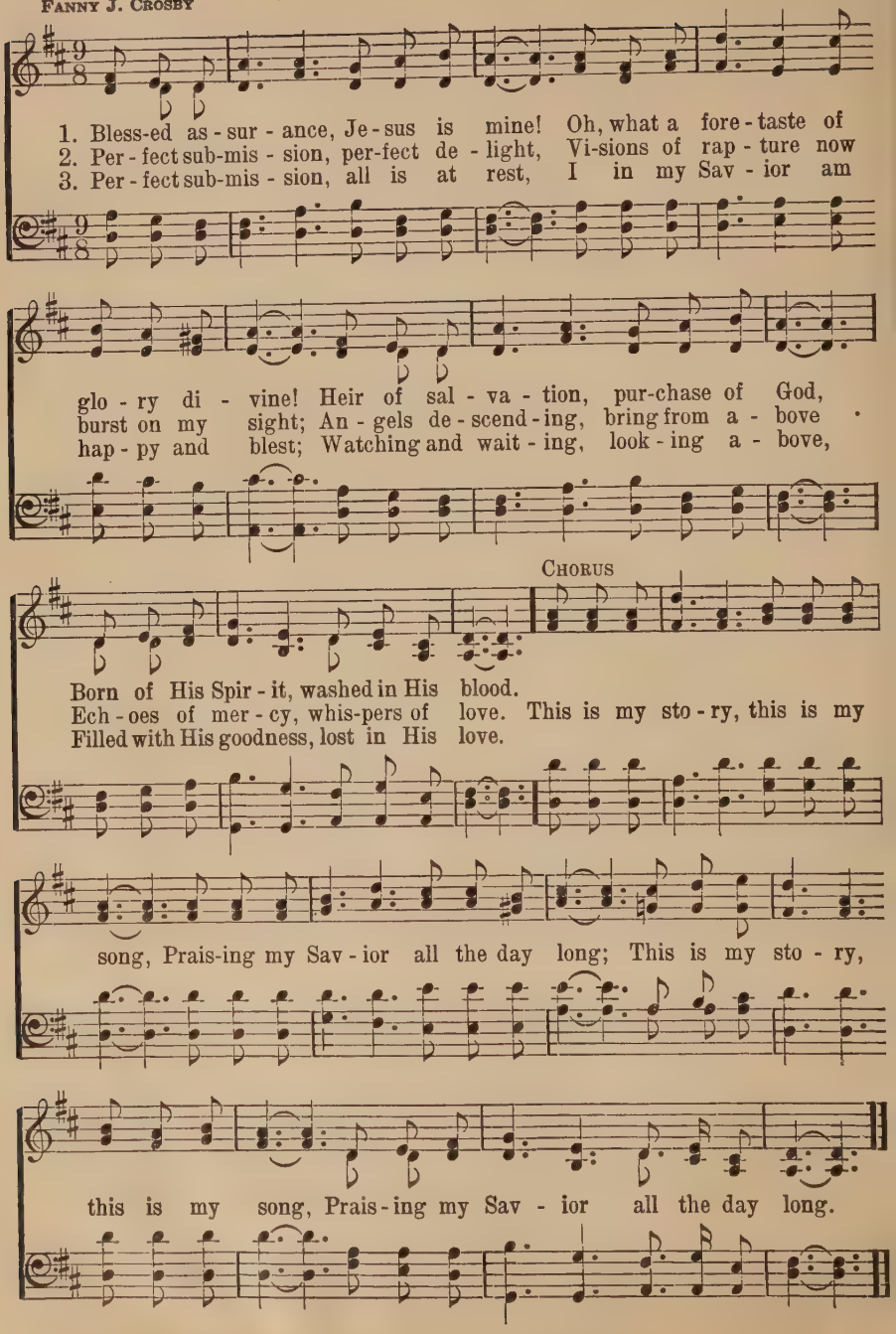
F. Mason North — Beethoven


1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch-ed - ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
4. O Mas-ter, from the mountain side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
5. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love And fol - low where Thy feet have trod:
A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to see The sweet com-pas- sion of Thy face.
A - mong these rest-less throngs a-bide, O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain.
Till glo - rious from Thy Heav'n a-bove Shall come the cit - y of our God.

Blessed Assurance

FANNY J. CROSBY

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
hap-py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,
CHORUS
Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

The Child of a King

HATTIE E. BUELL — Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full,— He has rich-es un - told.
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan-dered o'er earth as the poor - est of men; But now He is reign-ing for- ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down,—An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

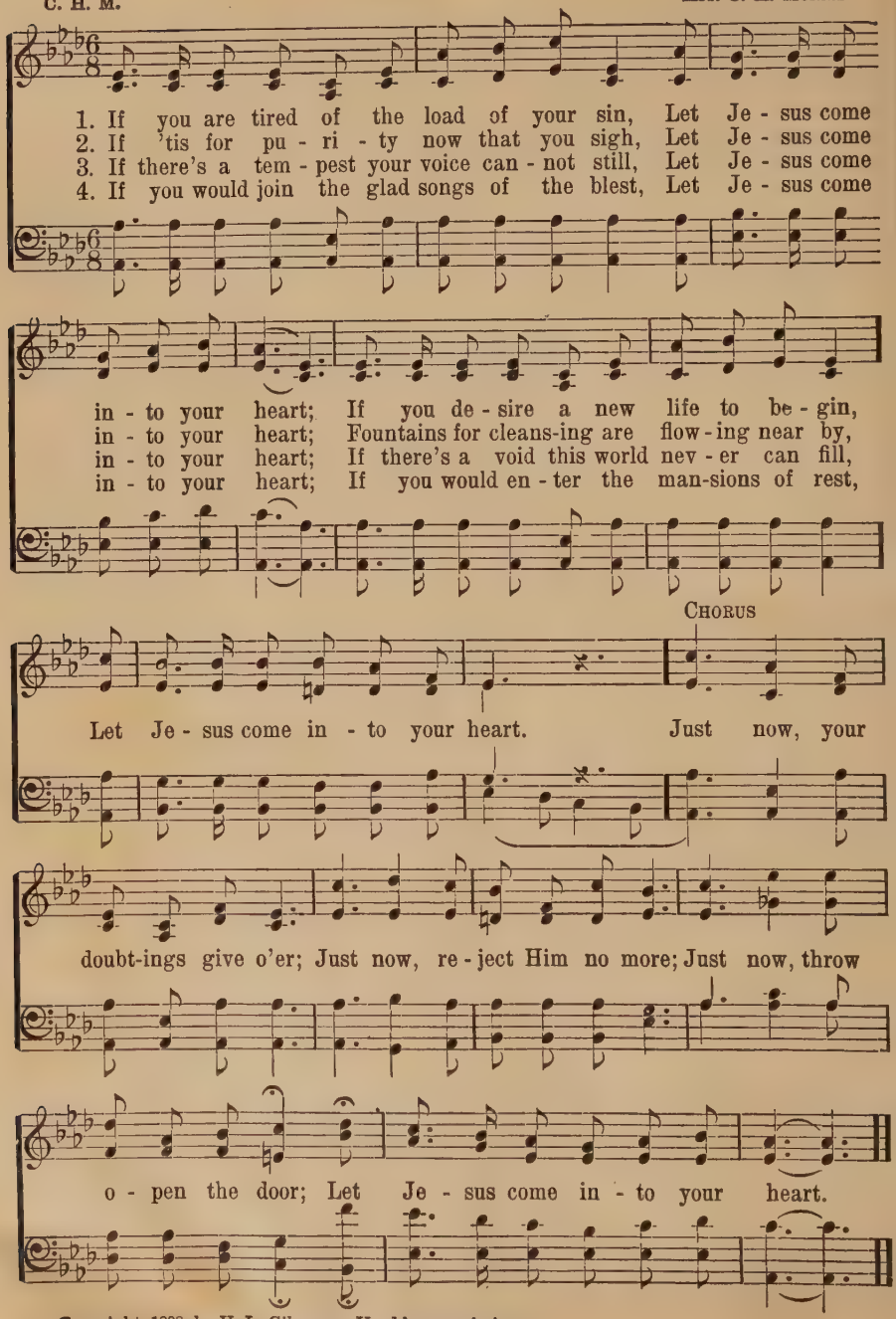
CHORUS

I'm the child of a King, The child of a King!
With Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King.

ad lib.

187 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans-ing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,
CHORUS
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

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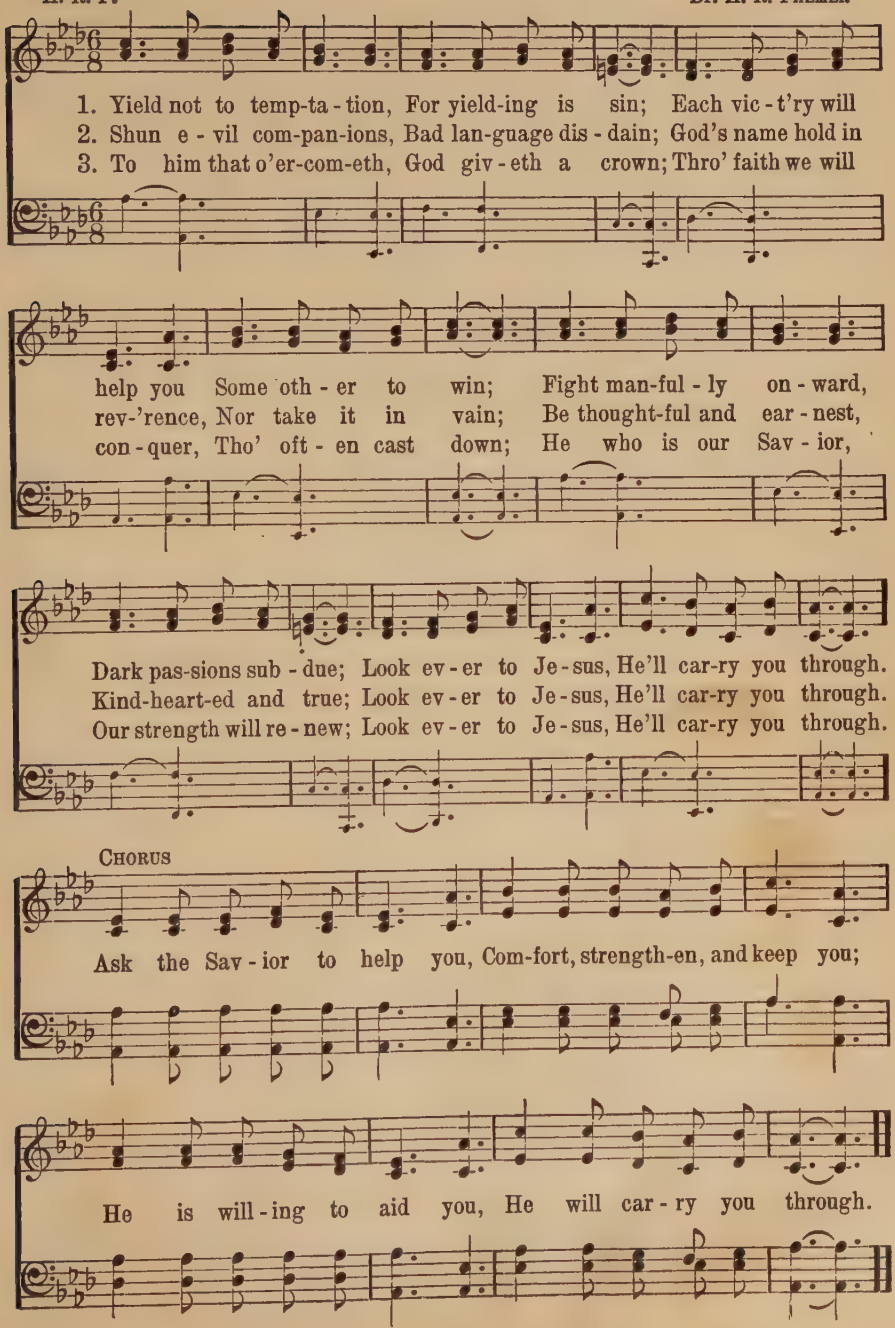
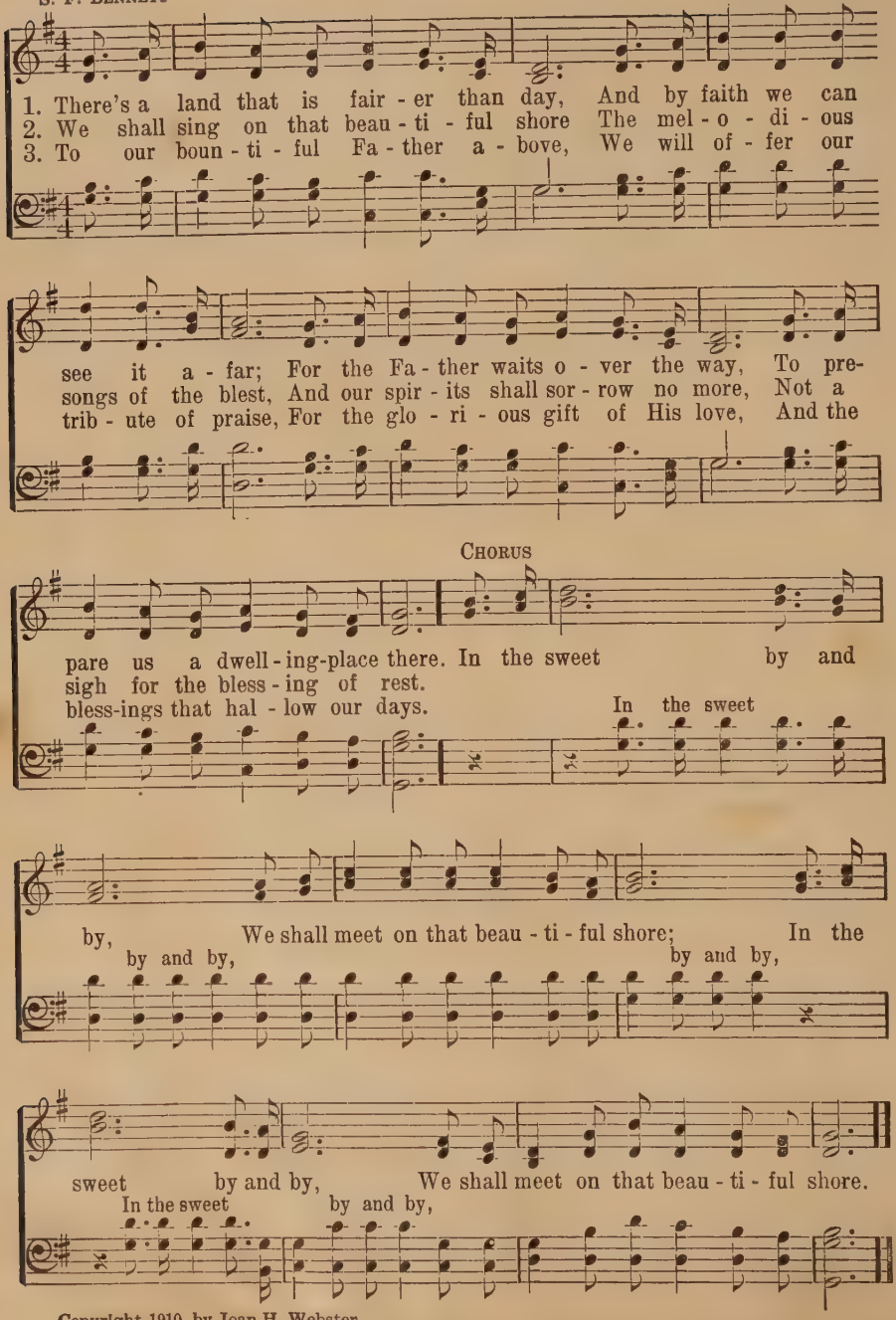
Yield Not to Temptation

H. R. P. Dr. H. R. Palmer

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,
Dark pas-sions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Chorus
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strength-en, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Sweet By and By

S. F. Bennett

J. P. Webster

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
Chorus
pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days.
In the sweet
by,
We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore;
In the
by and by,
by and by,
sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by,

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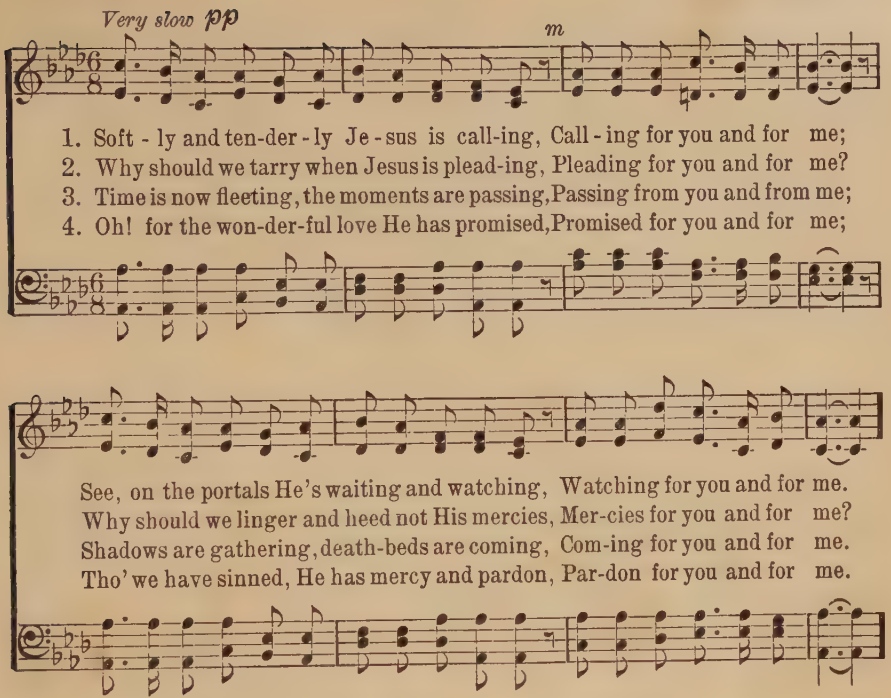
Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON


Very slow pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS m
cresc.
Come home,.. come home,..... Ye who are wear-y, come home;...
Come home, come home,
pp ppp
rit. pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

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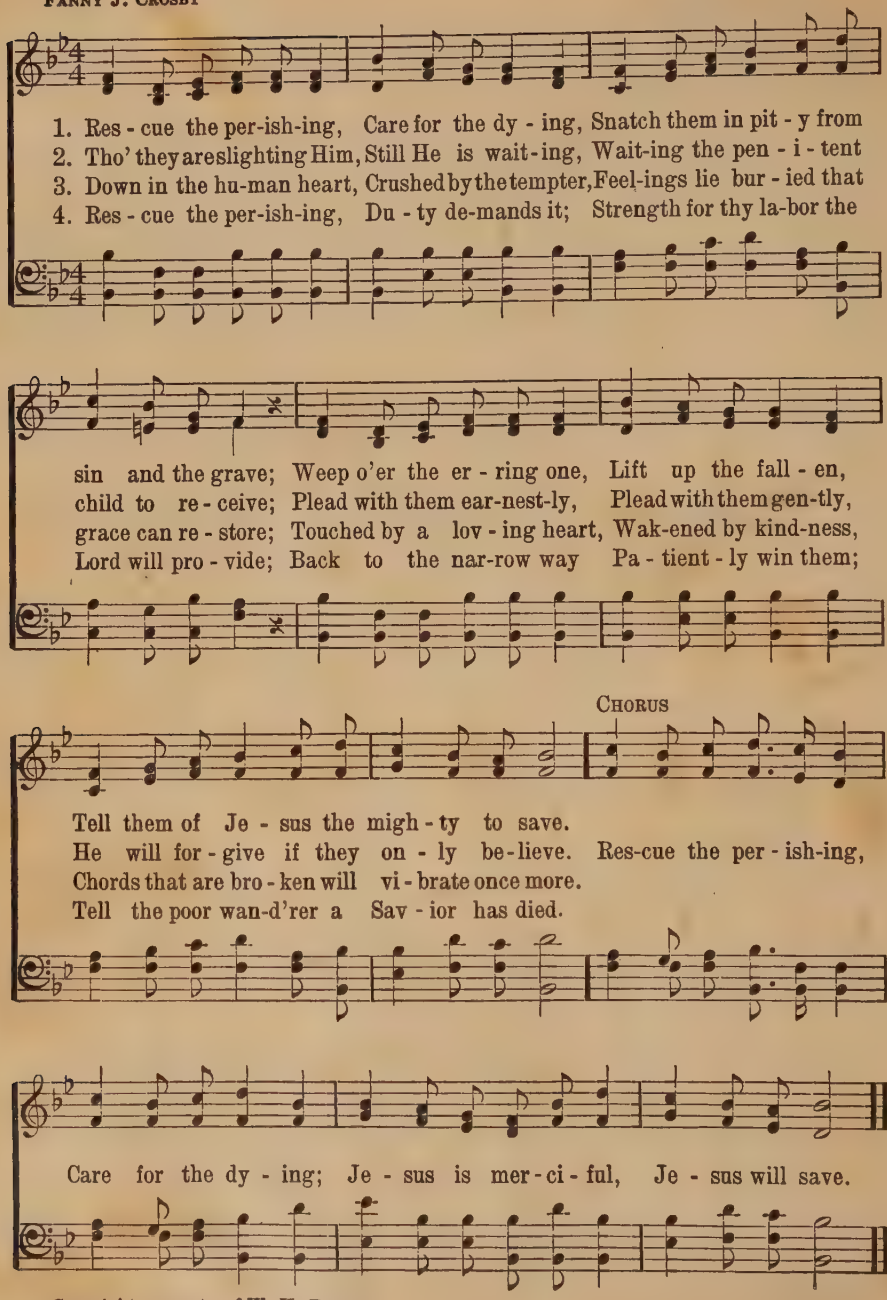
191 Rescue the Perishing

FANNY J. CROSBY — WILLIAM H. DOANE


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
CHORUS
Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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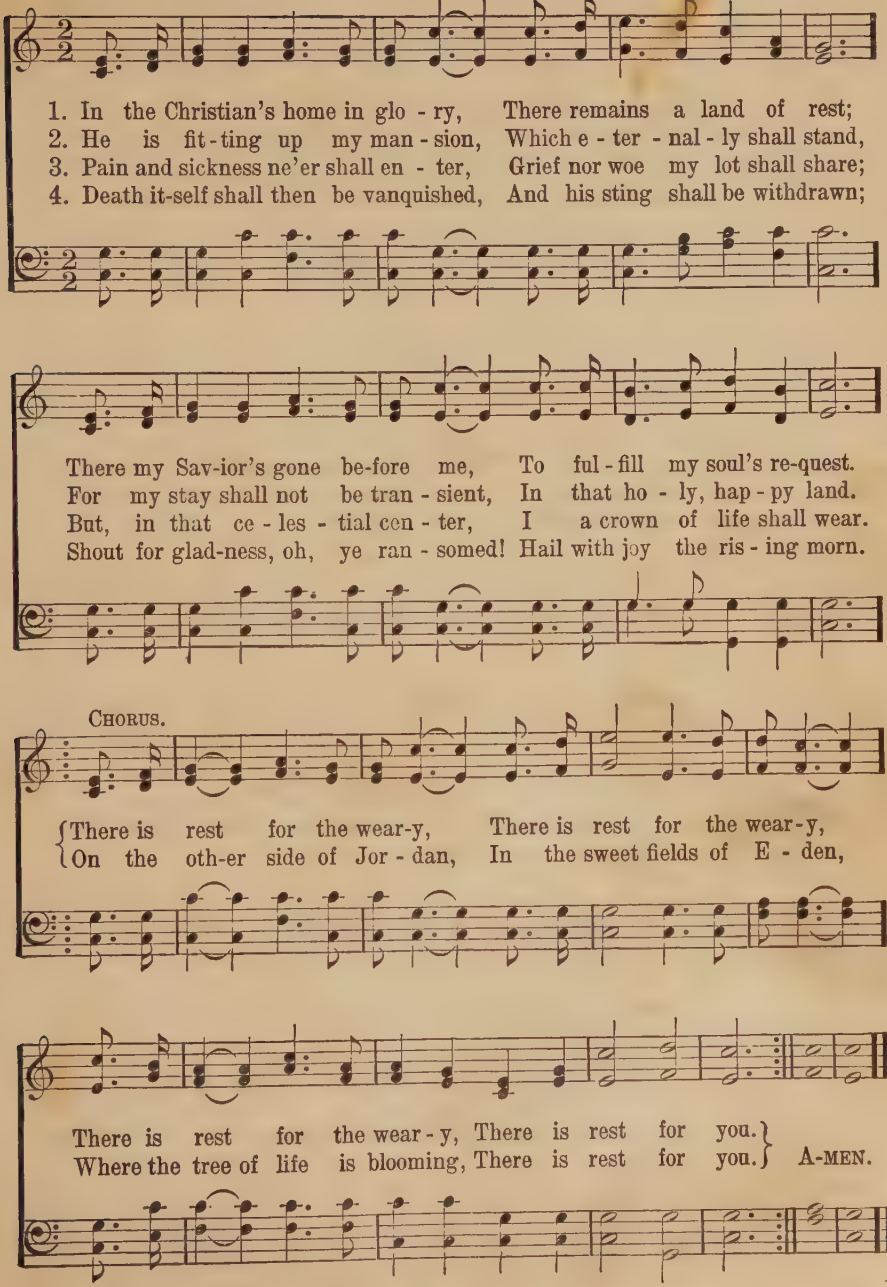
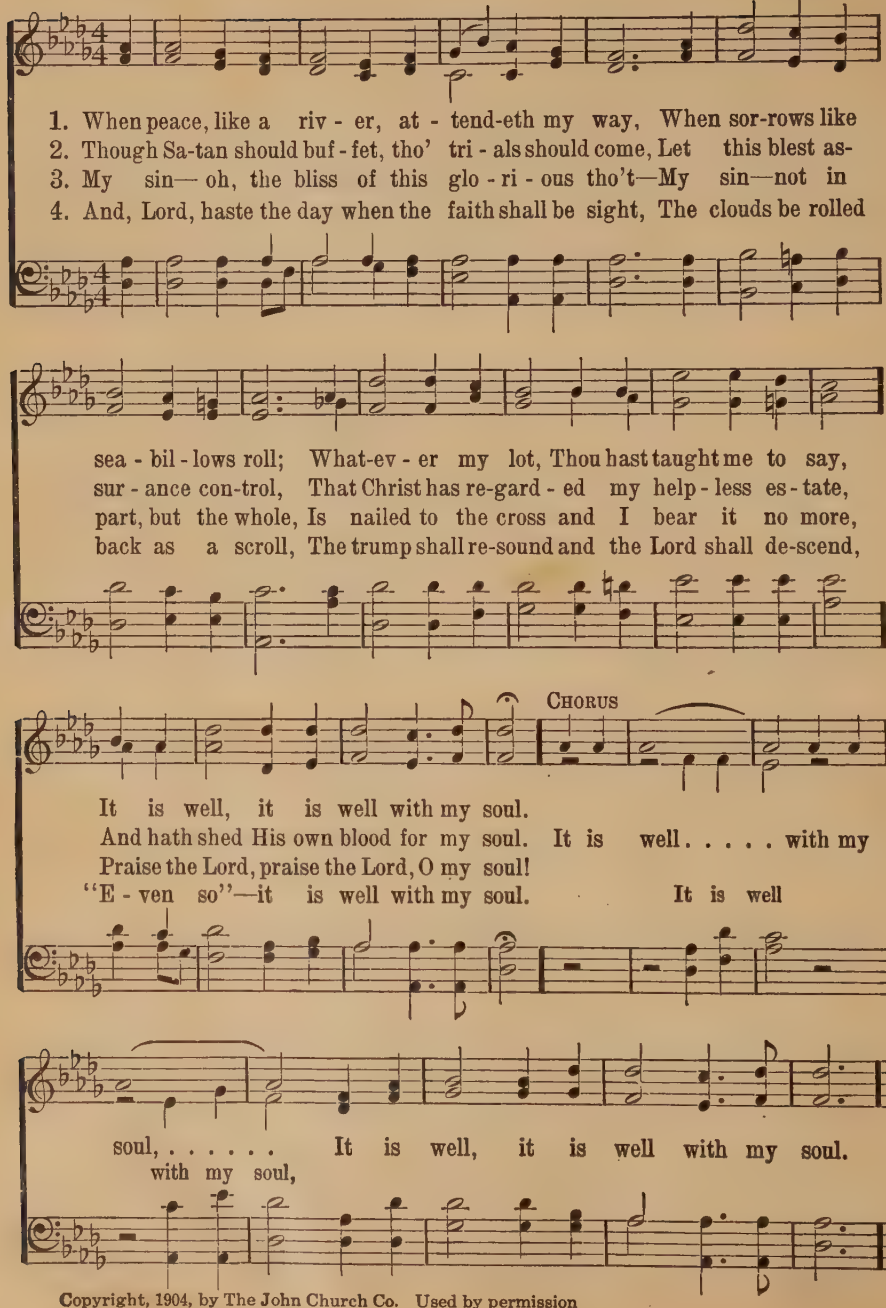
Rest for the Weary

WILLIAM HUNTER — J. W. DADMUN

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;
There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
CHORUS.
There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y,
On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. A-MEN.

193 It Is Well With My Soul

H. G. SPAFFORD P. P. BLISS


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,
CHORUS
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well
soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

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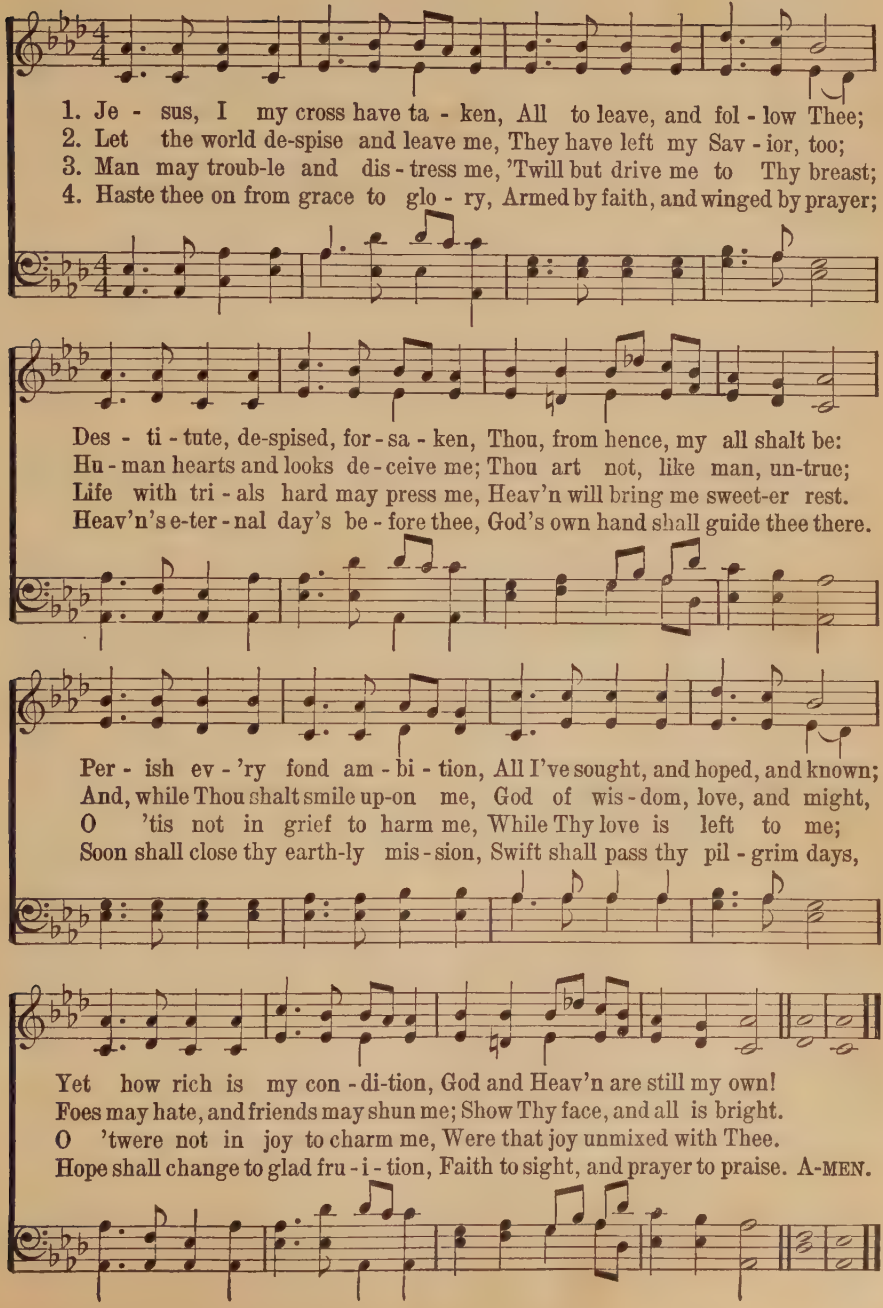
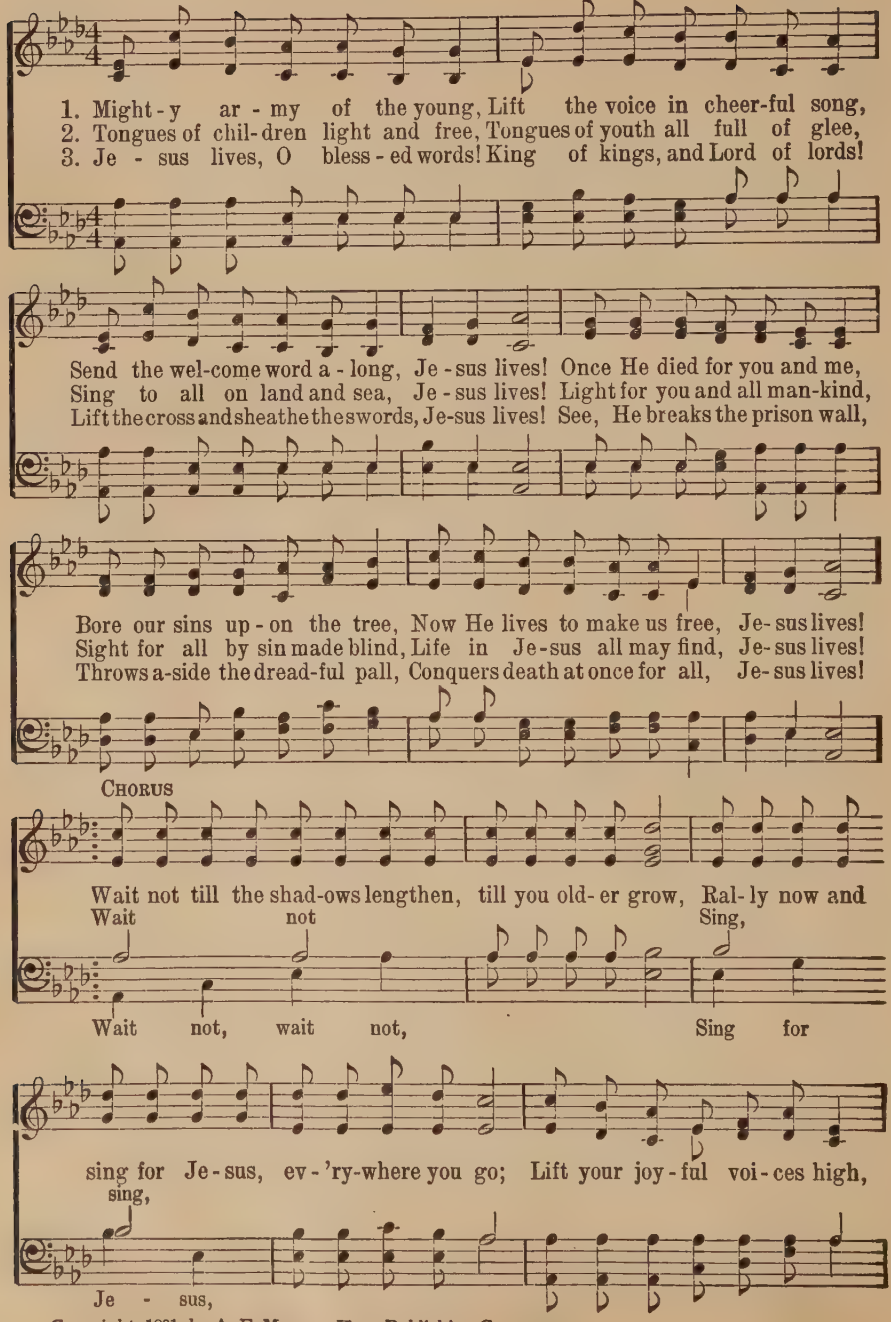
194 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

HENRY F. LYTE — From MOZART


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,
Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

195 Mighty Army of the Young

JOHN R. COLGAN A. F. MYERS

1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je-sus lives, O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!
Send the wel-come word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all man-kind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je-sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,
Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Je-sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
Throws a-side the dread-ful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives!
CHORUS
Wait not till the shad-ows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Ral-ly now and
Wait not Sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for
sing for Je-sus, ev-'ry-where you go; Lift your joy-ful voi-ces high,
sing,
Je-sus,

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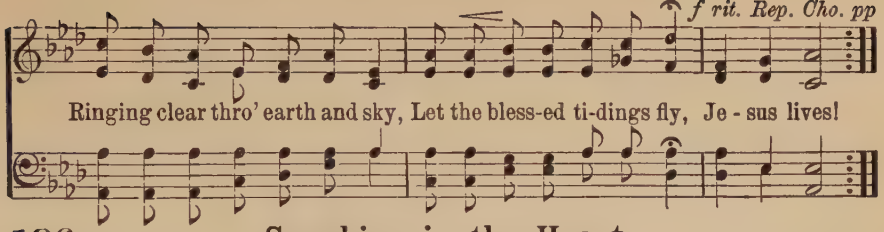
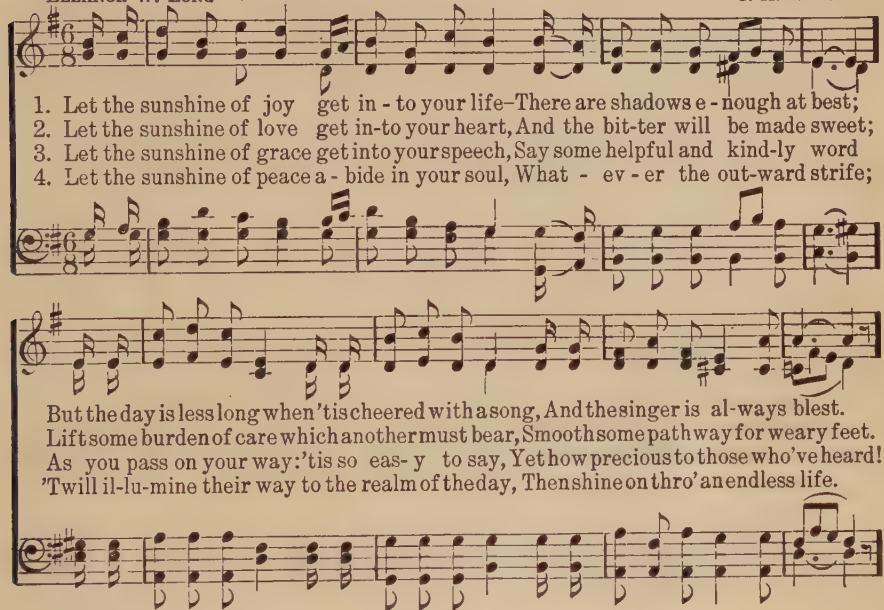
Mighty Army of the Young

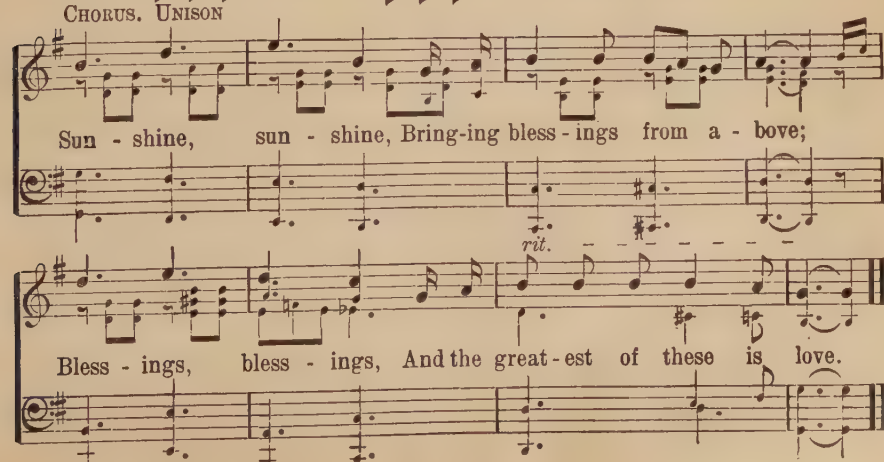


196 Sunshine in the Heart

ELEANOR W. LONG C. H. MARSH


1. Let the sunshine of joy get in - to your life–There are shadows e - nough at best;
2. Let the sunshine of love get in-to your heart, And the bit-ter will be made sweet;
3. Let the sunshine of grace get into your speech, Say some helpful and kind-ly word
4. Let the sunshine of peace a - bide in your soul, What - ev - er the out-ward strife;
But the day is less long when 'tis cheered with a song, And the singer is al-ways blest.
Lift some burden of care which another must bear, Smooth some path way for weary feet.
As you pass on your way: 'tis so eas- y to say, Yet how precious to those who've heard!
'Twill il-lu-mine their way to the realm of the day, Then shine on thro' an endless life.

CHORUS. UNISON



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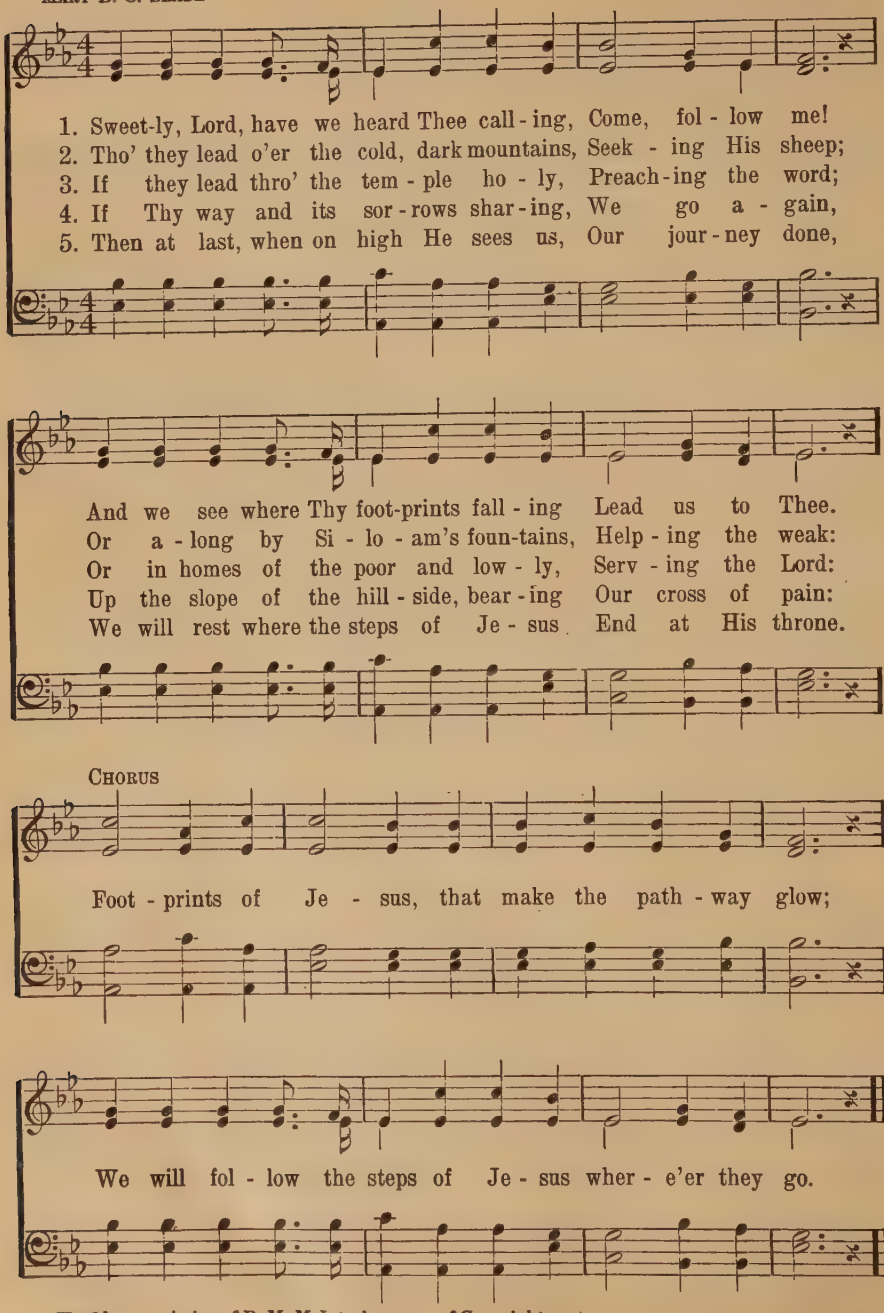
197 Footsteps of Jesus

MARY B. C. SLADE — A. B. EVERETT


1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preach-ing the word;
4. If Thy way and its sor-rows shar-ing, We go a-gain,
5. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done,
And we see where Thy foot-prints fall-ing Lead us to Thee.
Or a-long by Si-lo-am's foun-tains, Help-ing the weak:
Or in homes of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord:
Up the slope of the hill-side, bear-ing Our cross of pain:
We will rest where the steps of Je-sus End at His throne.
CHORUS
Foot-prints of Je-sus, that make the path-way glow;
We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus wher-e'er they go.

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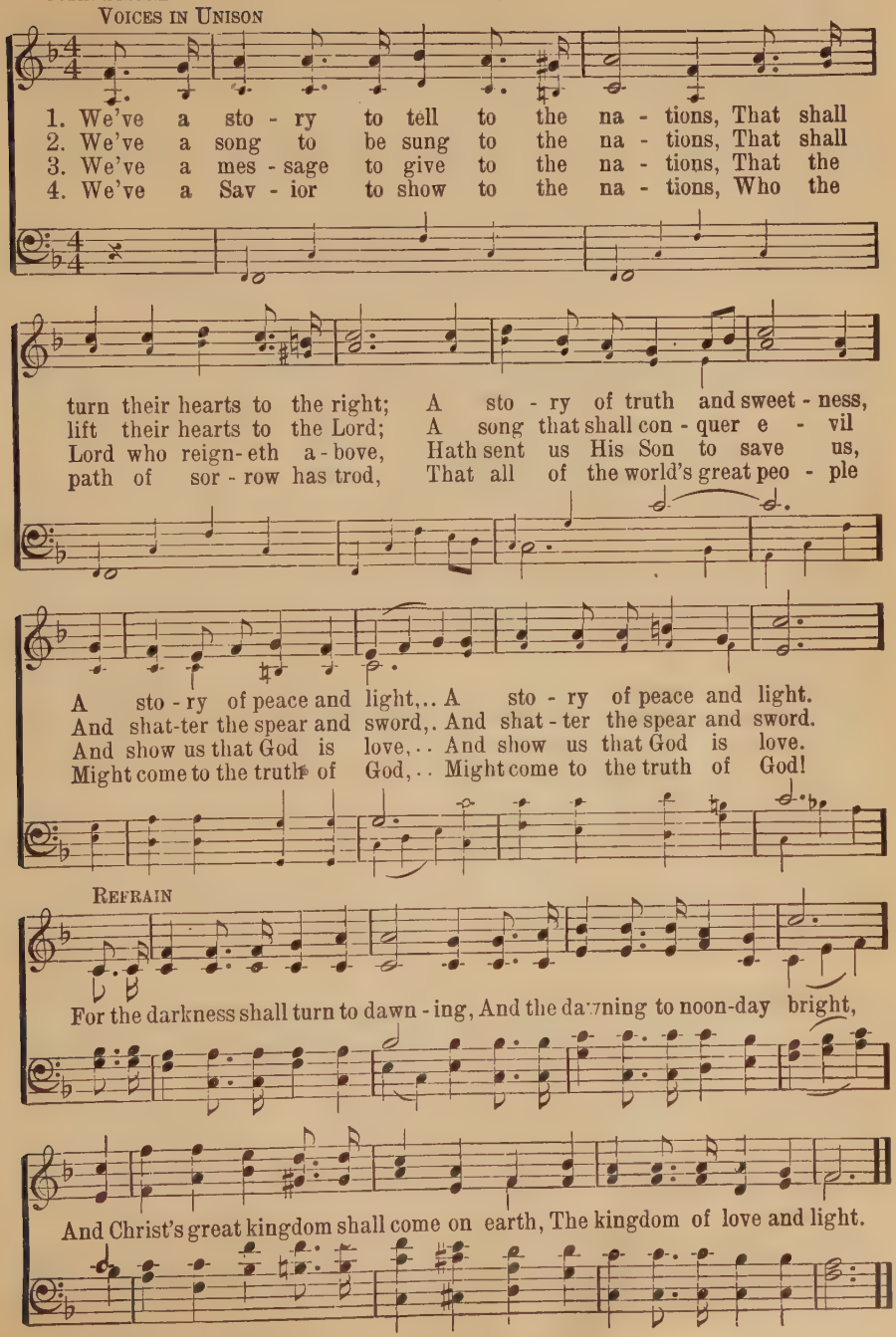
198 We've a Story to Tell

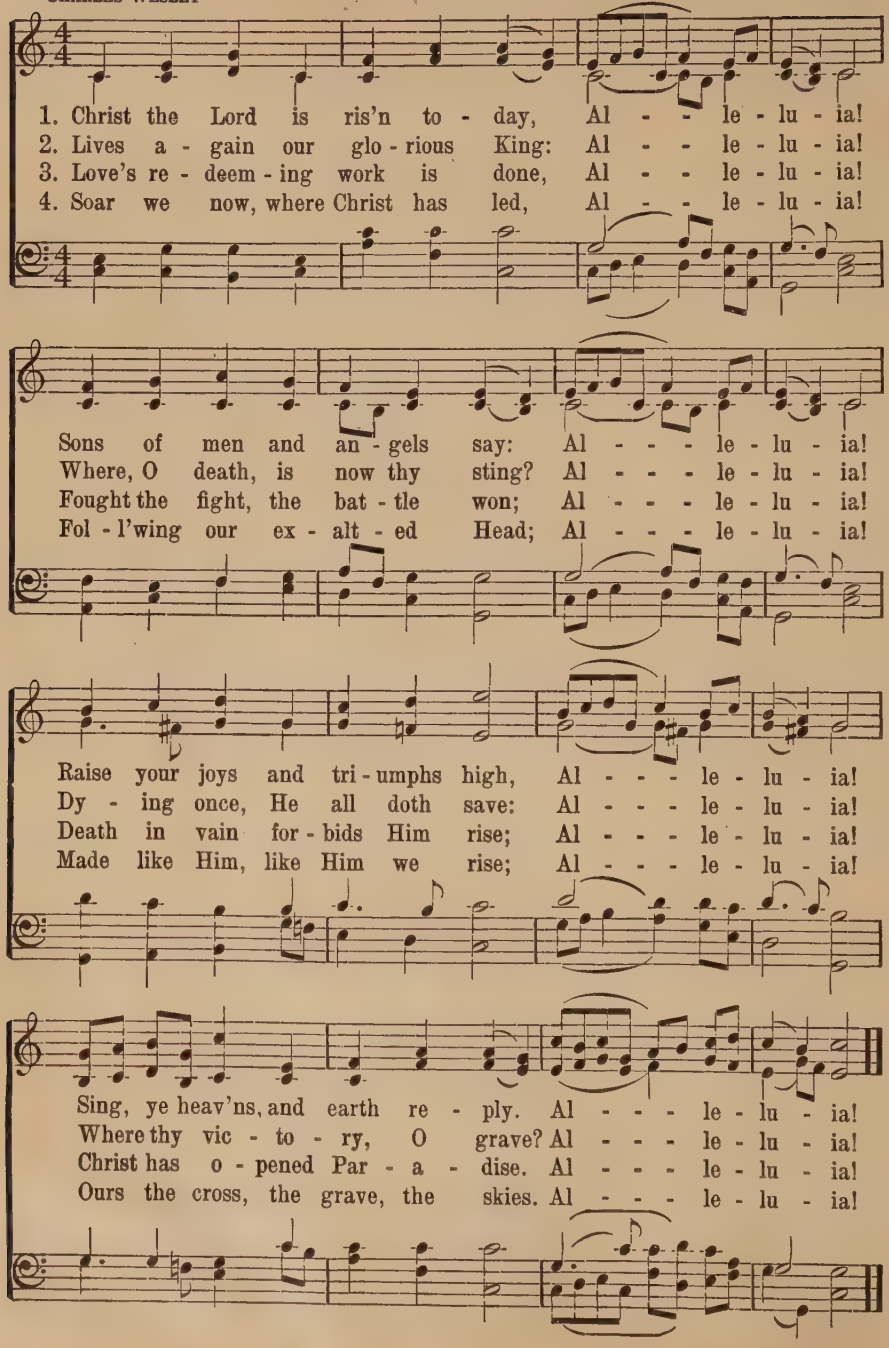
COLIN STERNE H. E. NICHOL

VOICES IN UNISON


1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the
turn their hearts to the right; A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil
Lord who reign- eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple
A sto - ry of peace and light,.. A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat-ter the spear and sword,. And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love,.. And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God,.. Might come to the truth of God!
REFRAIN
For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of love and light.

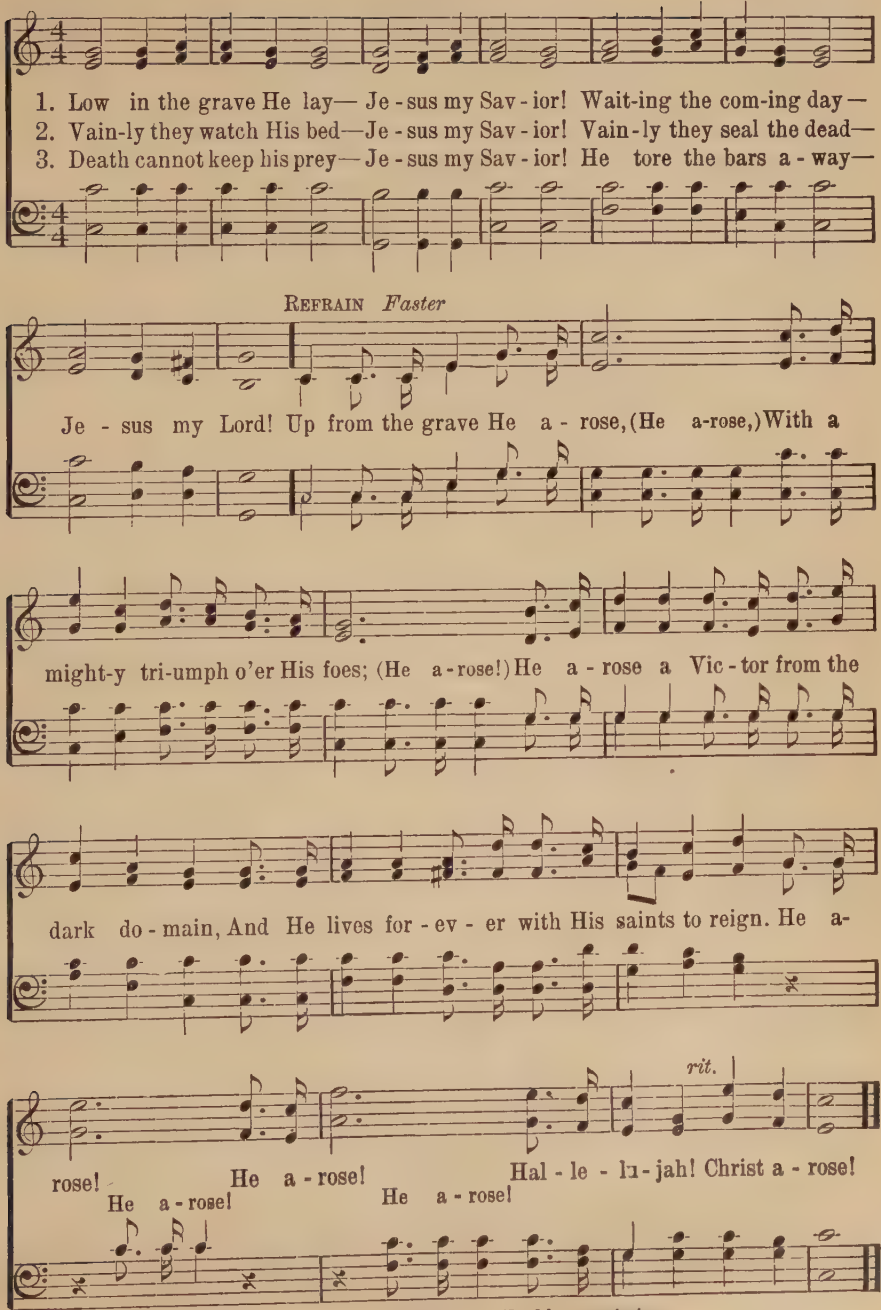
199 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day

CHARLES WESLEY


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King: Al - - le - lu - ia!
3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia!
4. Soar we now, where Christ has led, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Dy - ing once, He all doth save: Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Al - - - - le - lu - ia!

200 Christ Arose

ROBERT LOWRY ROBERT LOWRY


1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav - ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—
REFRAIN Faster
Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a
might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a-rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

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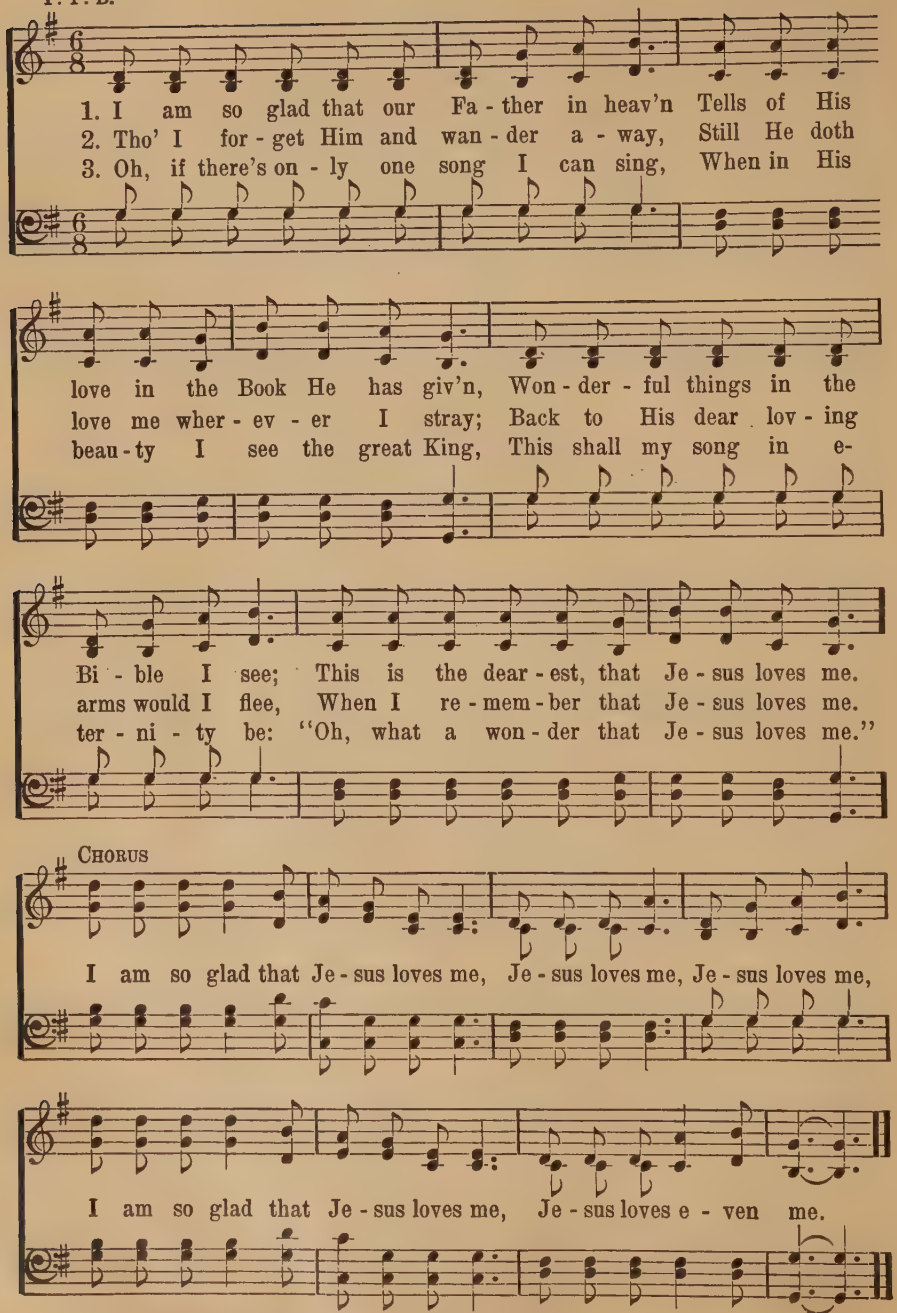
201 Jesus Loves Even Me

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His
love in the Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the
love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing
beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e-
Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."
Chorus
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

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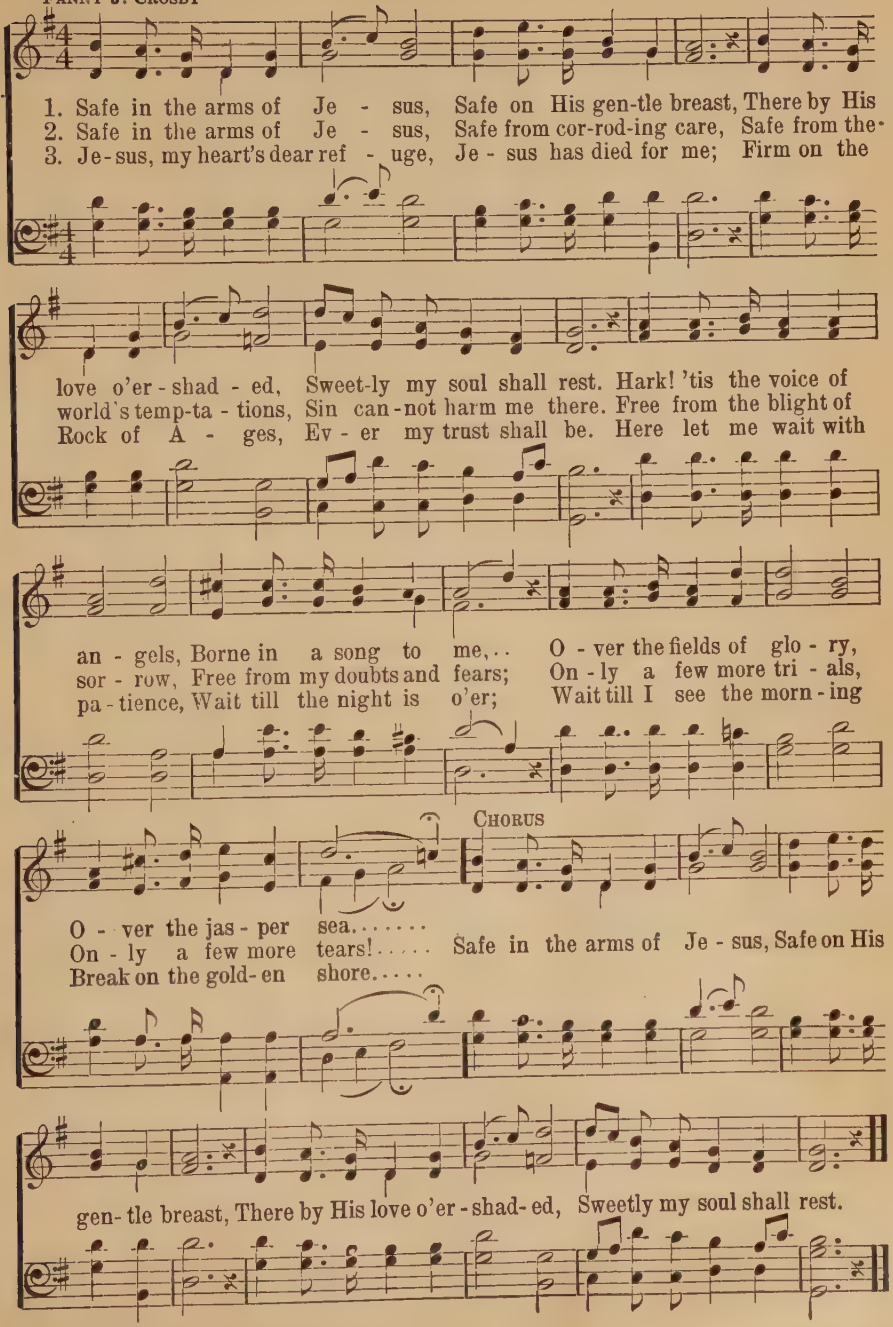
202 Safe in the Arms of Jesus

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the
3. Je-sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the
love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with
an - gels, Borne in a song to me, .. O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing
CHORUS
O - ver the jas - per sea.....
On - ly a few more tears!..... Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold-en shore.....
gen- tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad- ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

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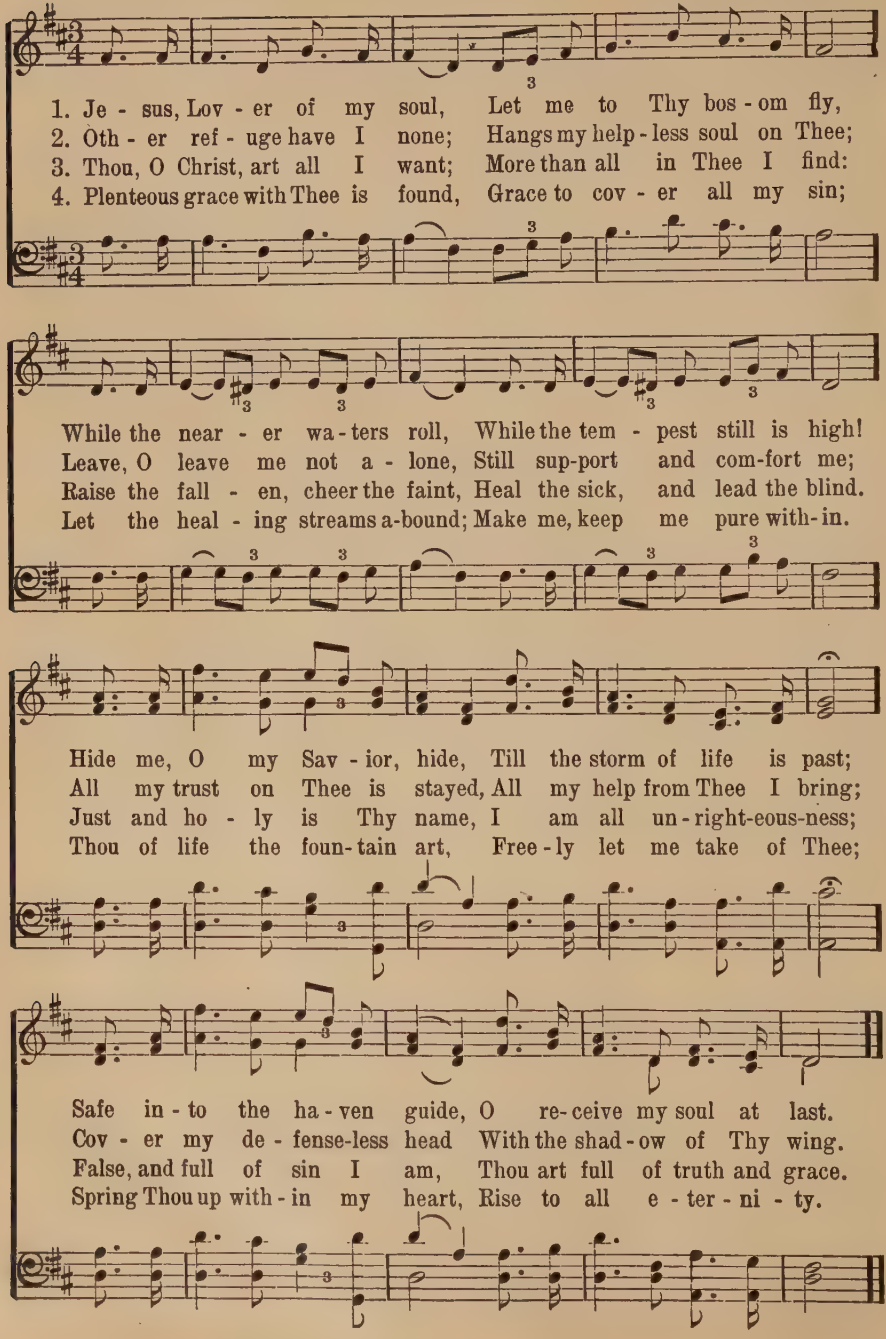
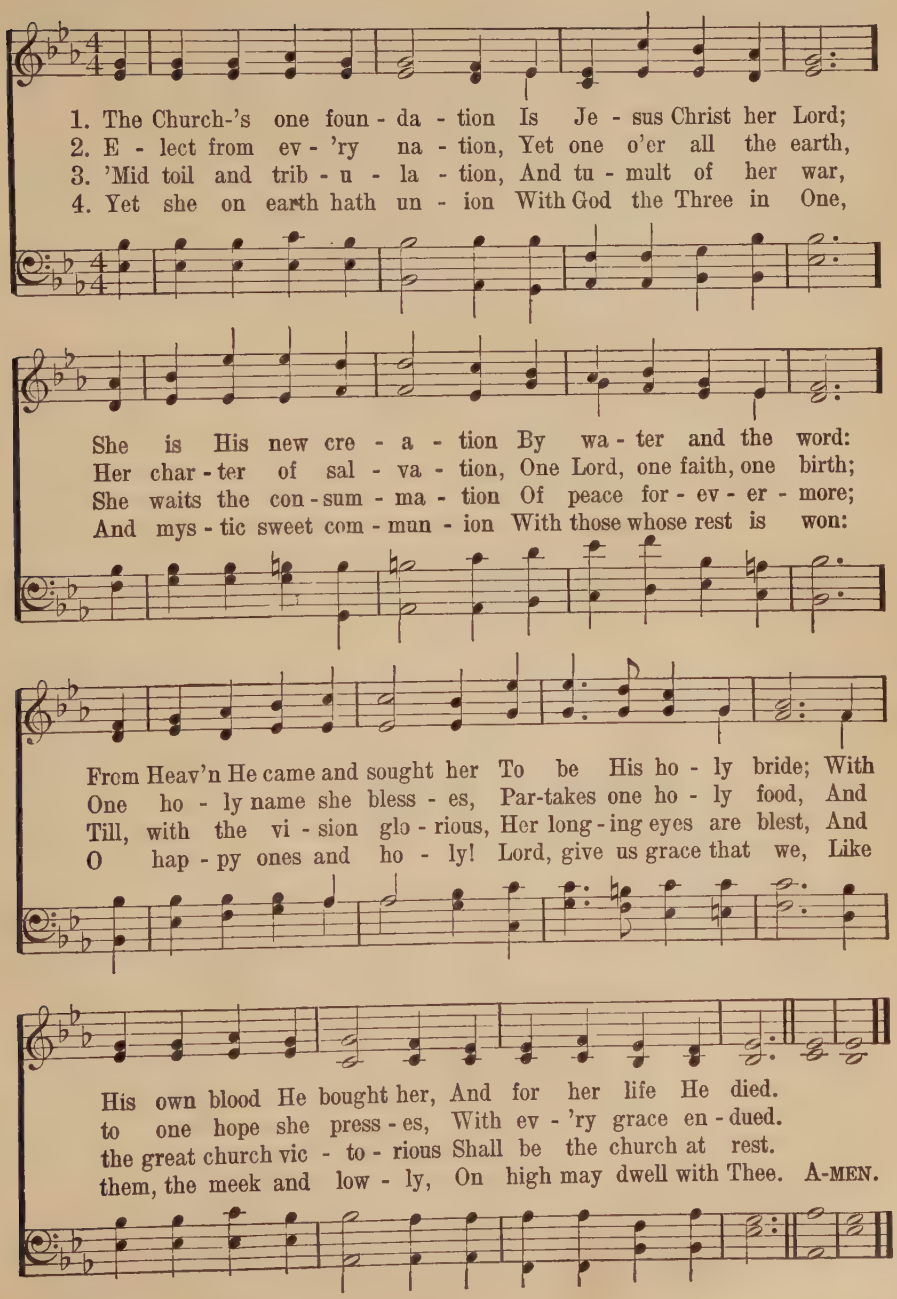
203 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

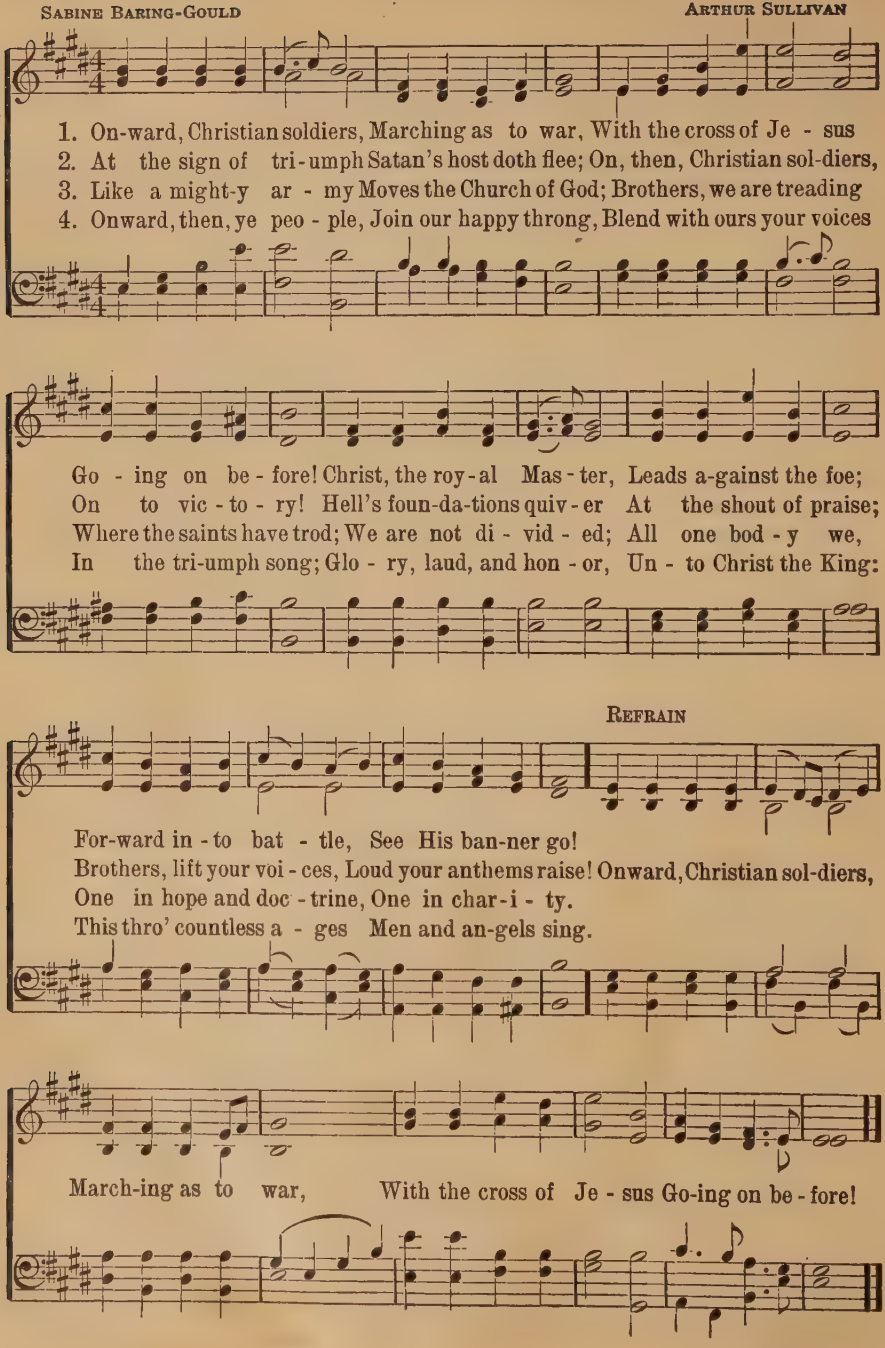

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make me, keep me pure with-in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

The Church's One Foundation

SAMUEL J. STONE — SAMUEL S. WESLEY

1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:
From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride; With
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food, And
Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we, Like
His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-MEN.

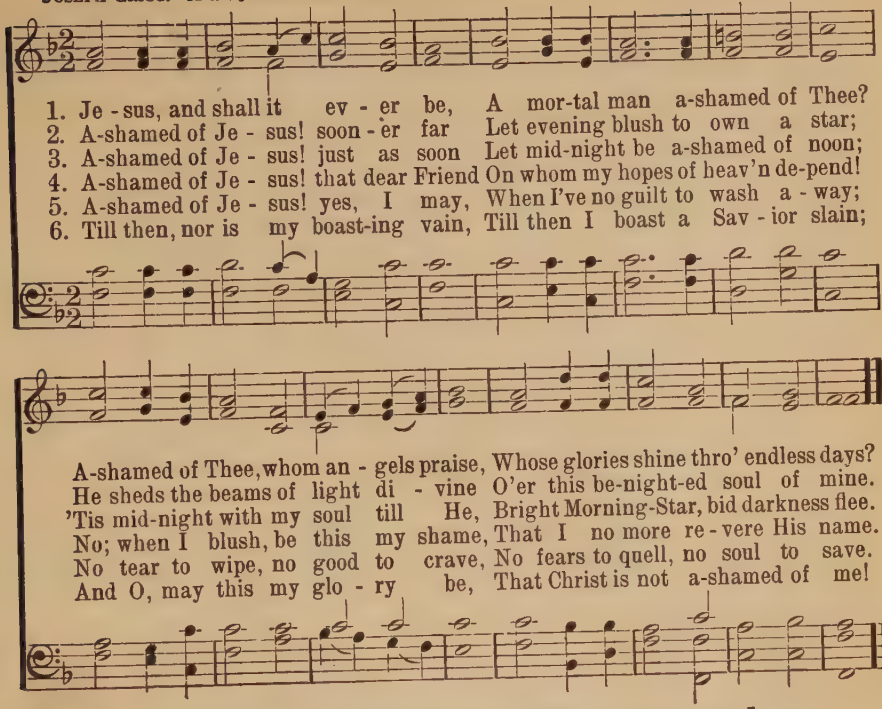
205 Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD — ARTHUR SULLIVAN


1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:
REFRAIN
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian sol-diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!

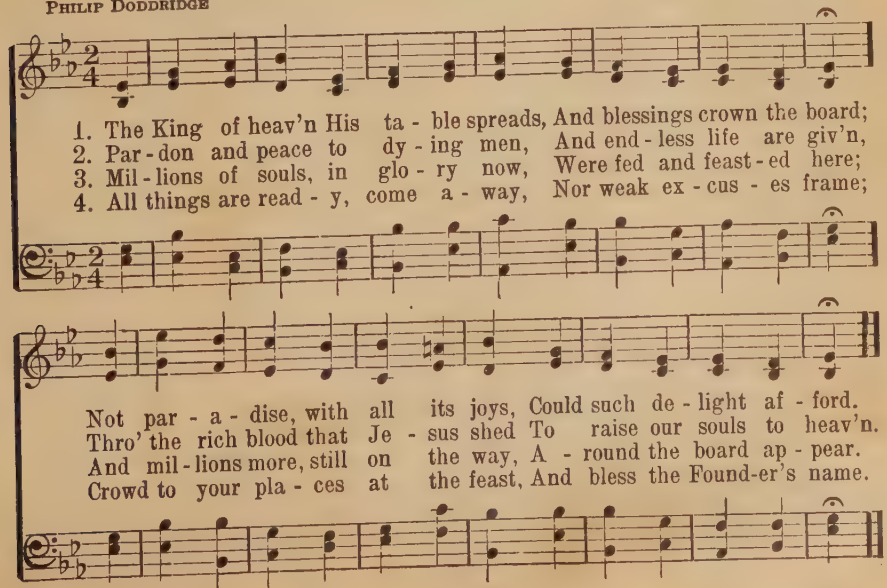
206 Ashamed of Jesus

JOSEPH GRIGG. Alt. by BENJAMIN FRANCIS — HENRY K. OLIVER


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star;
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let mid-night be a-shamed of noon;
4. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
5. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way;
6. Till then, nor is my boast-ing vain, Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;
A-shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
'Tis mid-night with my soul till He, Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
And O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me!

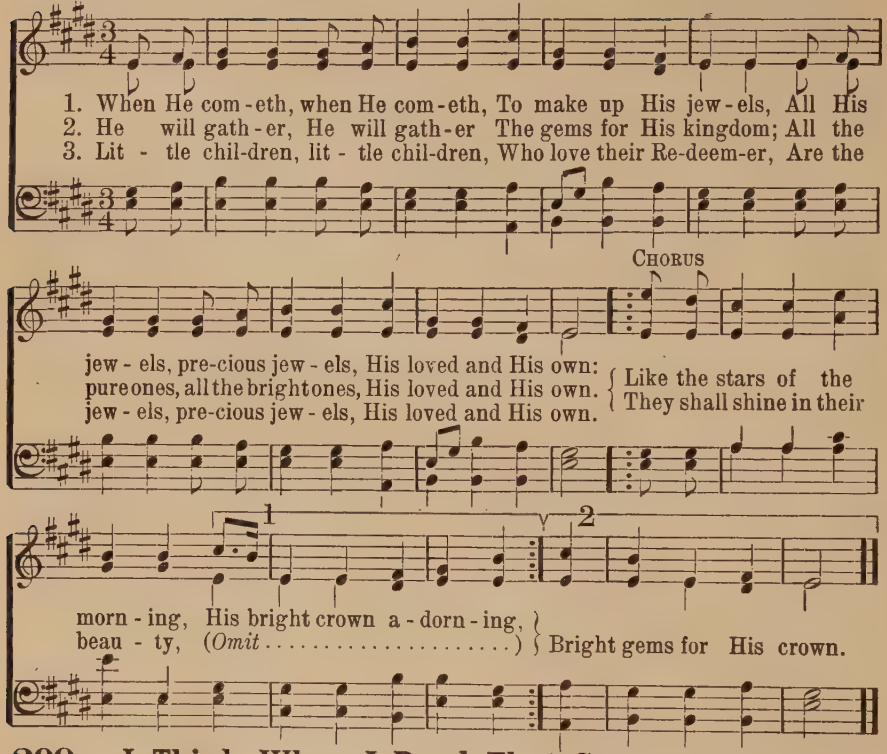
207 The King of Heaven His Table Spreads

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — Scotch Psalter


1. The King of heav'n His ta - ble spreads, And blessings crown the board;
2. Par - don and peace to dy - ing men, And end - less life are giv'n,
3. Mil - lions of souls, in glo - ry now, Were fed and feast - ed here;
4. All things are read - y, come a - way, Nor weak ex - cus - es frame;
Not par - a - dise, with all its joys, Could such de - light af - ford.
Thro' the rich blood that Je - sus shed To raise our souls to heav'n.
And mil - lions more, still on the way, A - round the board ap - pear.
Crowd to your pla - ces at the feast, And bless the Found-er's name.

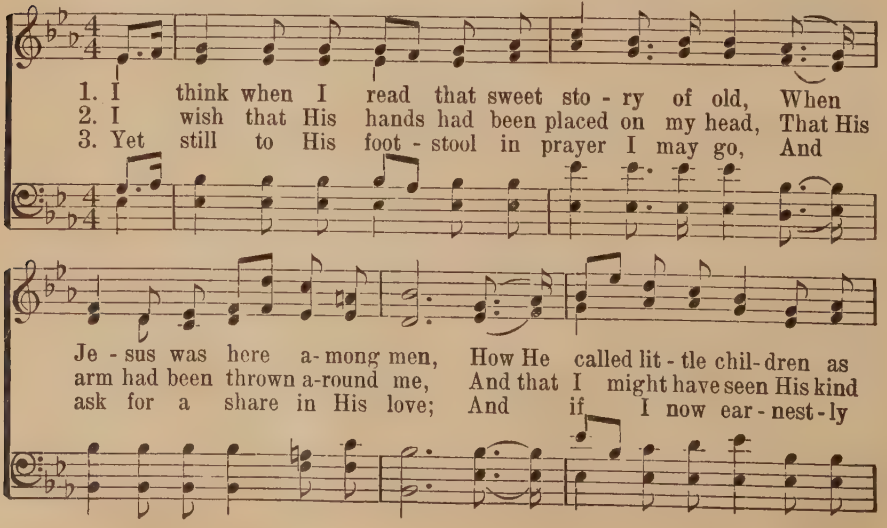
208 When He Cometh

W. O. Cushing — Dr. Geo. F. Root

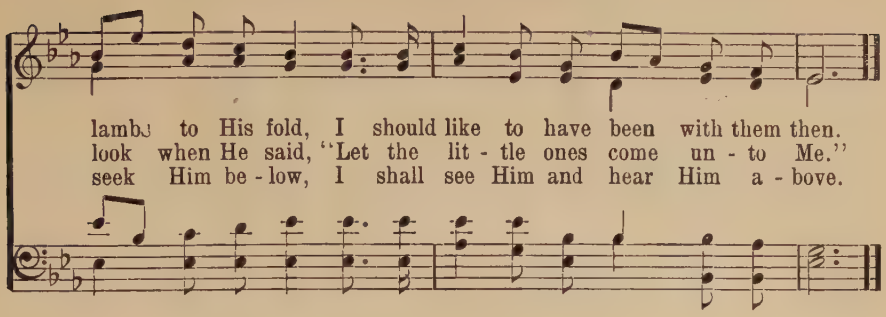

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth, To make up His jew-els, All His
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His kingdom; All the
3. Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the
Chorus
jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own:
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the
They shall shine in their
1
2
morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
beau-ty, (*Omit*.....)
Bright gems for His crown.

209 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story

Mrs. Jemina Luke — Arr. by William B. Bradbury

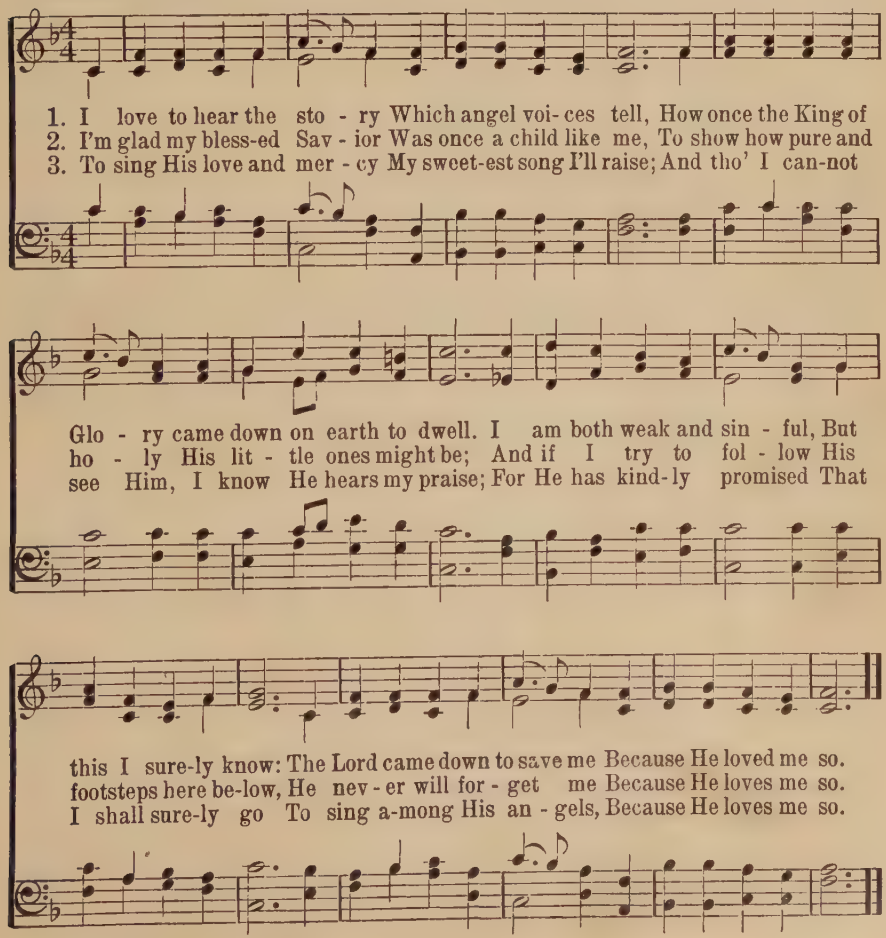

1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
Je-sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly

I Think When I Read That Sweet Story


lamb to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

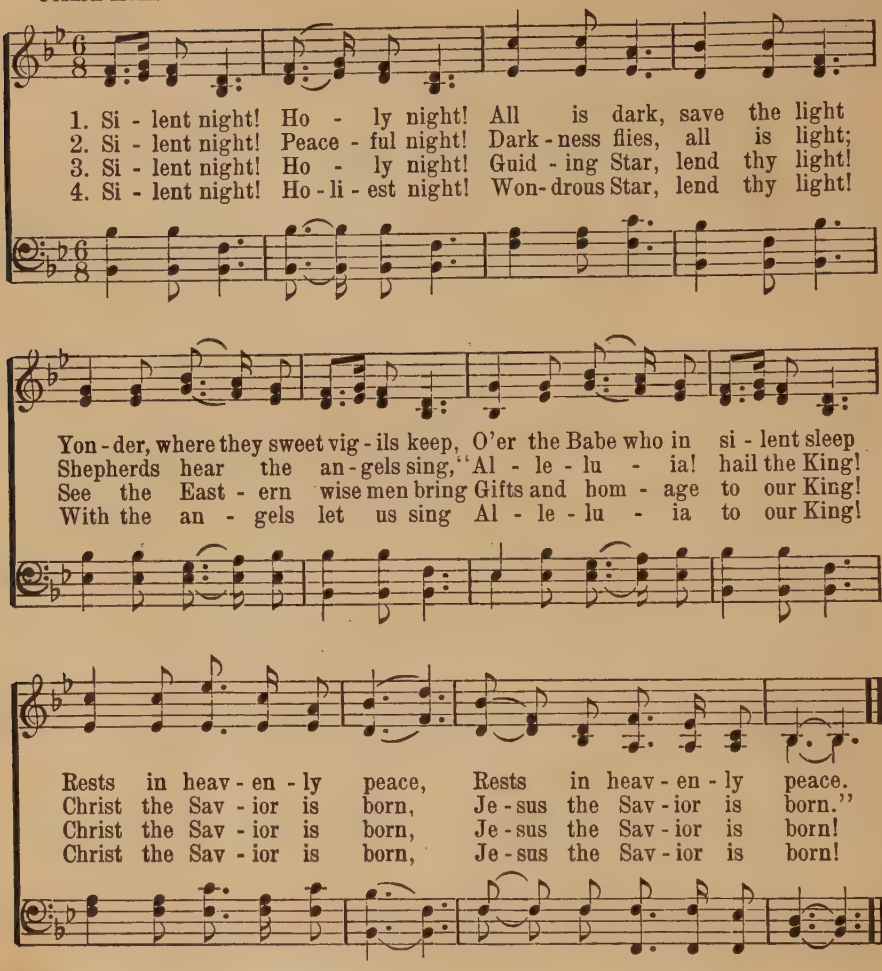
210 I Love to Hear the Story

EMILY H. MILLER — Dr. GEO. F. ROOT


1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which angel voi - ces tell, How once the King of
2. I'm glad my bless-ed Sav - ior Was once a child like me, To show how pure and
3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweet-est song I'll raise; And tho' I can-not
Glo - ry came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sin - ful, But
ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His
see Him, I know He hears my praise; For He has kind-ly promised That
this I sure-ly know: The Lord came down to save me Because He loved me so.
footsteps here be-low, He nev - er will for - get me Because He loves me so.
I shall sure-ly go To sing a-mong His an - gels, Because He loves me so.

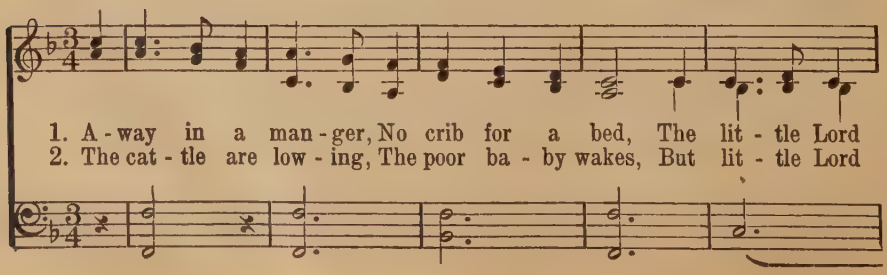
211 Silent Night! Holy Night!

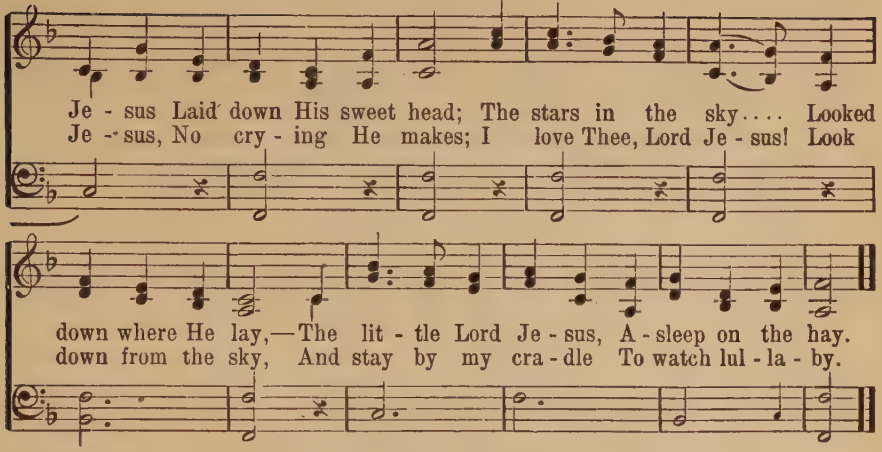
JOSEPH MOHR — FRANZ GRUBER


1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light
2. Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Dark - ness flies, all is light;
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light!
4. Si - lent night! Ho - li - est night! Won - drous Star, lend thy light!
Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
Shepherds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
See the East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
With the an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!

212 Luther's Cradle Hymn

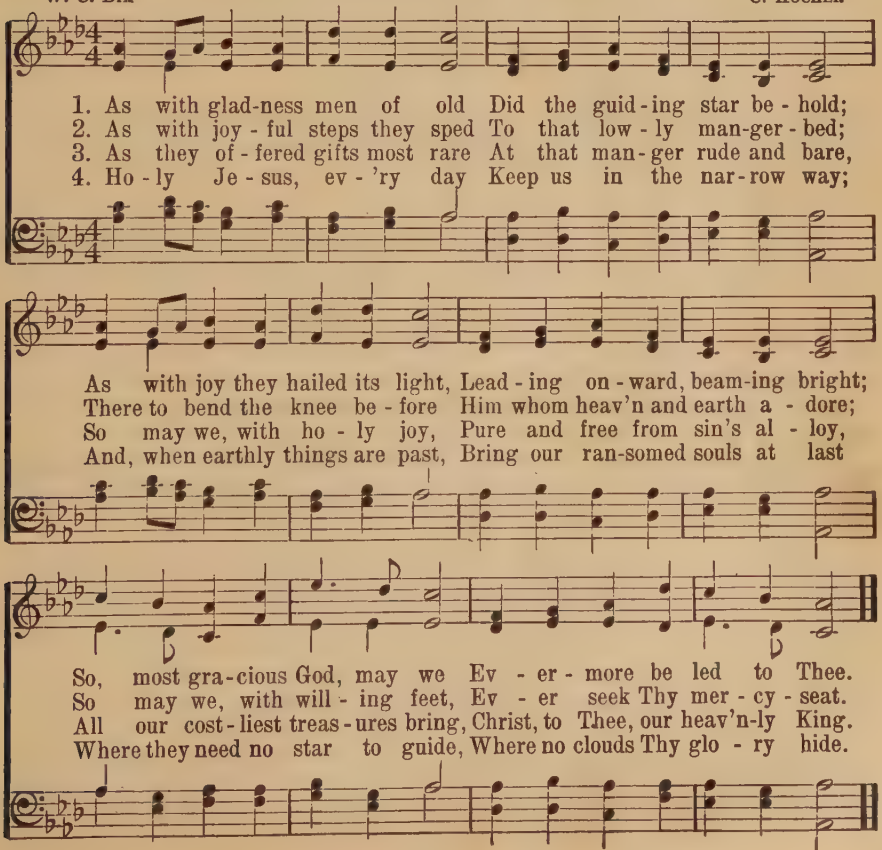
M. L. — MARTIN LUTHER



Luther's Cradle Hymn

Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky.... Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look
down where He lay,—The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch lul - la - by.

213 As With Gladness Men of Old

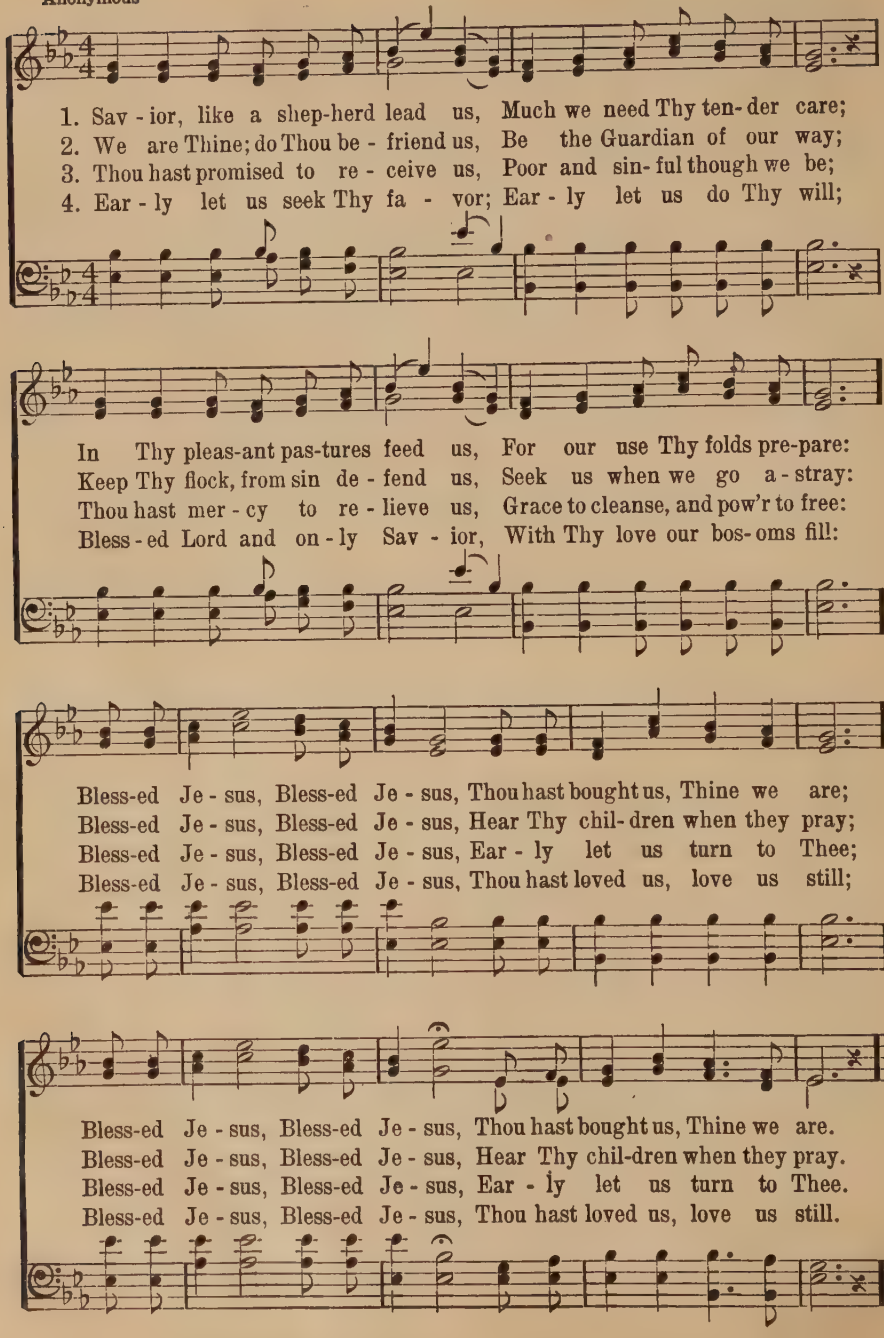
W. C. Dix C. Kocher


1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold;
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man-ger - bed;
3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare,
4. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - 'ry day Keep us in the nar-row way;
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam-ing bright;
There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore;
So may we, with ho - ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy,
And, when earthly things are past, Bring our ran-somed souls at last
So, most gra-cious God, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.
So may we, with will - ing feet, Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy - seat.
All our cost-liest treas-ures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'n-ly King.
Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide.

214 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

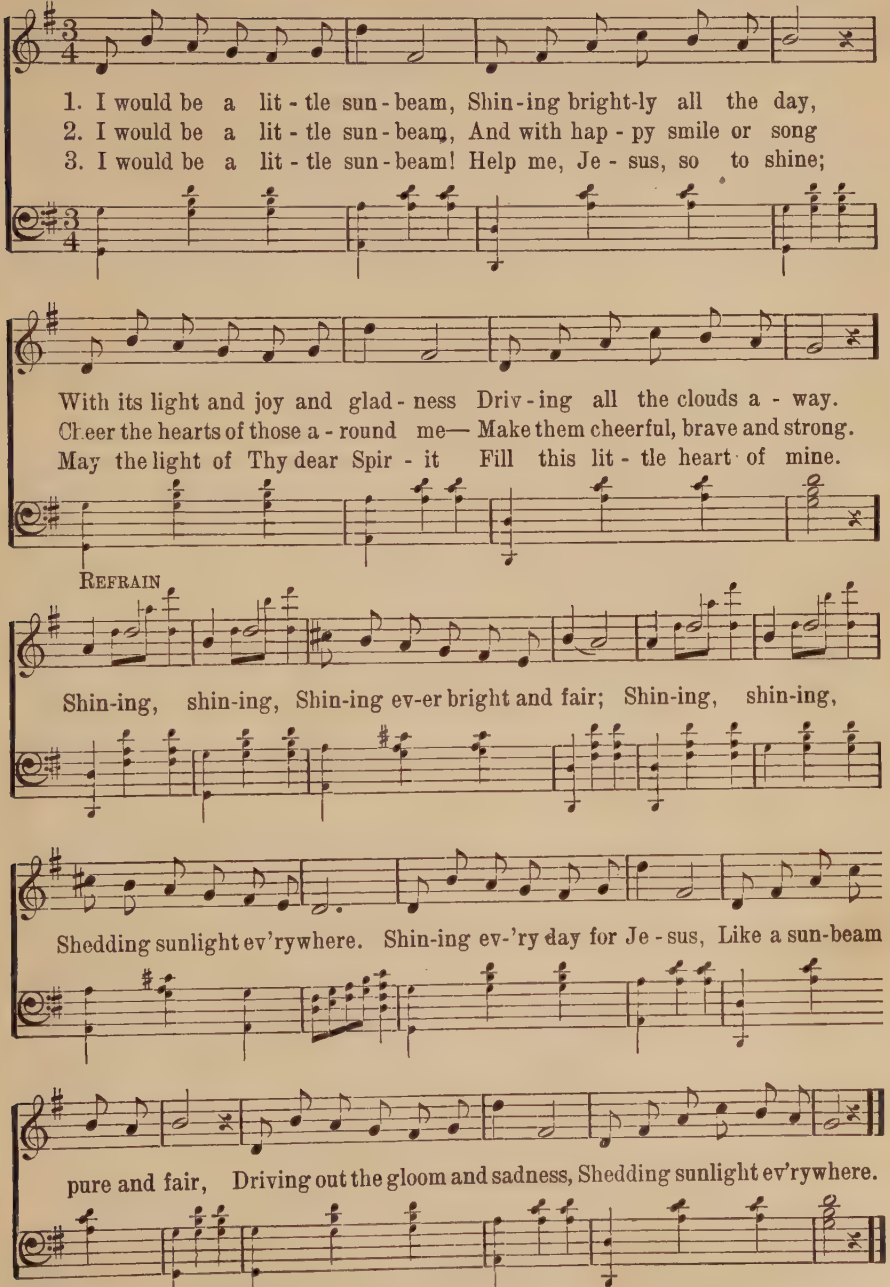
Anonymous

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil-dren when they pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil-dren when they pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

215 I Would Be a Little Sunbeam

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD — CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. I would be a lit - tle sun - beam, Shin - ing bright-ly all the day,
2. I would be a lit - tle sun - beam, And with hap - py smile or song
3. I would be a lit - tle sun - beam! Help me, Je - sus, so to shine;
With its light and joy and glad - ness Driv - ing all the clouds a - way.
Cheer the hearts of those a - round me— Make them cheerful, brave and strong.
May the light of Thy dear Spir - it Fill this lit - tle heart of mine.
REFRAIN
Shin-ing, shin-ing, Shin-ing ev-er bright and fair; Shin-ing, shin-ing,
Shedding sunlight ev'rywhere. Shin-ing ev-'ry day for Je - sus, Like a sun-beam
pure and fair, Driving out the gloom and sadness, Shedding sunlight ev'rywhere.

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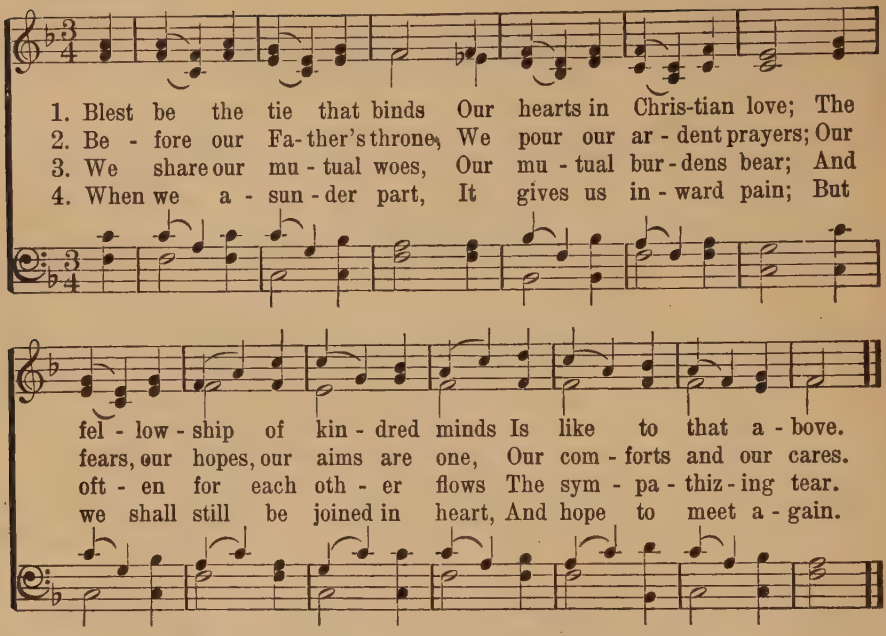
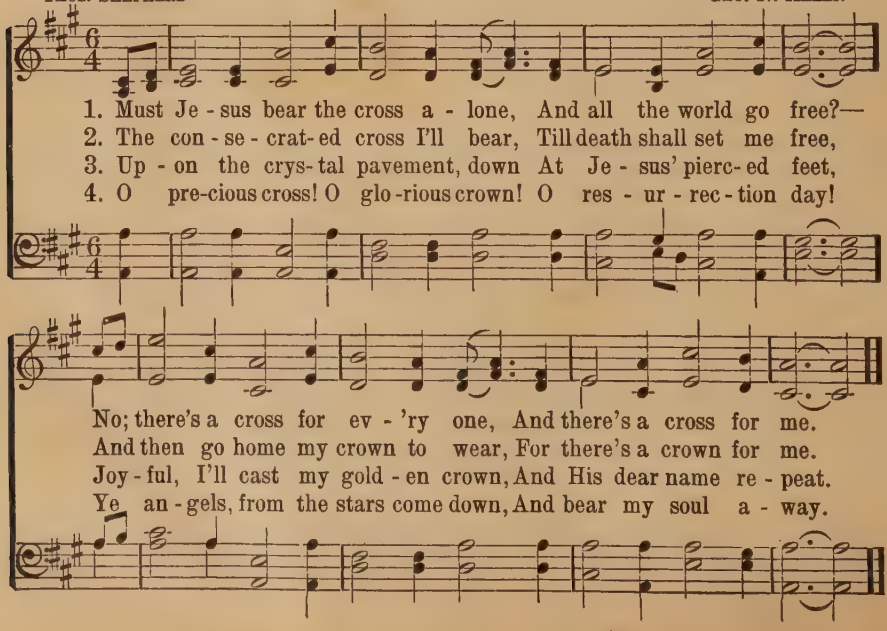
216 Blest Be the Tie

JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G. NAEGELI


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

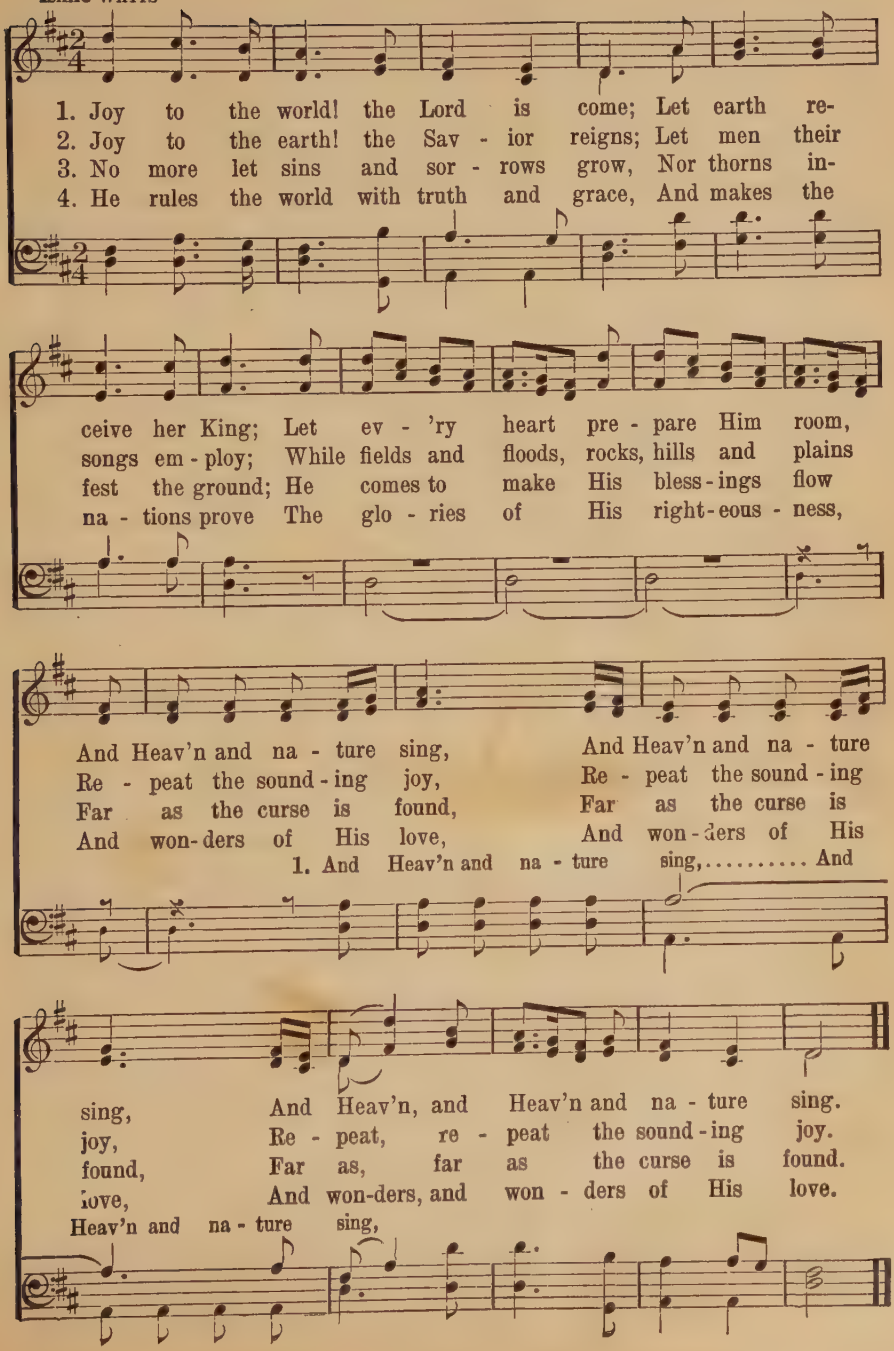
217 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD — GEO. N. ALLEN


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat-ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

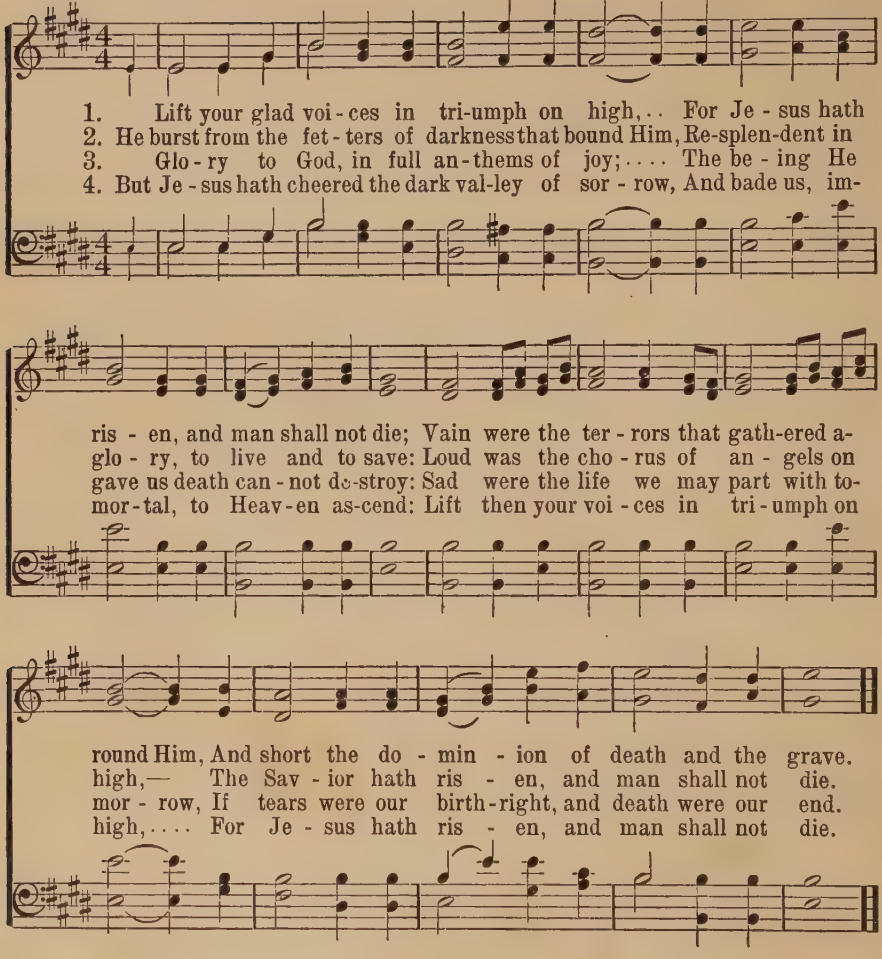
Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS — GEORGE F. HANDEL


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
1. And Heav'n and na - ture sing, ... And
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,

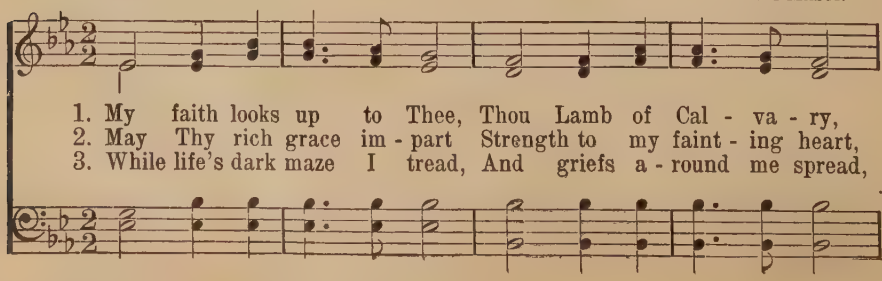
219 Lift Your Glad Voices

HENRY WARE, Jr. JOHN EDGAR GOULD

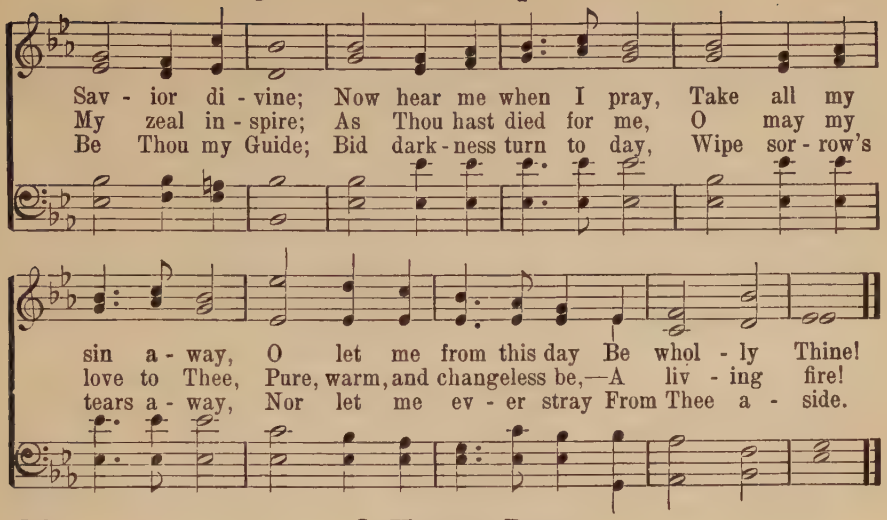

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high,.. For Je - sus hath
2. He burst from the fet - ters of darkness that bound Him, Re-splen-dent in
3. Glo - ry to God, in full an - thems of joy;.... The be - ing He
4. But Je - sus hath cheered the dark val-ley of sor - row, And bade us, im-
ris - en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter - rors that gath-ered a-
glo - ry, to live and to save: Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on
gave us death can - not de-stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to-
mor-tal, to Heav-en as-cend: Lift then your voi - ces in tri - umph on
round Him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave.
high,— The Sav - ior hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
mor - row, If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end.
high,.... For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

220 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER LOWELL MASON

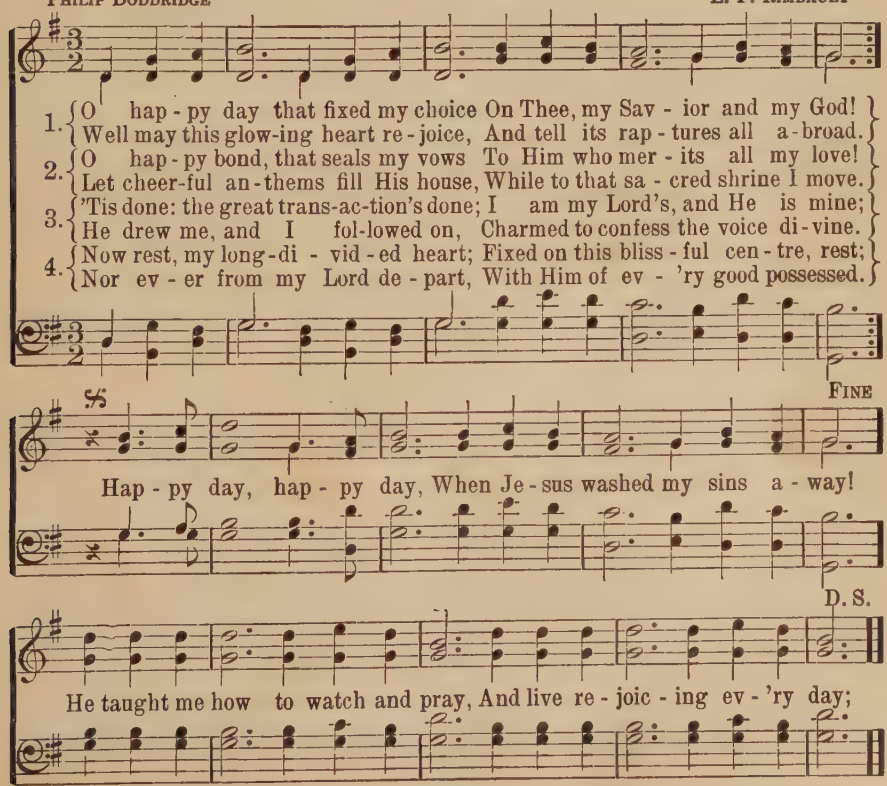

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,

My Faith Looks Up to Thee


Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me when I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
sin a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

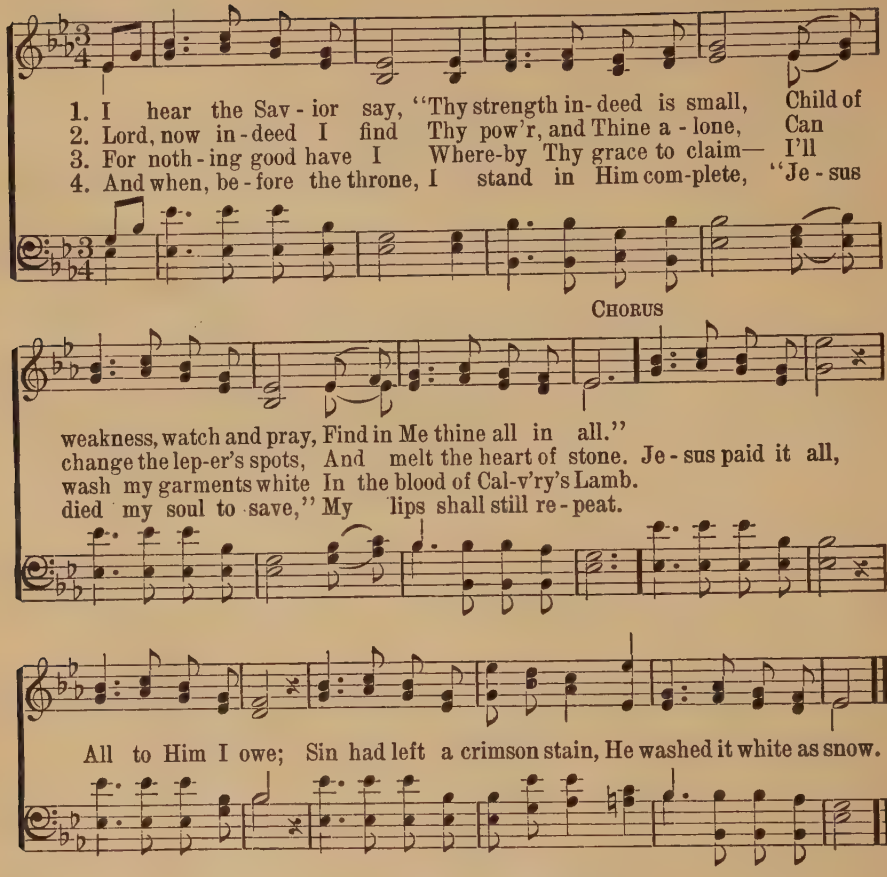
221 O Happy Day

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — E. F. RIMBAULT


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad.
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done: the great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
4. Now rest, my long-di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.
FINE
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

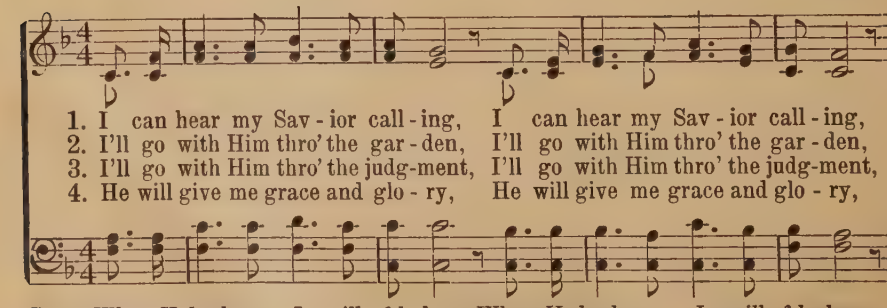
222 Jesus Paid It All

Mrs. H. M. Hall — John T. Grape


1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll
4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je - sus
Chorus
weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

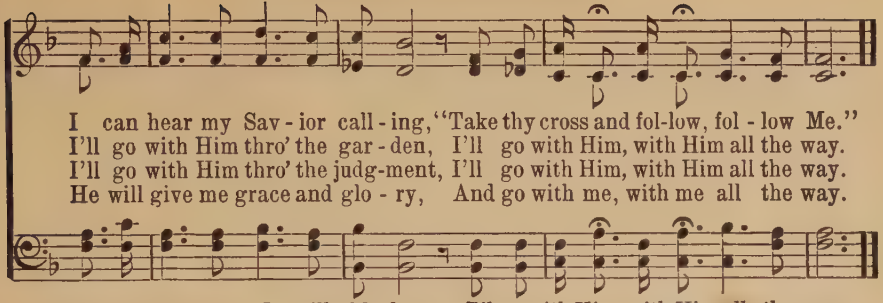
223 Where He Leads Me

E. W. Blandly — J. S. Norris

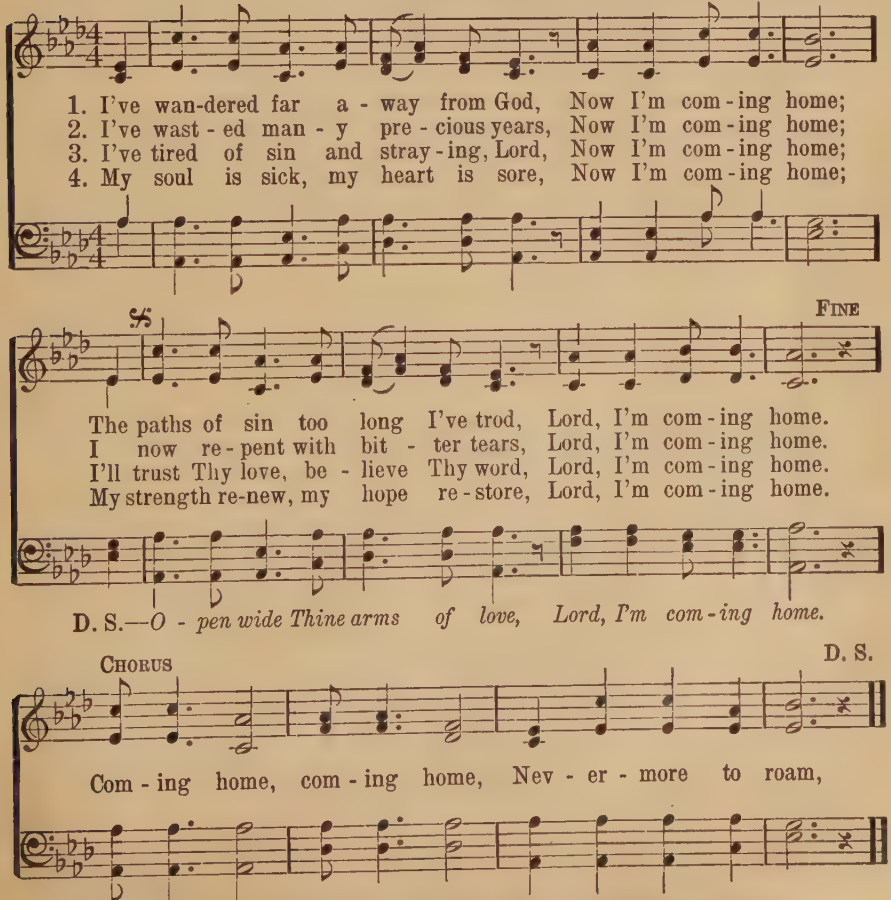

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
Ref.—*Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*

Copyright, 1890, by J. S. Norris. Used by permission

Where He Leads Me


I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

224 Lord, I'm Coming Home

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;
Fine
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
Chorus
D. S.
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

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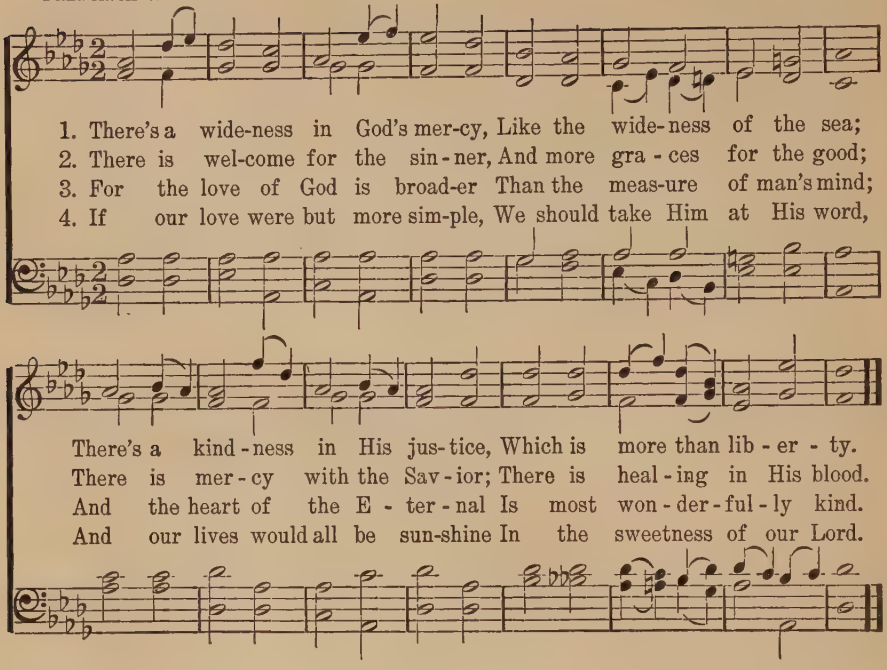
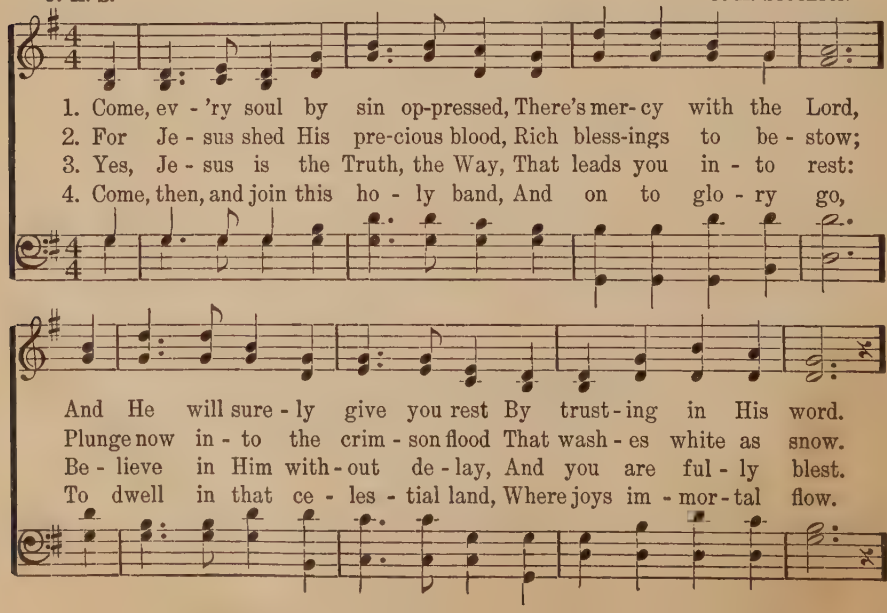
225 There's a Wideness

FREDERICK W. FABER — LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would all be sun-shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

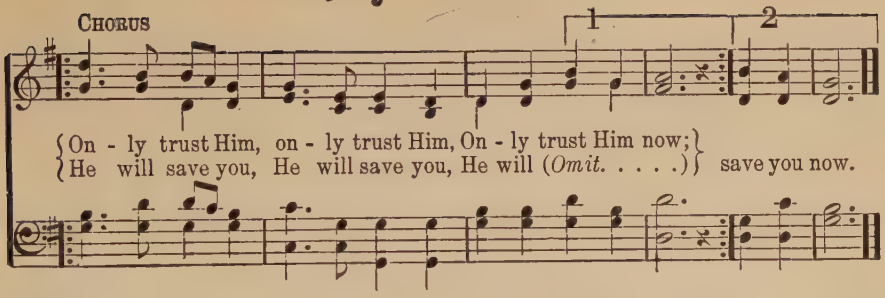
226 Only Trust Him

J. H. S. — J. H. STOCKTON


1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest:
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,
And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

Only Trust Him

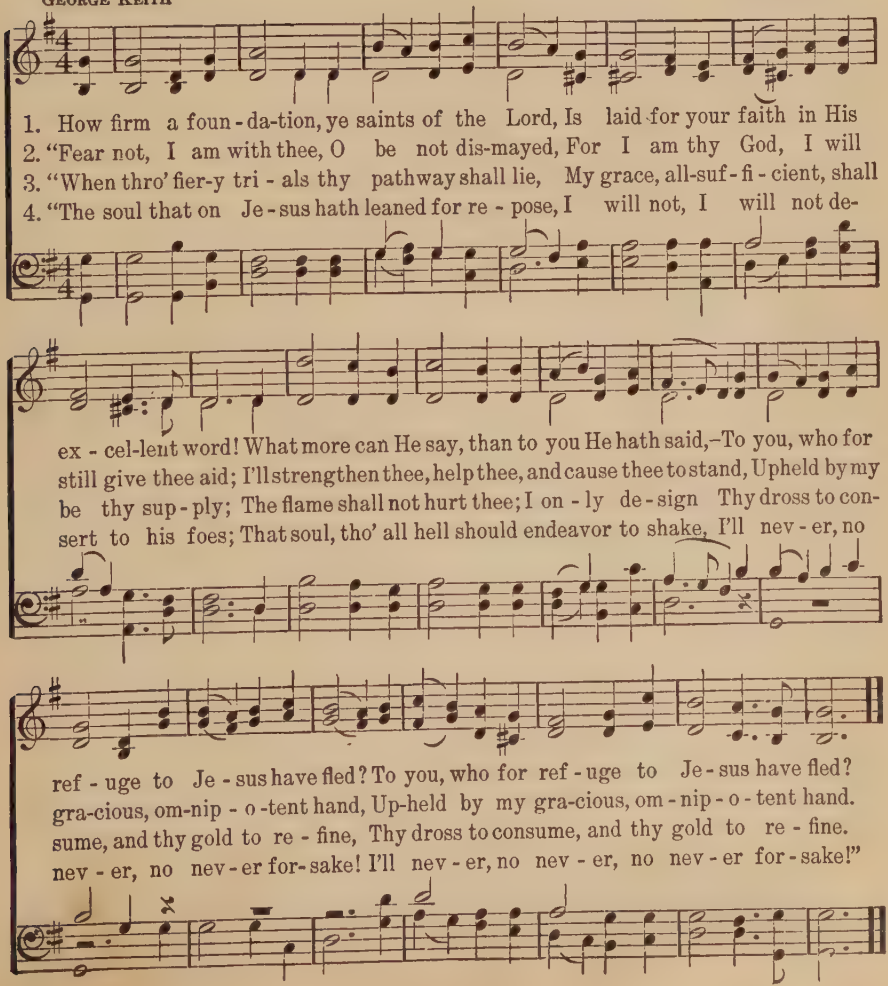
CHORUS



227 How Firm a Foundation

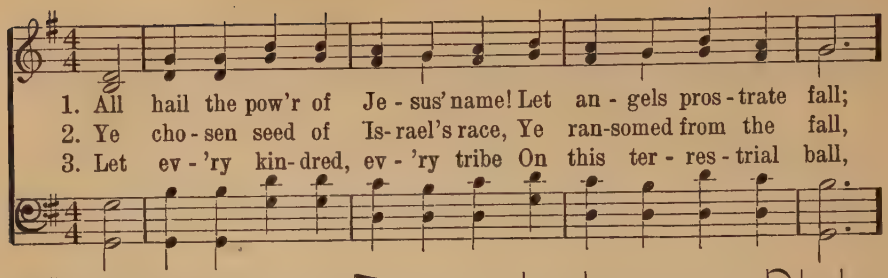
GEORGE KEITH

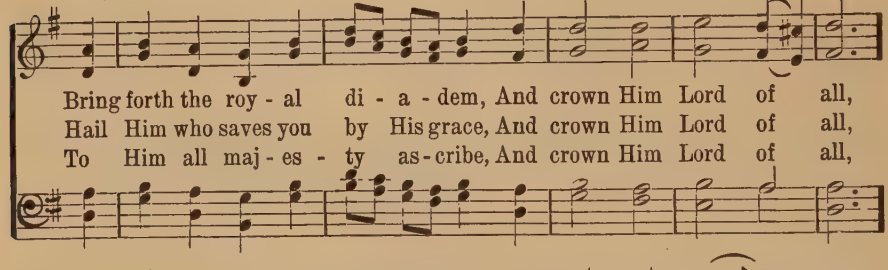
Anonymous

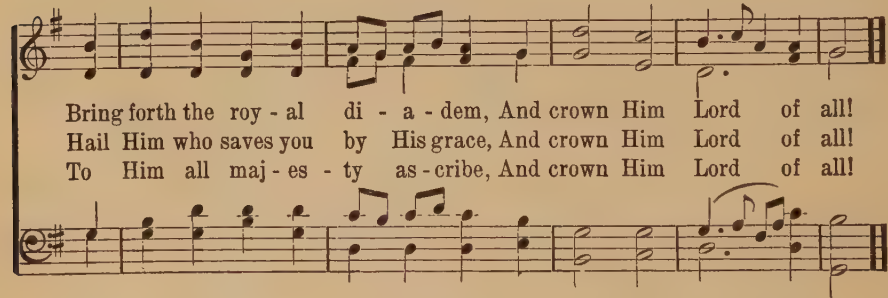

1. How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' fier-y tri - als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-suf - fi - cient, shall
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I will not de-
ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,–To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my
be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-
sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev - er, no
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - fine.
nev - er, no nev - er for-sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

All Hail the Power

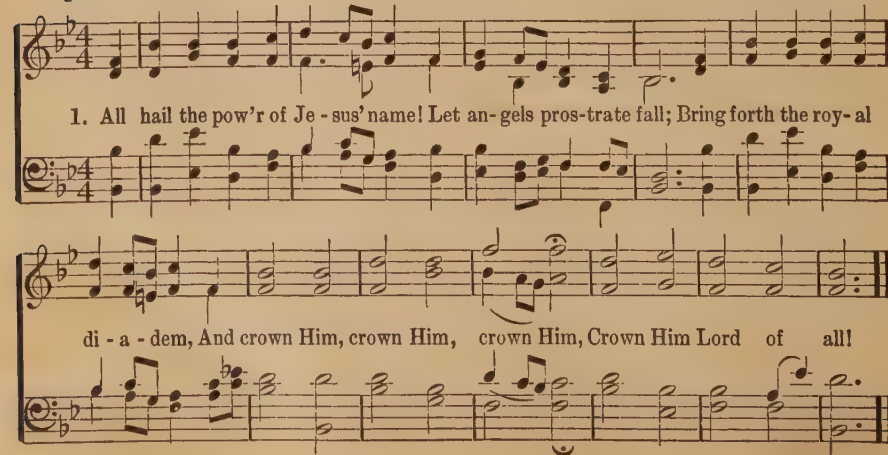
OLIVER HOLDEN


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,

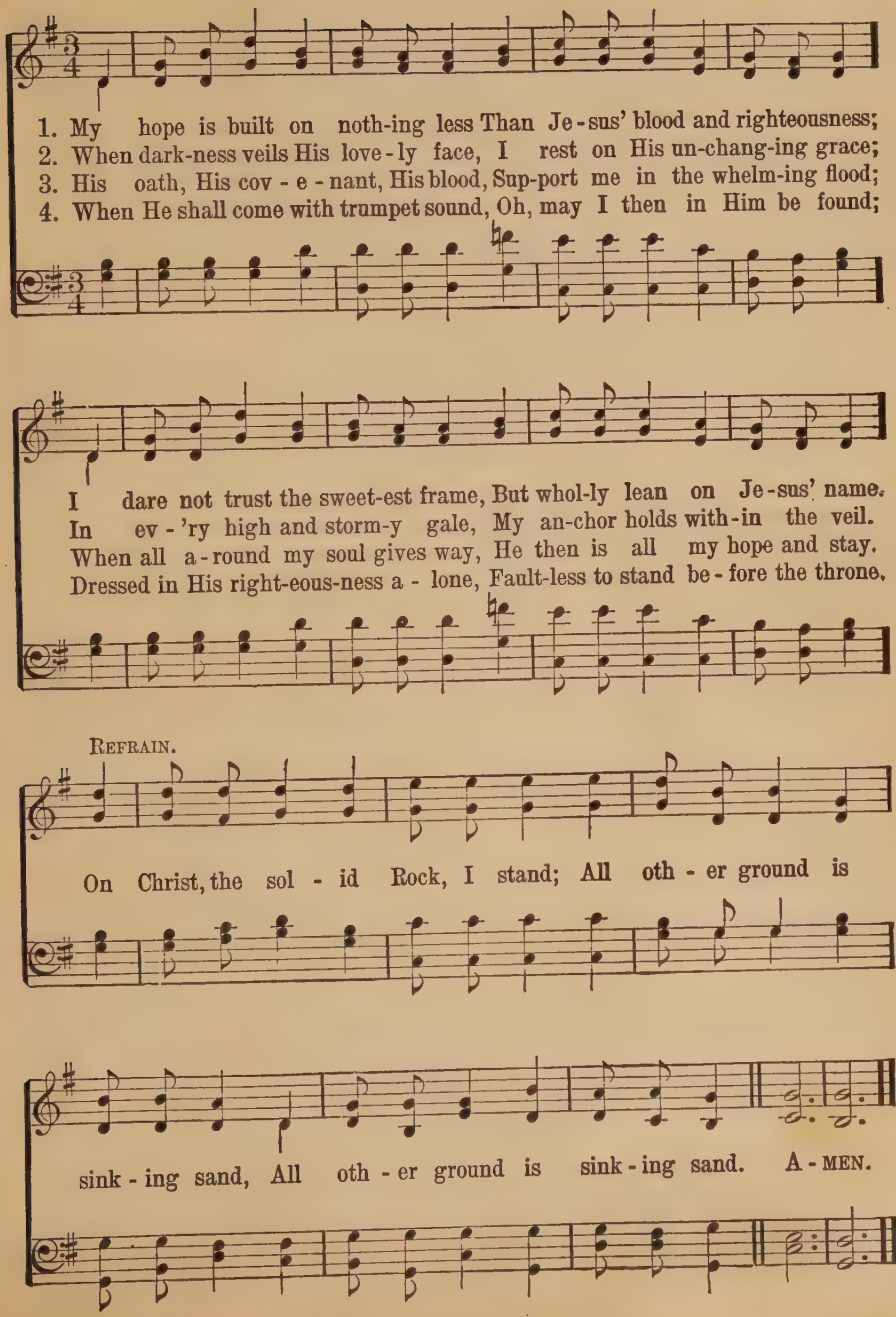

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!

[SECOND TUNE] **Miles' Lane. C. M.** WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

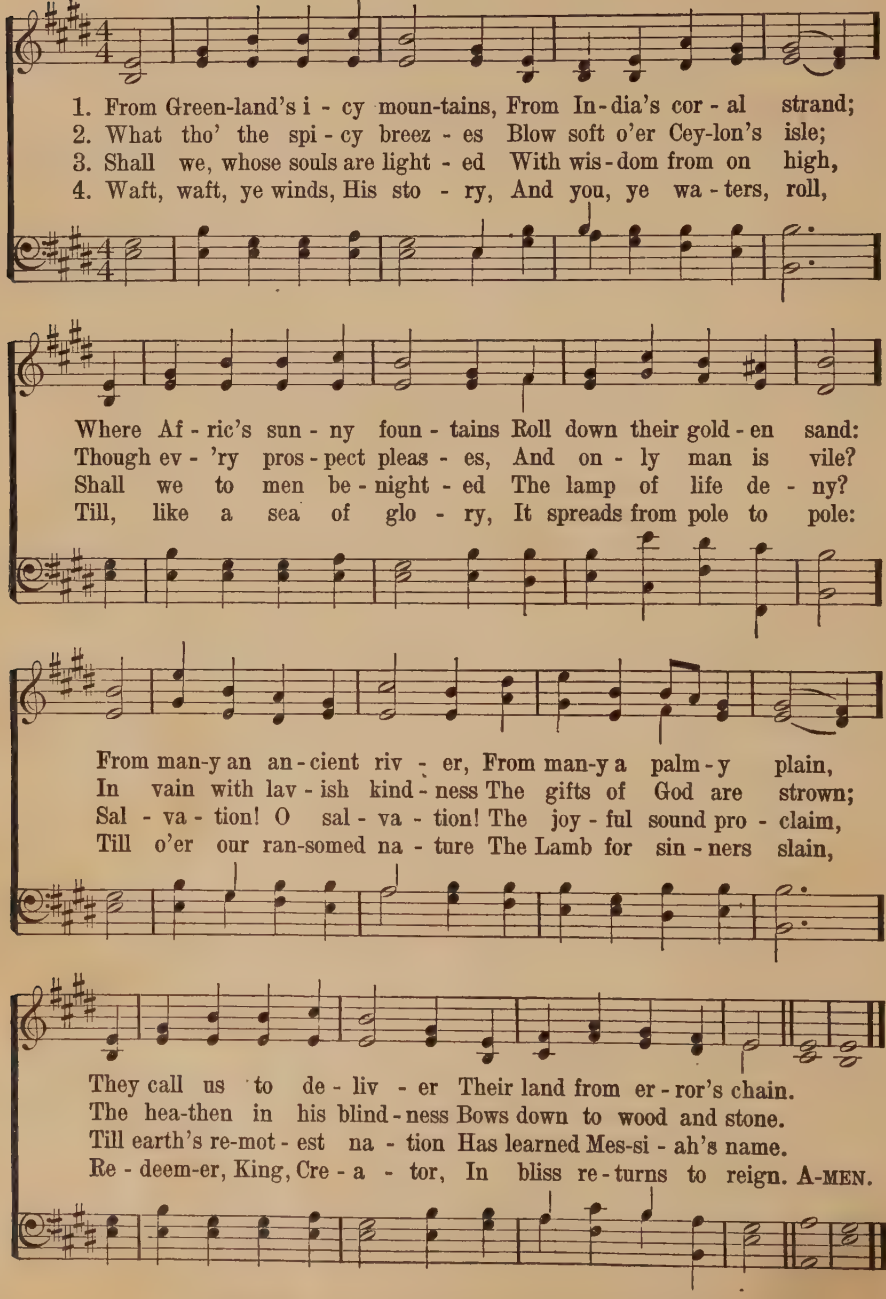
My Hope is Built

EDWARD MOTE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.
REFRAIN.
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.

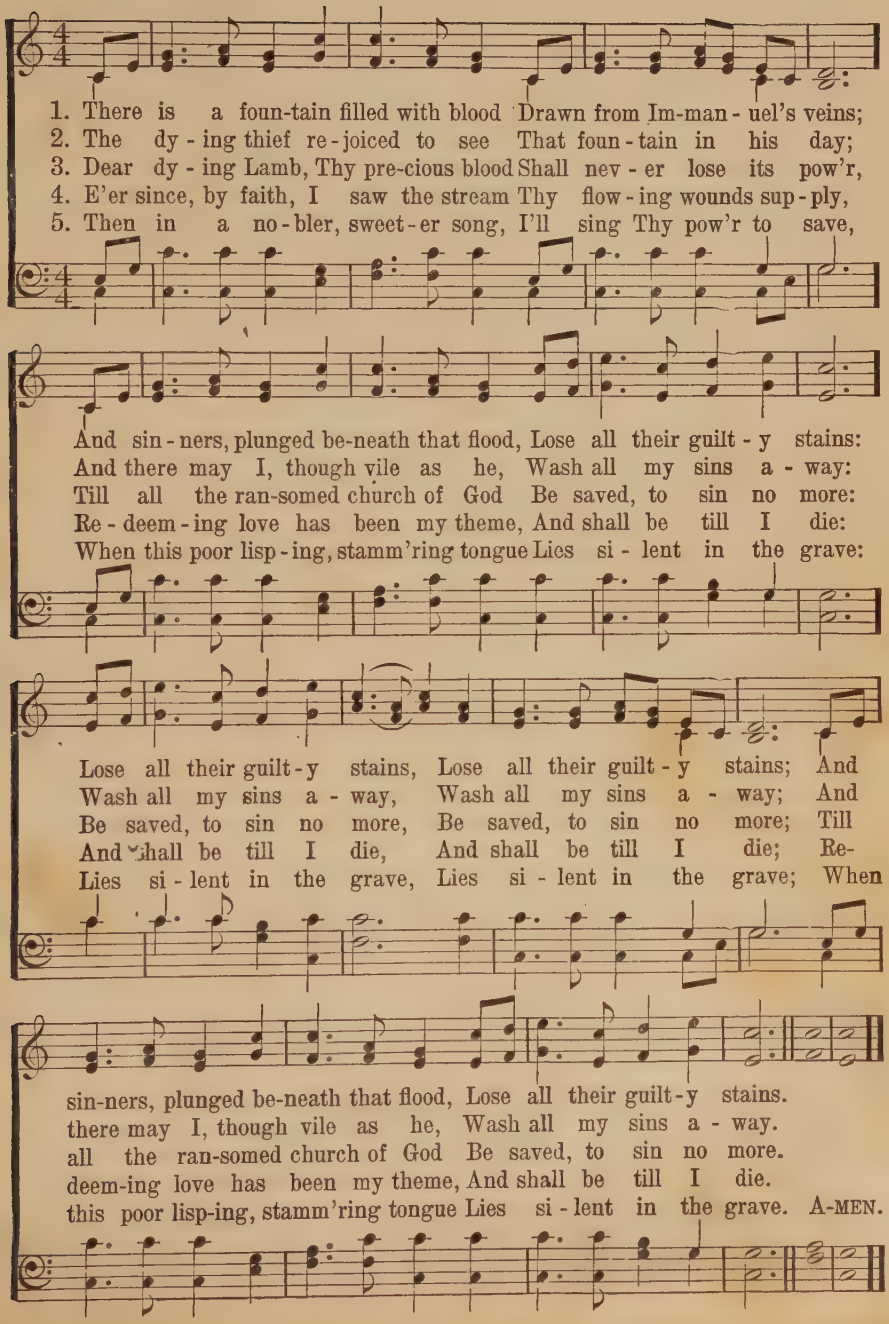
From Greenland's Icy Mountains

REGINALD HEBER — LOWELL MASON


1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:
From man-y an an-cient riv - er, From man-y a palm-y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

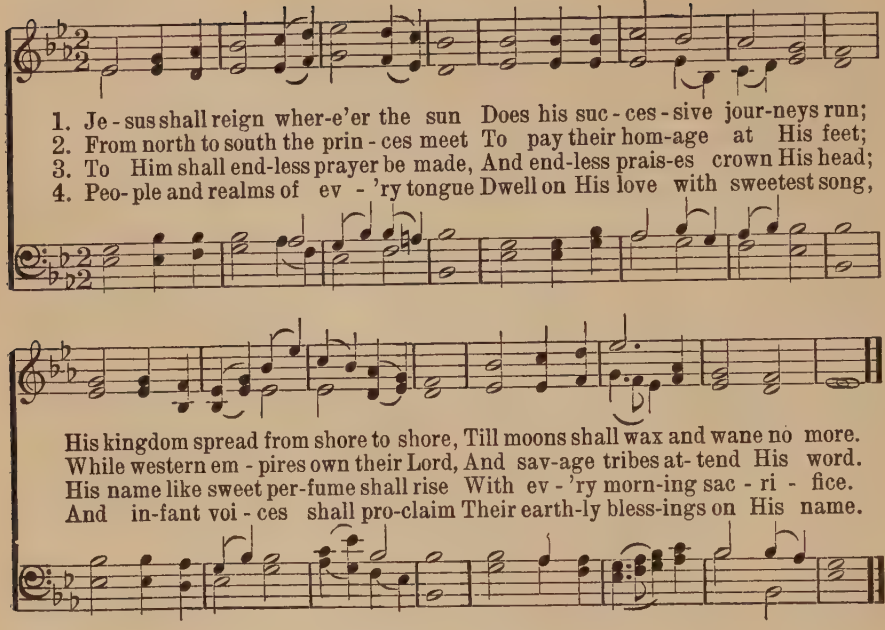
231 There is a Fountain

WILLIAM COWPER — LOWELL MASON


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.

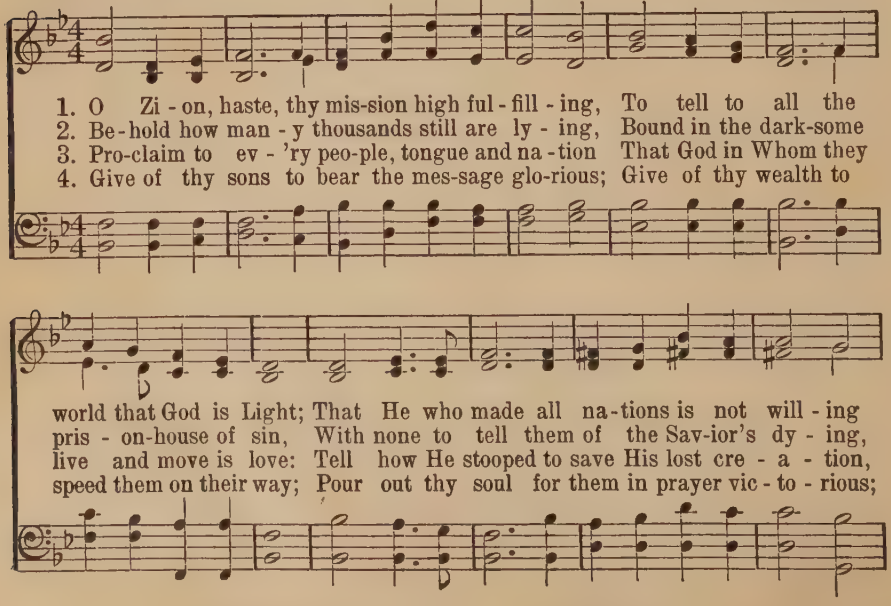
232 Jesus Shall Reign

ISAAC WATTS — JOHN HATTON


1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo- ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at- tend His word.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earth-ly bless-ings on His name.

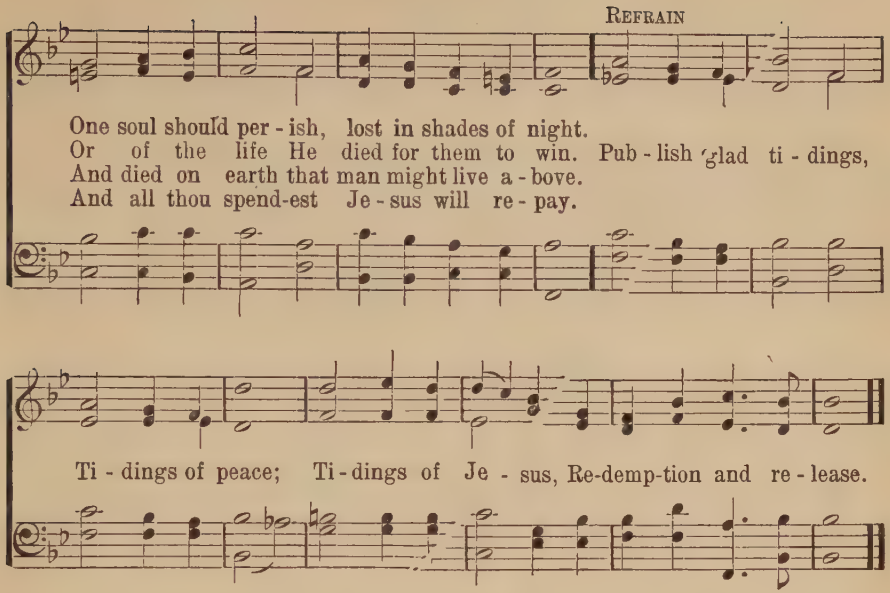
233 O Zion, Haste

MARY A. THOMSON — JAMES WALCH


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

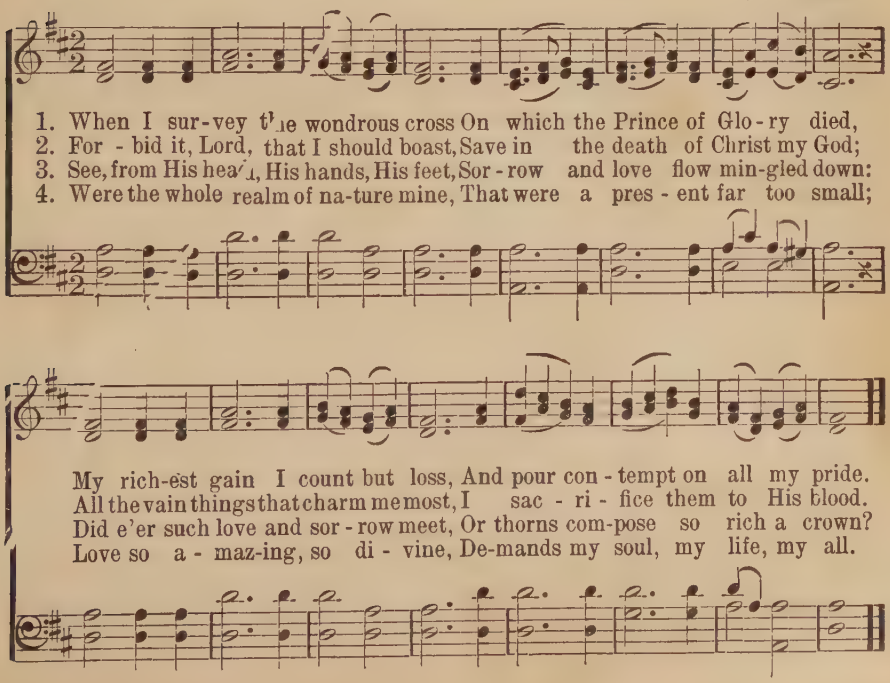
O Zion, Haste

REFRAIN


One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.

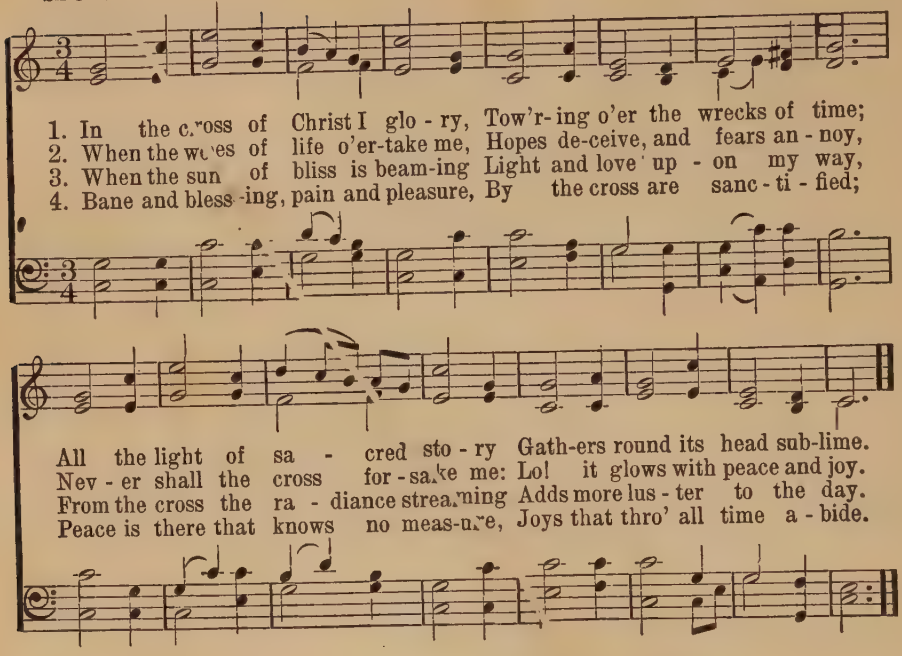
234 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

ISAAC WATTS — I. WOODBURY


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

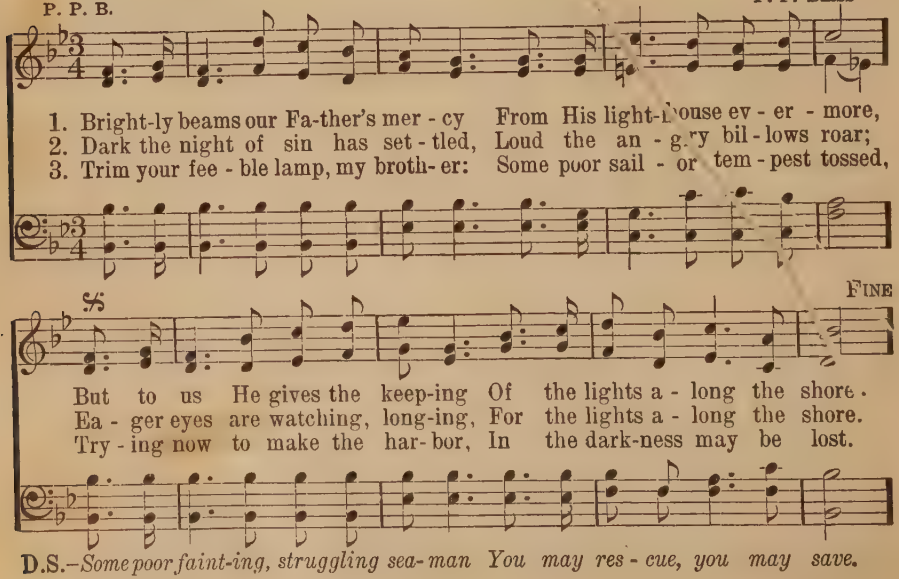
235 In the Cross of Christ

Sir John Bowring — Ithamar Conkey


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

236 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

P. P. B. — P. P. Bliss


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth- er: Some poor sail - or tem - pest tossed,
Fine
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har- bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.—*Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea- man You may res - cue, you may save.*

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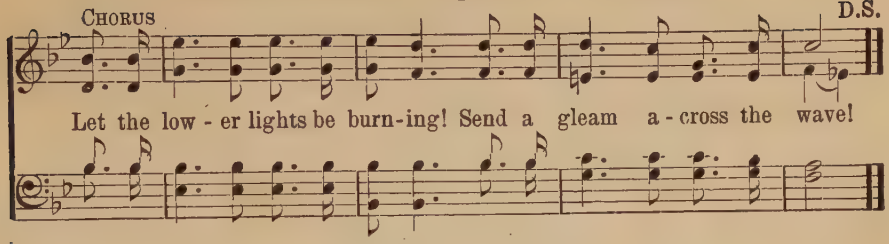
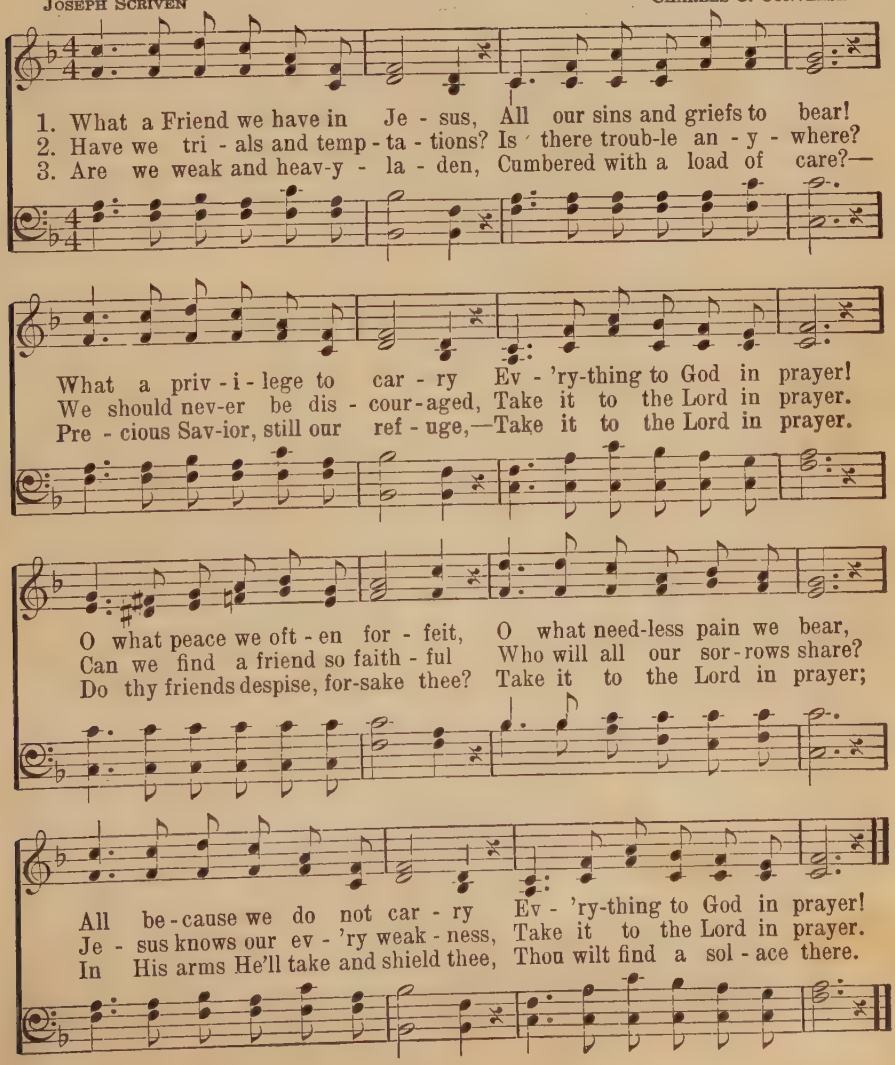
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning



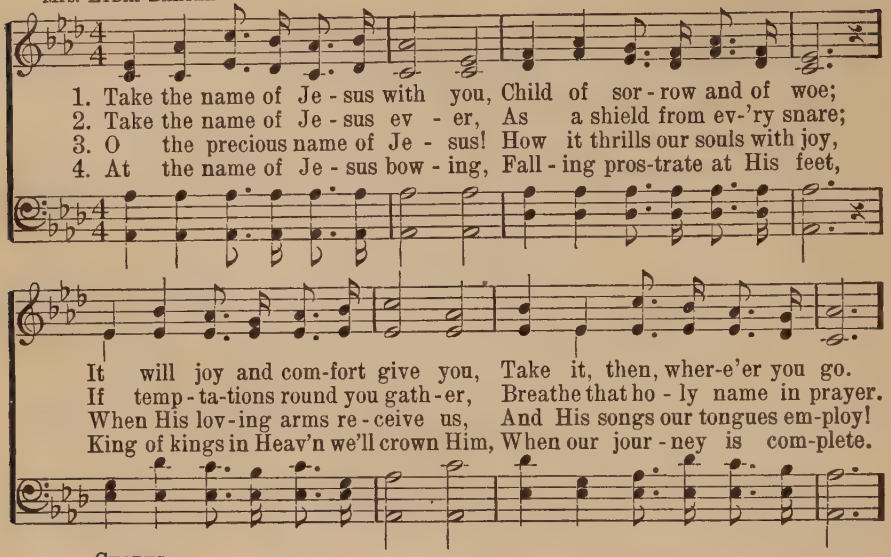
237 What a Friend

JOSEPH SCRIVEN — CHARLES C. CONVERSE

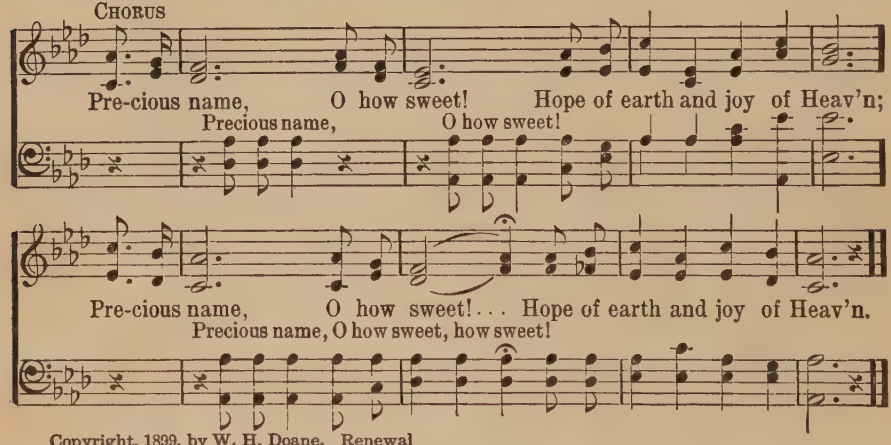

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

238 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER — W. H. DOANE


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.

CHORUS


Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!... Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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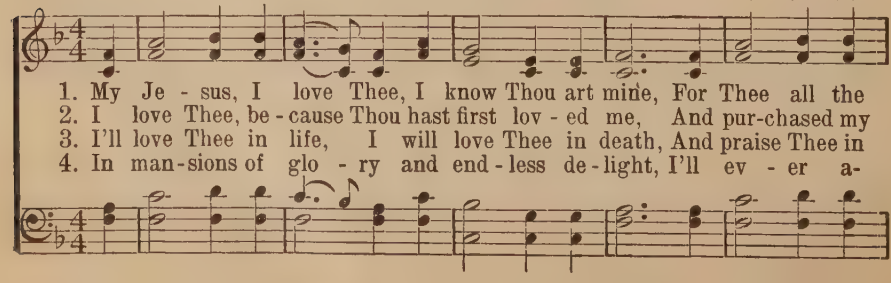
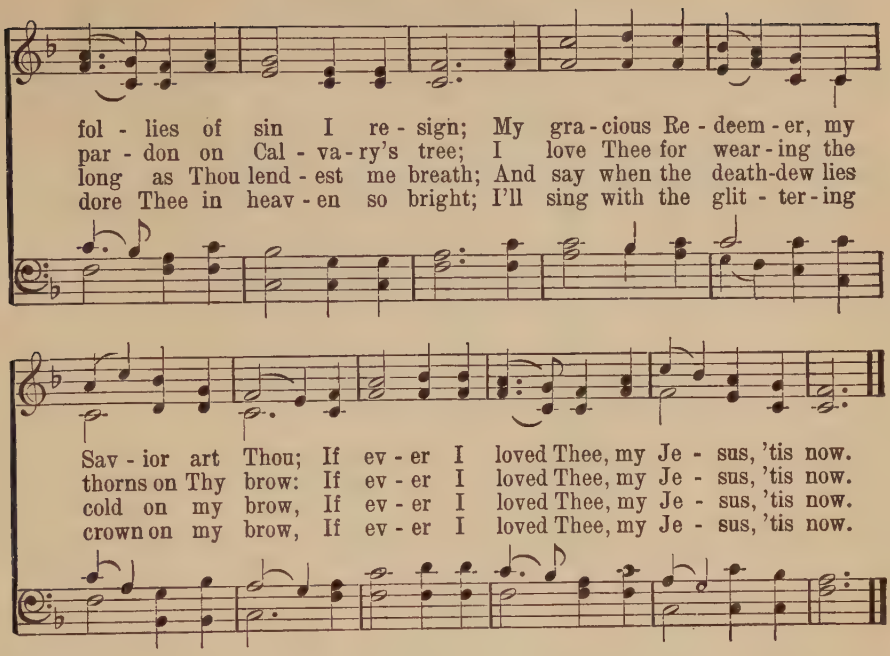
239 My Jesus, I Love Thee

Anonymous — A. J. GORDON

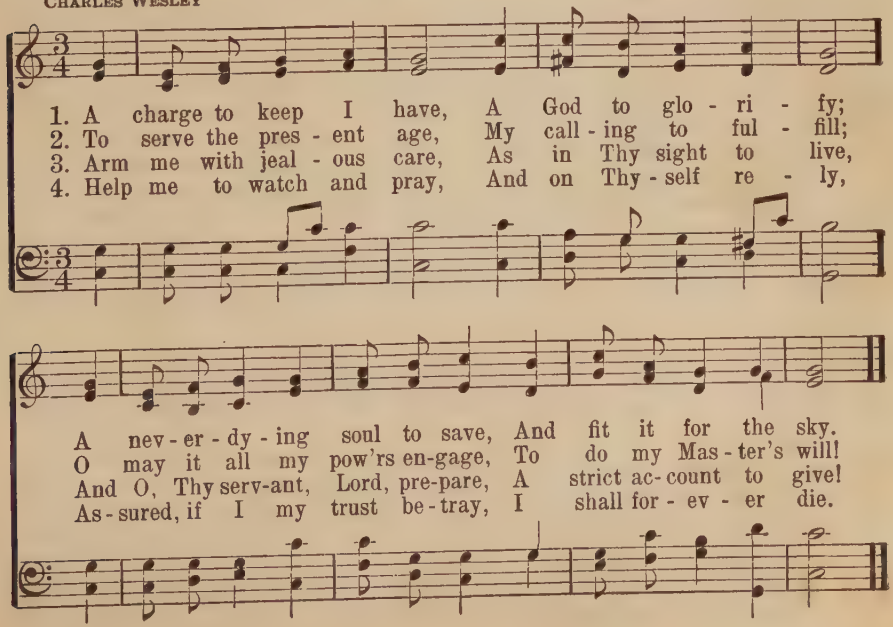

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee in
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

My Jesus, I Love Thee


fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

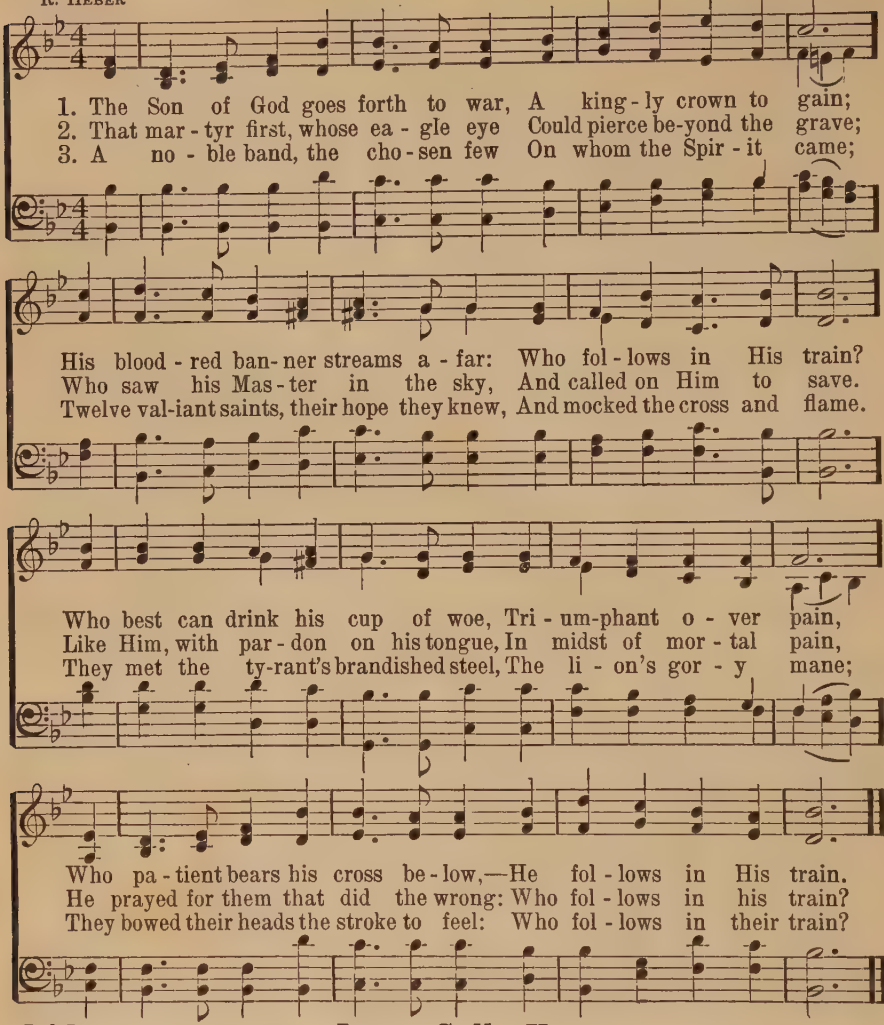
240 A Charge to Keep

CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill;
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en-gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
And O, Thy serv-ant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac - count to give!
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

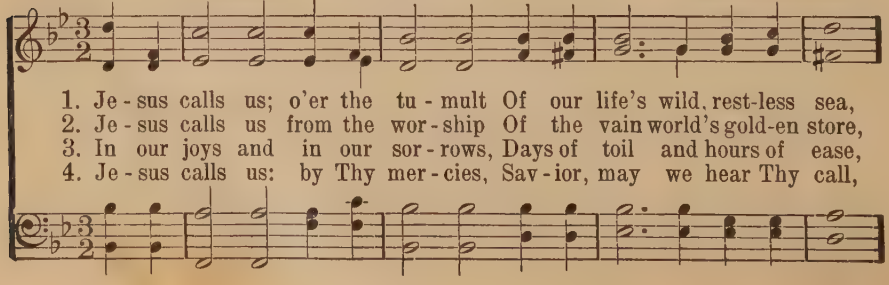
241 The Son of God Goes Forth to War

R. Heber — H. S. Cutler

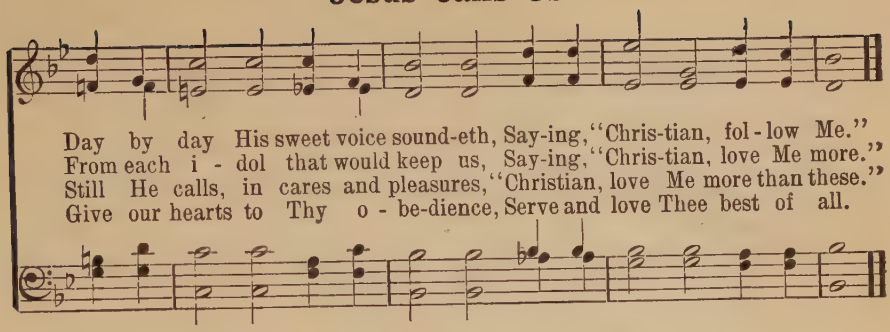

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. That mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
3. A no-ble band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came;
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane;
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?

242 Jesus Calls Us

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander — William H. Jude


1. Je-sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, may we hear Thy call,

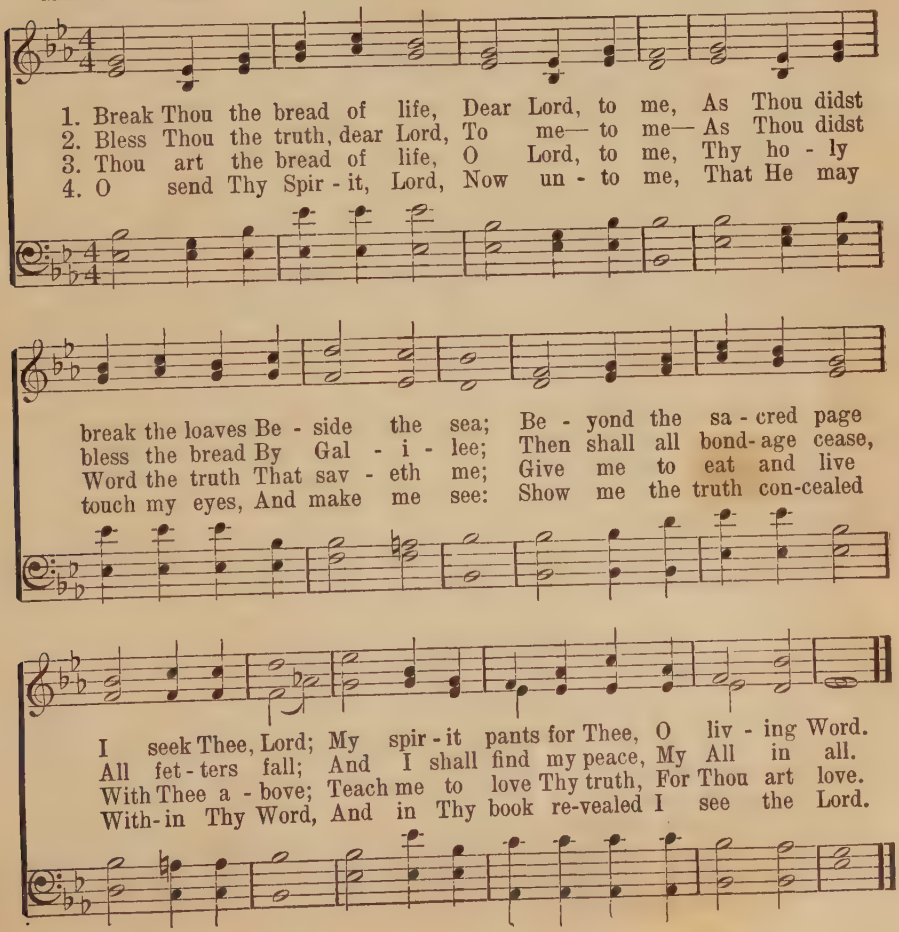
Jesus Calls Us


Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

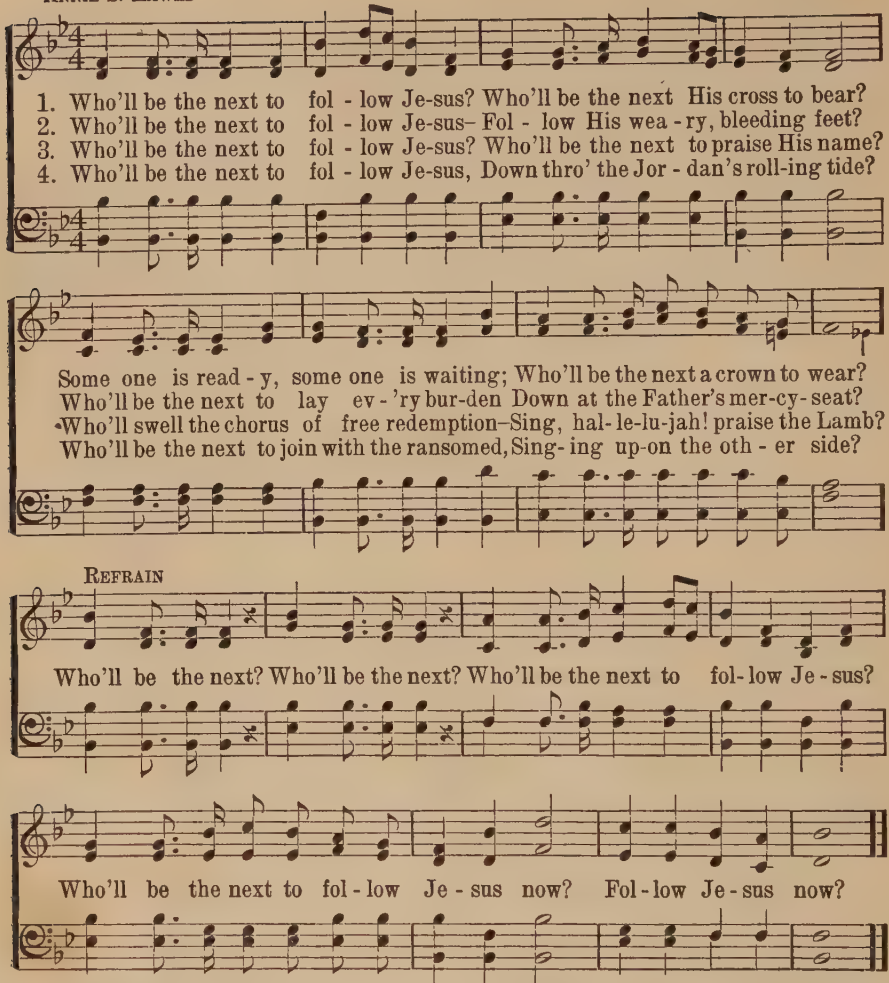
243 Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY ANN LATHBURY

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me— to me— As Thou didst
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho-ly
4. O send Thy Spir-it, Lord, Now un-to me, That He may
break the loaves Be-side the sea; Be-yond the sa-cred page
bless the bread By Gal-i-lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
Word the truth That sav-eth me; Give me to eat and live
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word.
All fet-ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
With Thee a-bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
With-in Thy Word, And in Thy book re-vealed I see the Lord.

244 Who'll Be the Next?

ANNIE S. HAWKS — ROBERT LOWRY

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je-sus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je-sus– Fol - low His wea - ry, bleeding feet?
3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je-sus? Who'll be the next to praise His name?
4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je-sus, Down thro' the Jor - dan's roll-ing tide?
Some one is read - y, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur-den Down at the Father's mer-cy-seat?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption–Sing, hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Sing - ing up-on the oth - er side?
REFRAIN
Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol-low Je - sus?
Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol-low Je - sus now?

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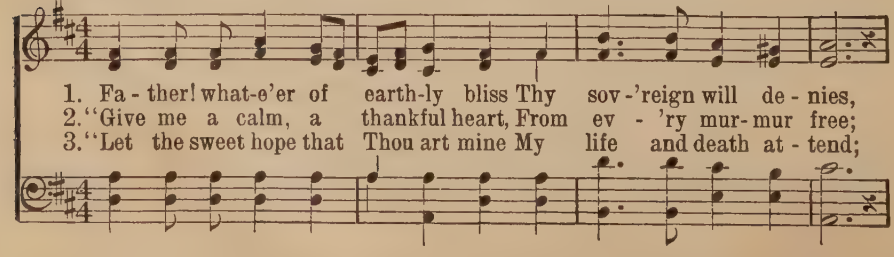
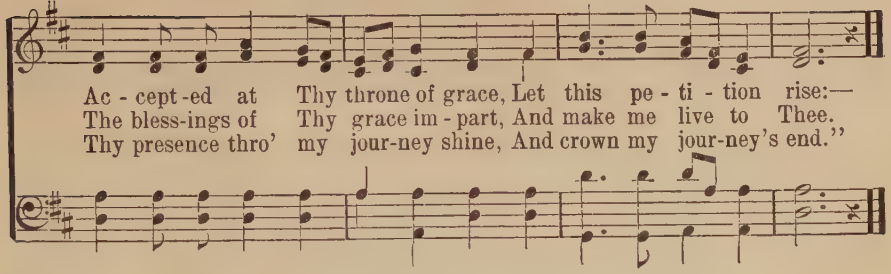
245 Father! Whate'er of Earthly Bliss

ANNE STEELE, alt.

1. Fa - ther! what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de - nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

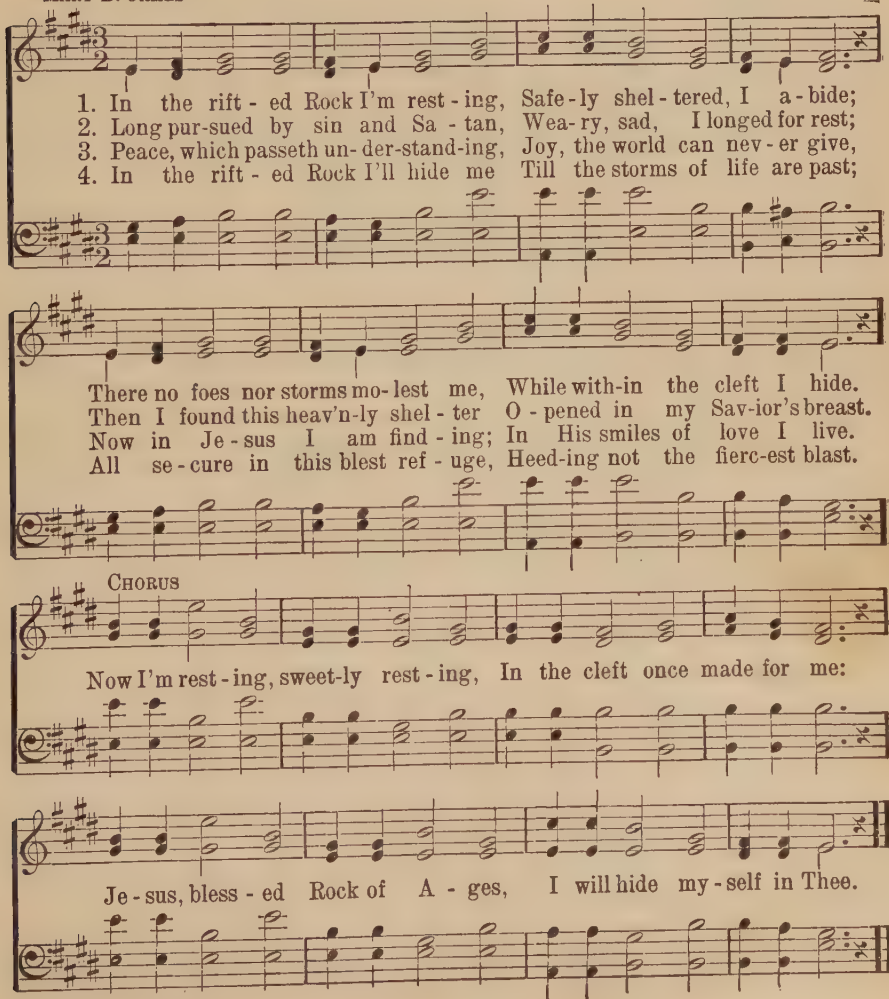
Father! Whate'er of Earthly Bliss


Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end."

246 Sweetly Resting

MARY D. JAMES

W. WARREN BENTLY


1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly shel - tered, I a - bide;
2. Long pur-sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea - ry, sad, I longed for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth un-der-stand-ing, Joy, the world can nev - er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me Till the storms of life are past;
There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While with-in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n-ly shel - ter O - pened in my Sav-ior's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heed-ing not the fierc-est blast.
CHORUS
Now I'm rest - ing, sweet-ly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me:
Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

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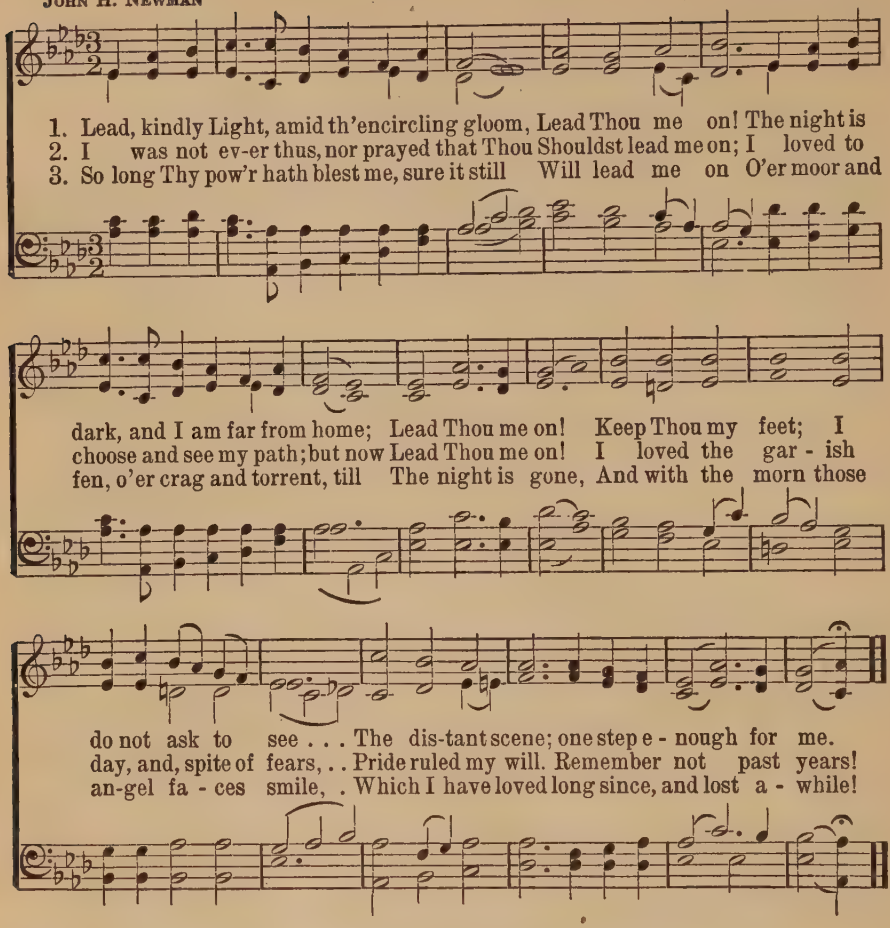
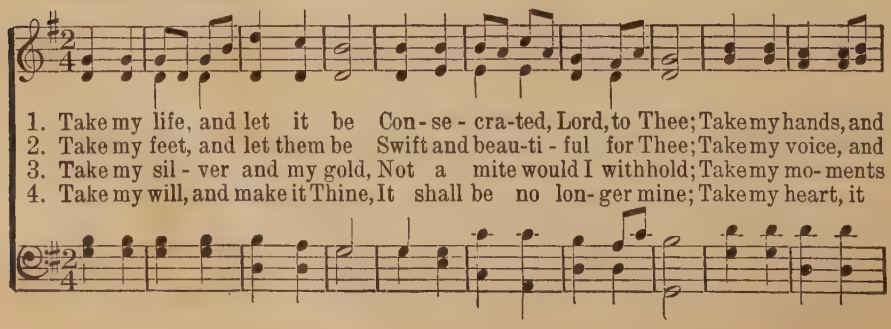
247 Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN H. NEWMAN — JOHN B. DYKES

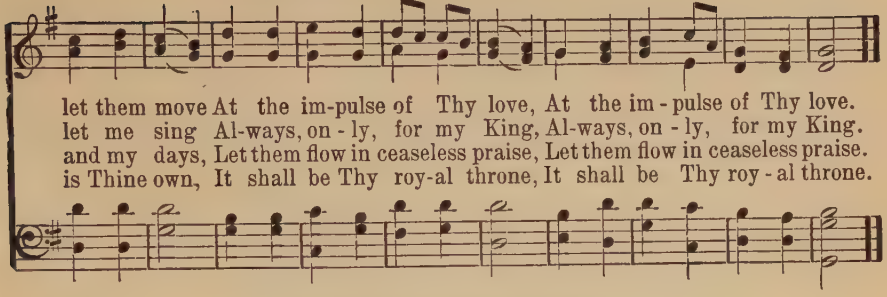

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see . . . The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, . . Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
an-gel fa - ces smile, . Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

248 Take My Life, and Let It Be

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — C. H. A. MALAN

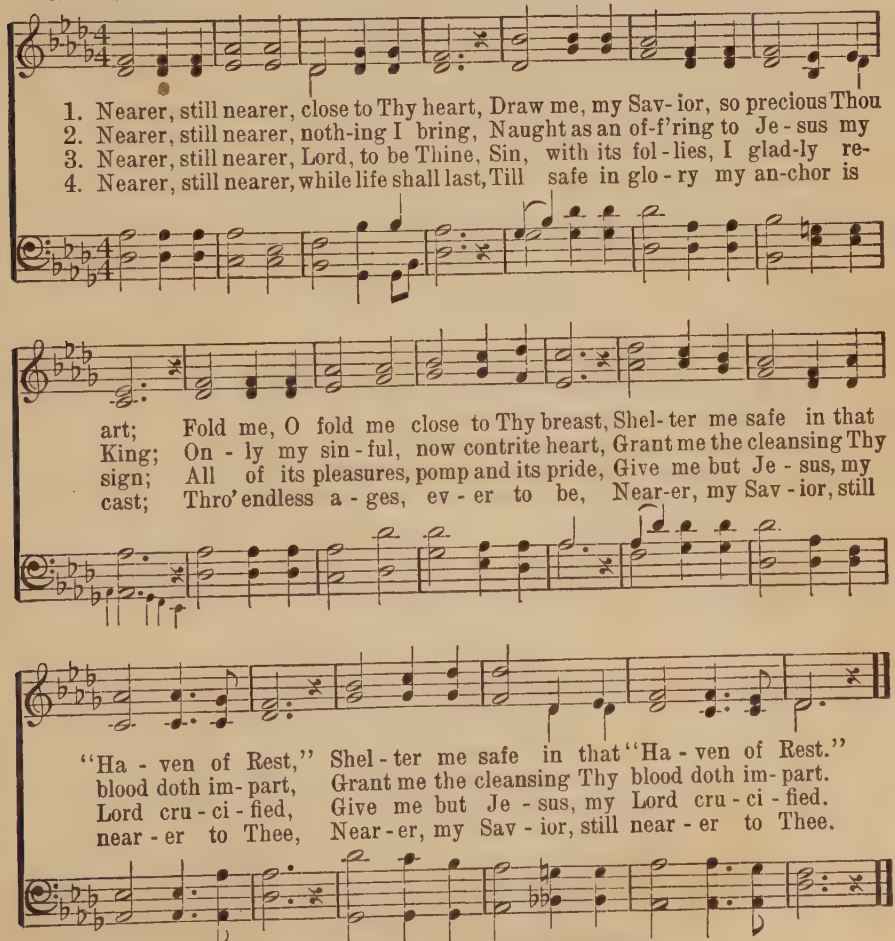

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra-ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold; Take my mo-ments
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine; Take my heart, it

Take My Life and Let It Be


let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

249 Nearer, Still Nearer

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris


1. Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so precious Thou
2. Nearer, still nearer, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to Je-sus my
3. Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I glad-ly re-
4. Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my an-chor is
art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me safe in that
King; On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the cleansing Thy
sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Je-sus, my
cast; Thro' endless a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still
"Ha-ven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth im-part.
Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee.

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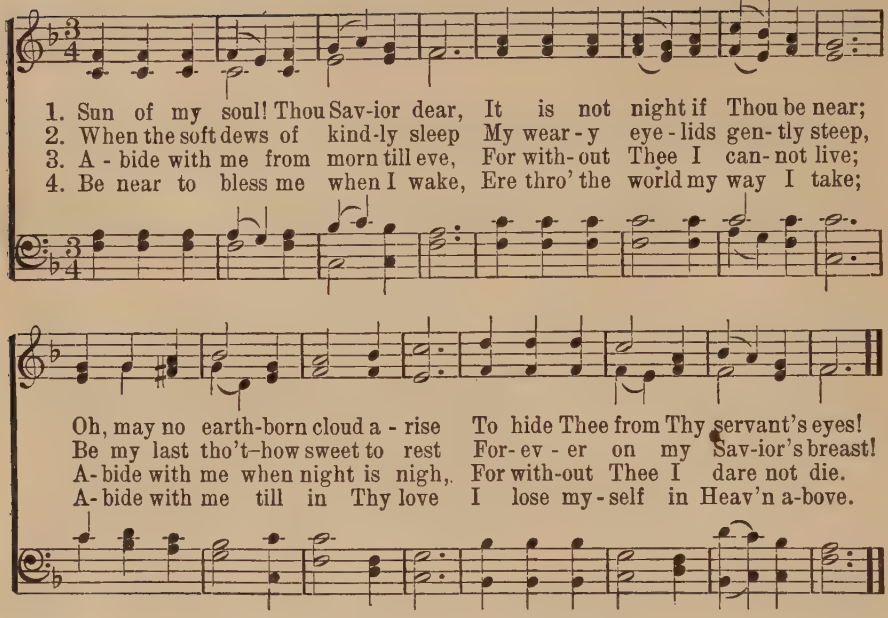
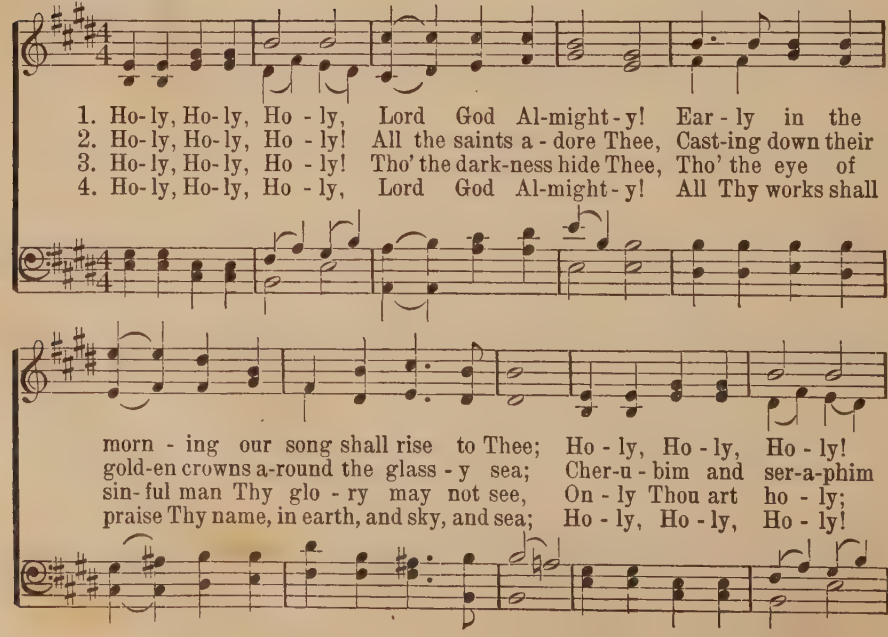
250 Sun of My Soul

JOHN KEBLE — PETER RITTER

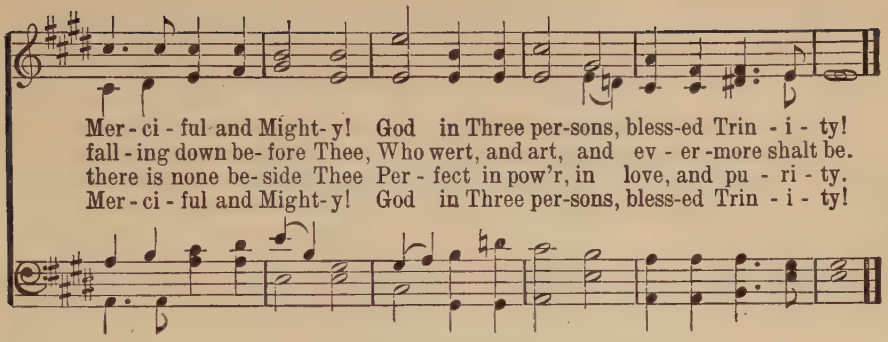

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heav'n a-bove.

251 Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER — Rev. JOHN B. DYKES

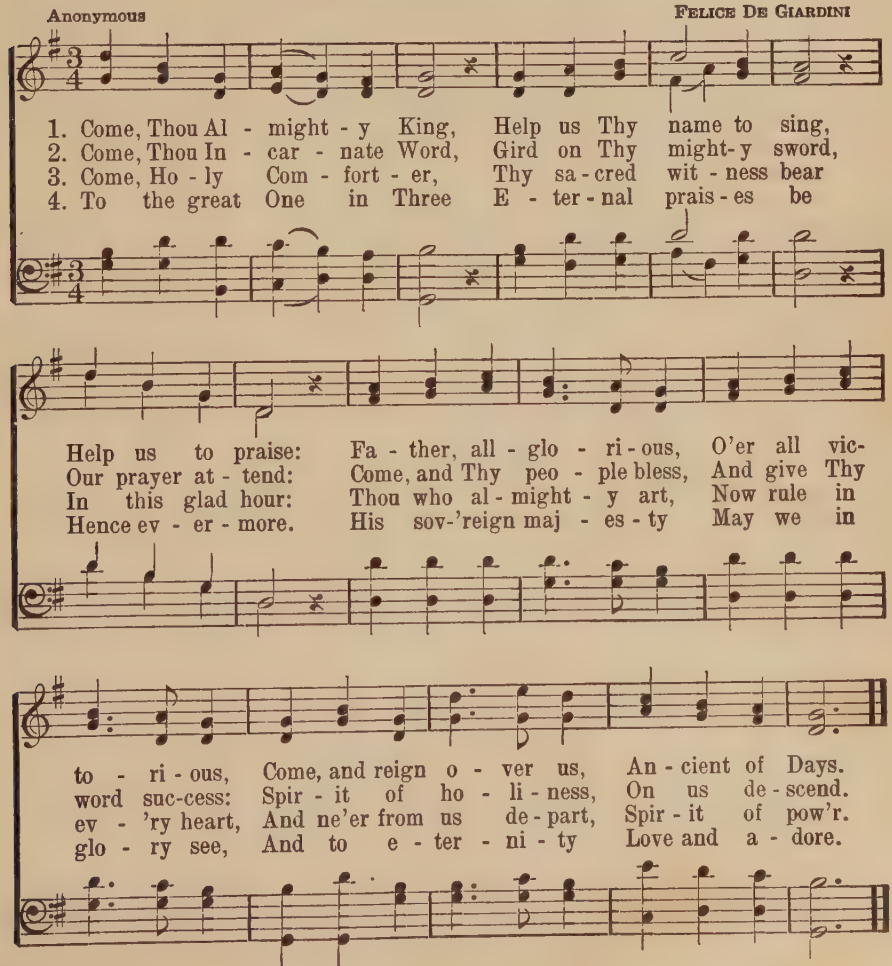

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy


Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

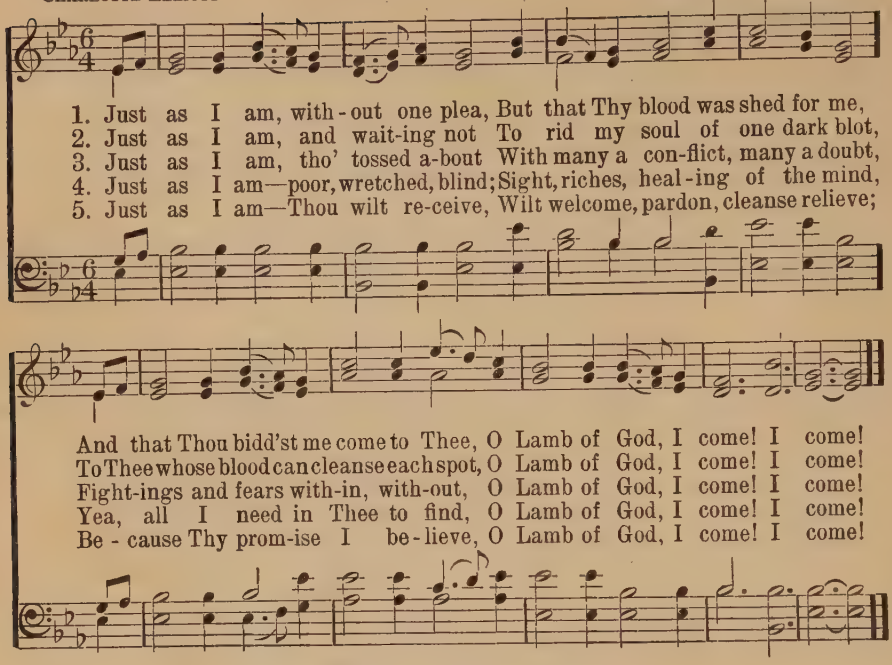
252 Come, Thou Almighty King

Anonymous

FELICE DE GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

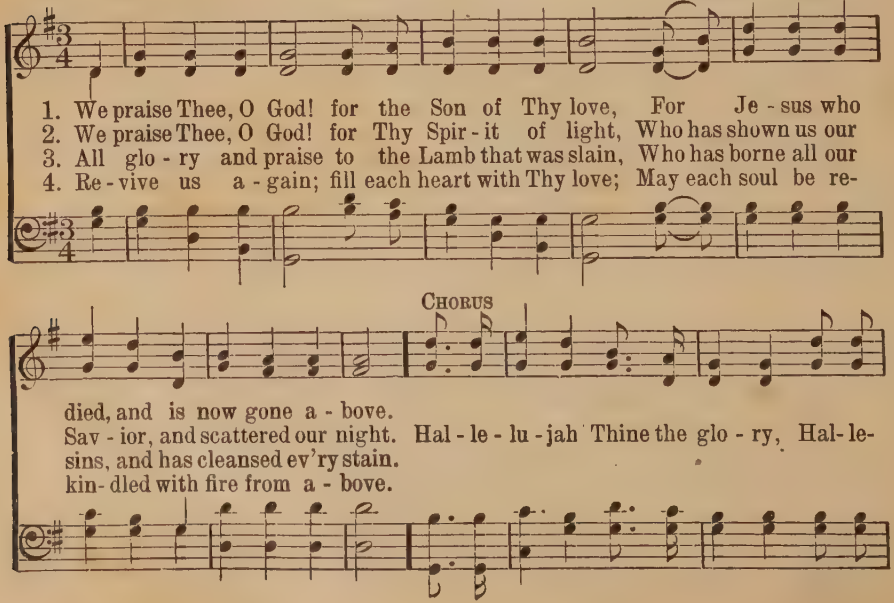
253 Just As I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

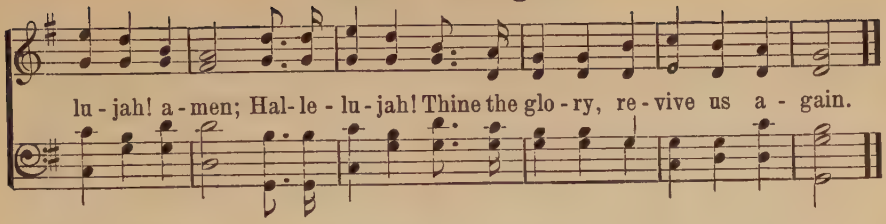

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

254 Revive Us Again

WM. P. MACKAY — JOHN J. HUSBAND

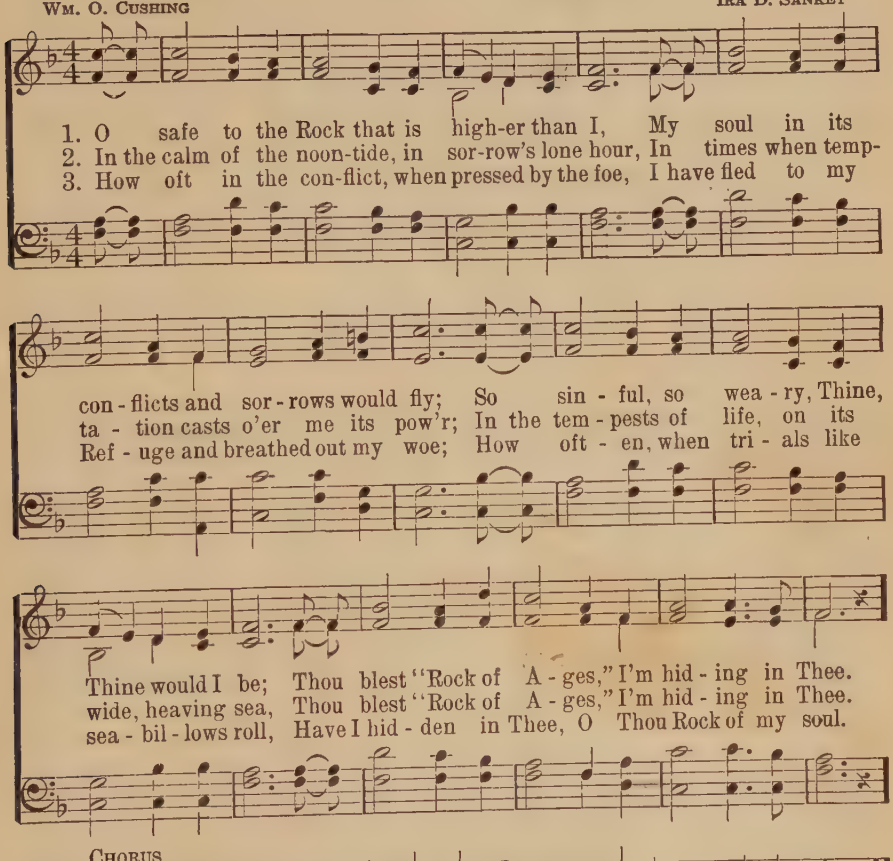

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS
died, and is now gone a-bove.
Sav-ior, and scattered our night. Hal-le-lu-jah Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a-bove.

Revive Us Again



255 Hiding In Thee

WM. O. CUSHING — IRA D. SANKEY


1. O safe to the Rock that is high-er than I, My soul in its
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor-row's lone hour, In times when temp-
3. How oft in the con-flict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my
con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,
ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its
Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en, when tri - als like
Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.
CHORUS
Hid-ing in Thee, Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid-ing in Thee.

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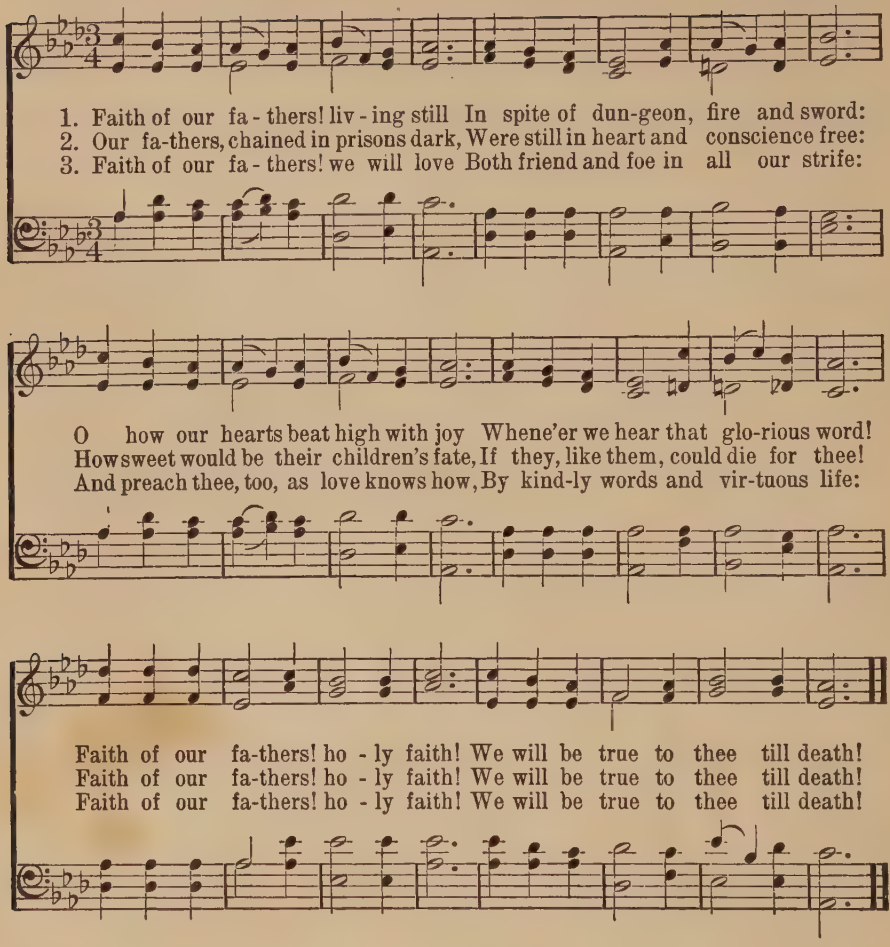
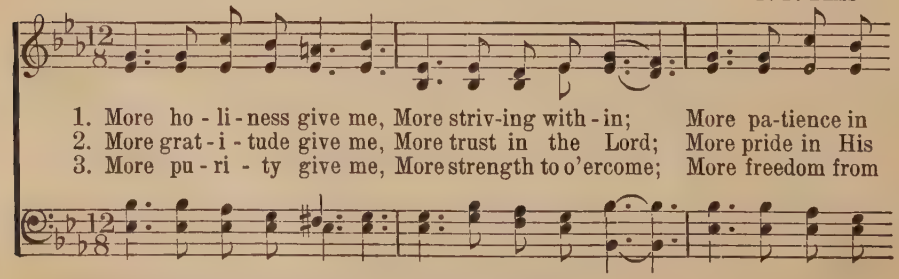
256 Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER — H. F. HEMY


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

257 My Prayer

P. P. B. — P. P. BLISS


1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ing with - in; More pa-tience in
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'ercome; More freedom from

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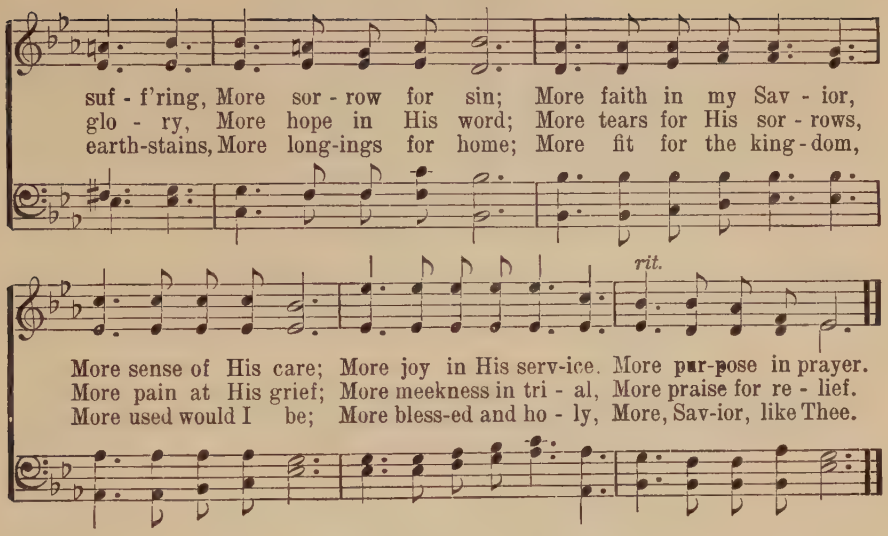
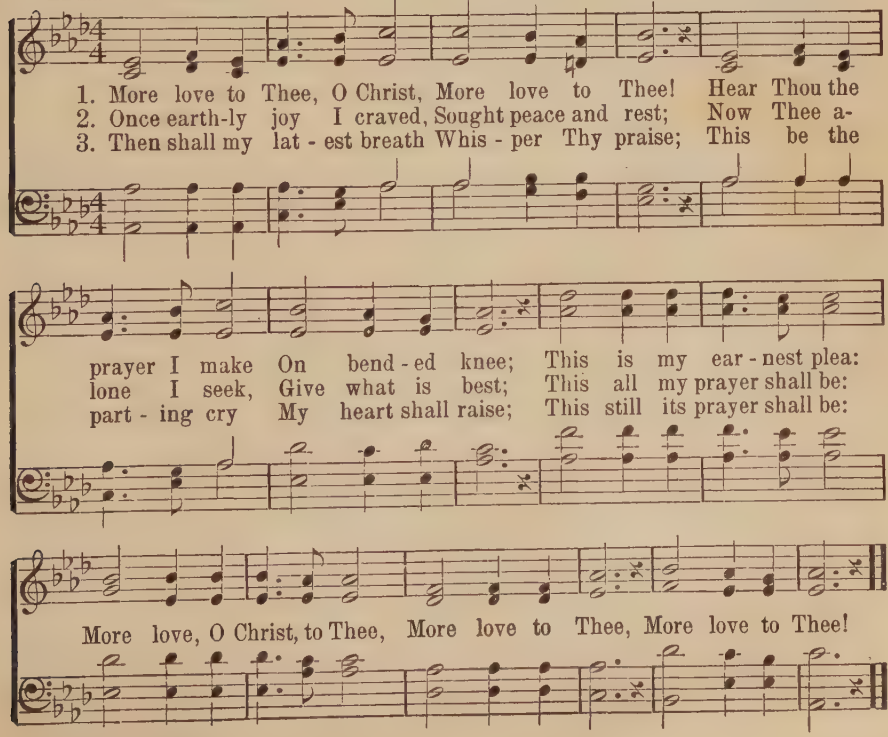
My Prayer


suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,
glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,
rit.
More sense of His care; More joy in His serv-ice. More pur-pose in prayer.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Sav-ior, like Thee.

258 More Love to Thee

ELIZABETH PRENTISS

W. H. DOANE


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

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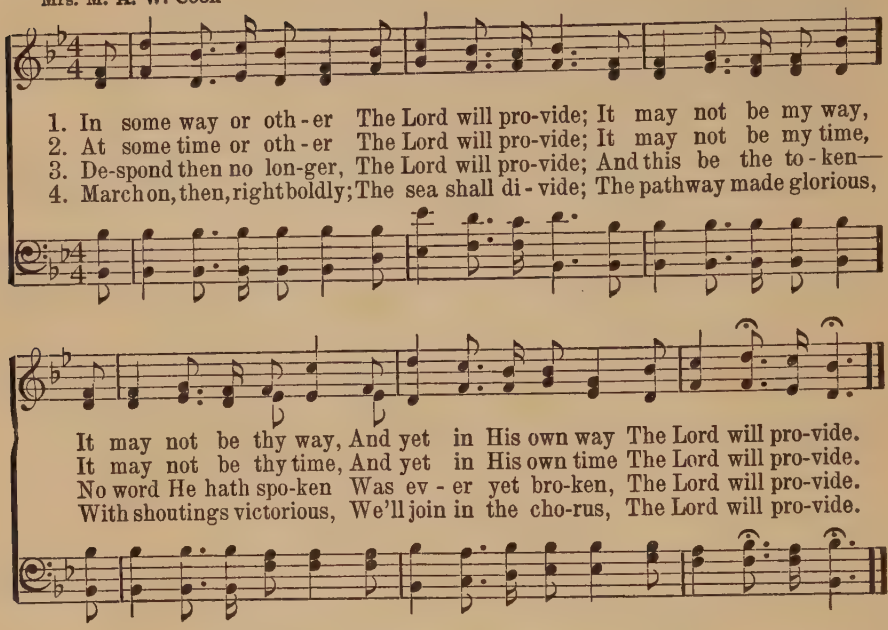
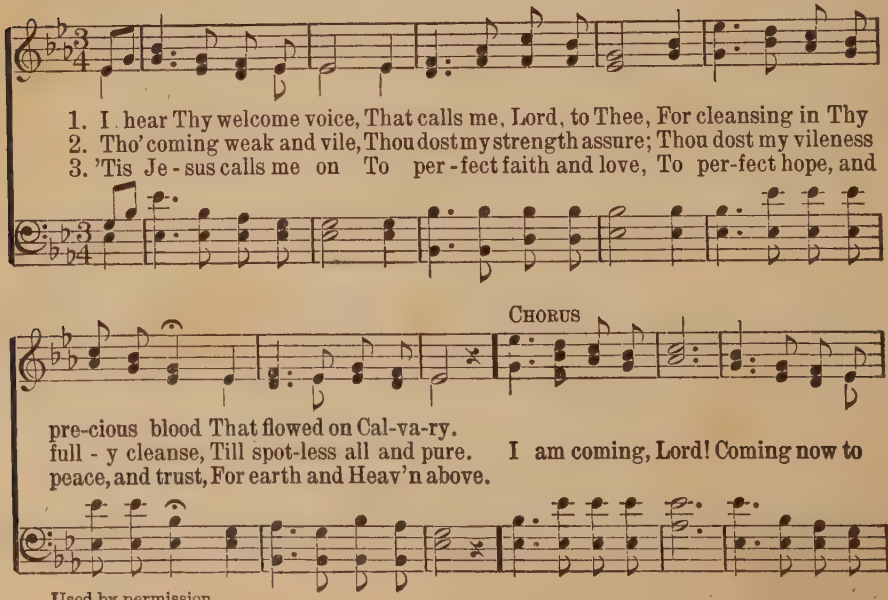
259 The Lord Will Provide

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook — C. S. Harrington


1. In some way or oth-er The Lord will pro-vide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth-er The Lord will pro-vide; It may not be my time,
3. De-spond then no lon-ger, The Lord will pro-vide; And this be the to-ken—
4. March on, then, right boldly; The sea shall di-vide; The pathway made glorious,
It may not be thy way, And yet in His own way The Lord will pro-vide.
It may not be thy time, And yet in His own time The Lord will pro-vide.
No word He hath spo-ken Was ev-er yet bro-ken, The Lord will pro-vide.
With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the cho-rus, The Lord will pro-vide.

260 I Am Coming, Lord

L. H. — L. Hartsough


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
Chorus
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
full-y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am coming, Lord! Coming now to
peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.

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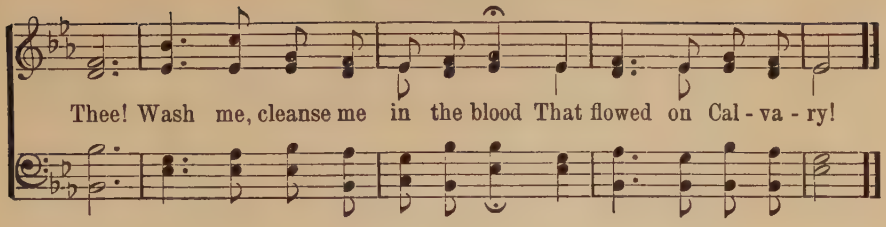
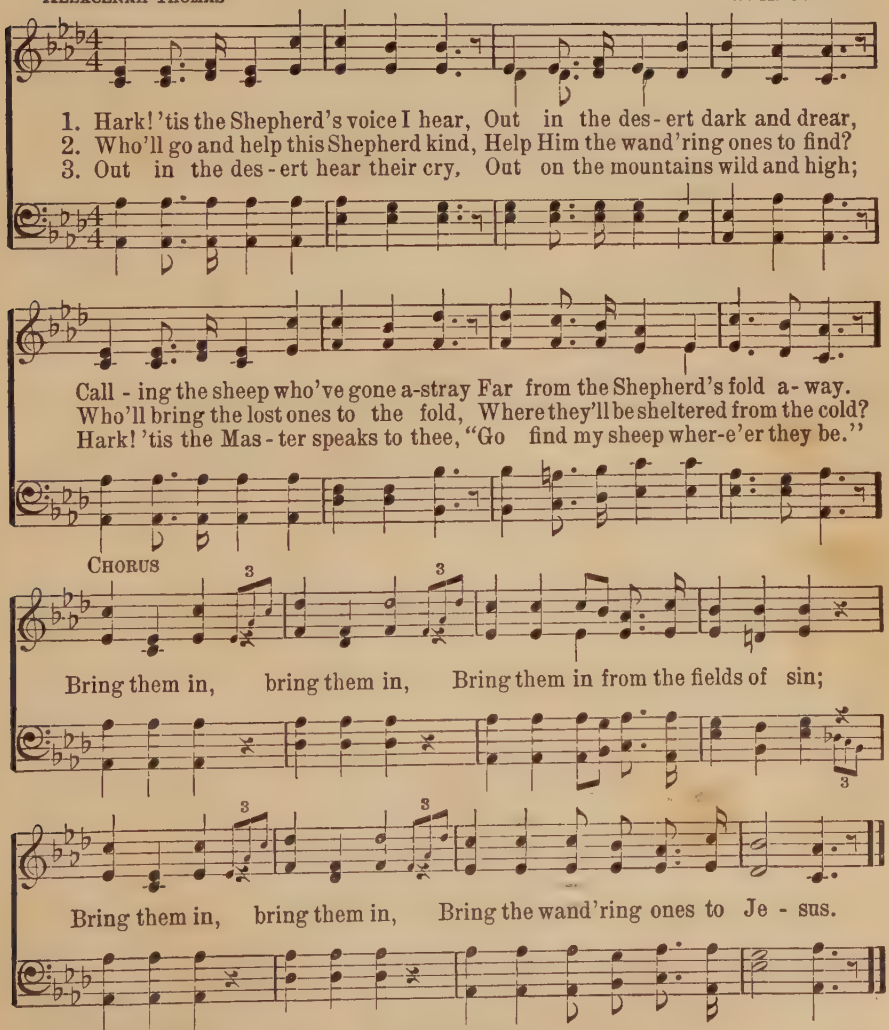
I Am Coming, Lord



261 Bring Them In

ALEXCENAH THOMAS W. A. OGDEN


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;
Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."
CHORUS
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

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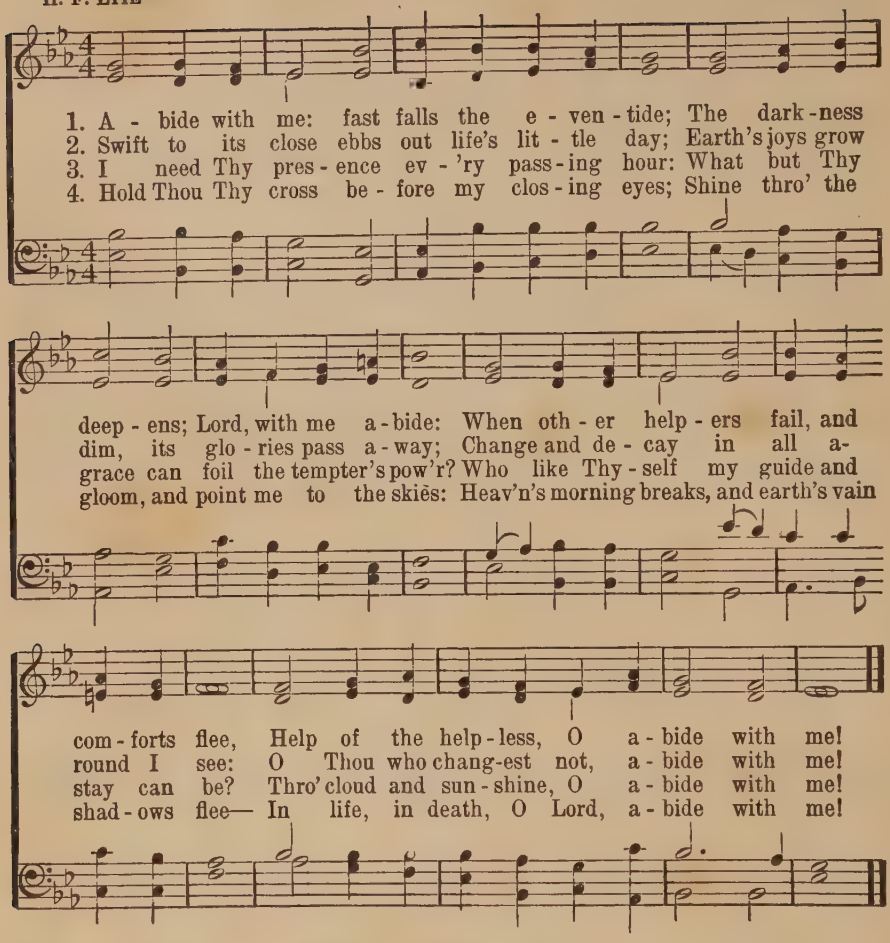
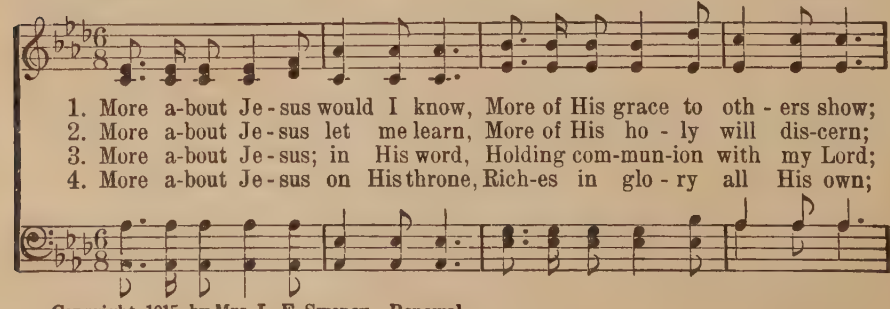
262 Abide With Me

H. F. Lyte — W. H. Monk


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain
com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
round I see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
shad - ows flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

263 More About Jesus

E. E. Hewitt — Jno. R. Sweney


1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

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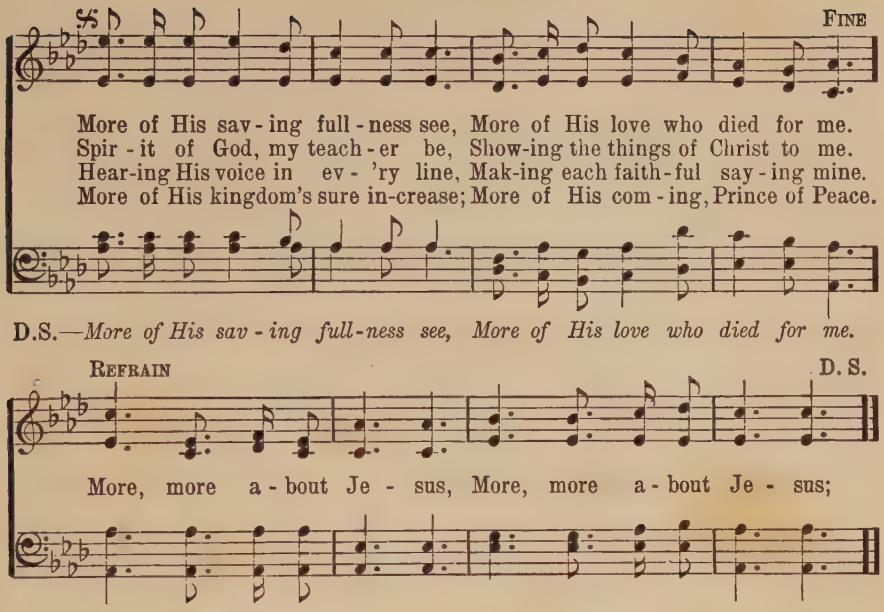
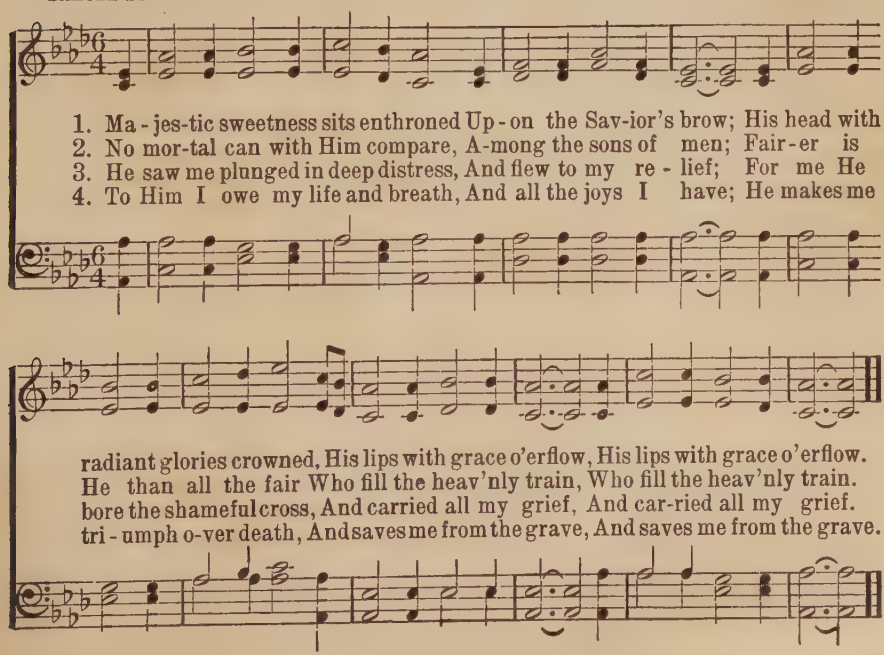
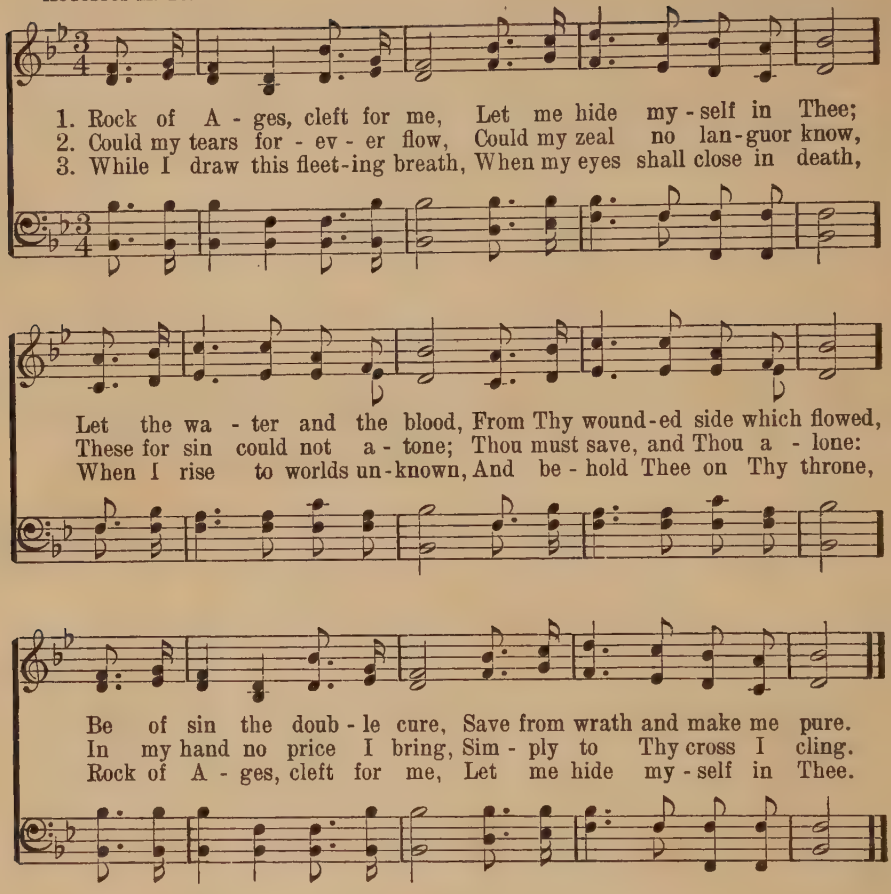
More About Jesus

FINE
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.
D.S.—More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
REFRAIN
D. S.
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

264 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

SAMUEL STENNETT — THOMAS HASTINGS

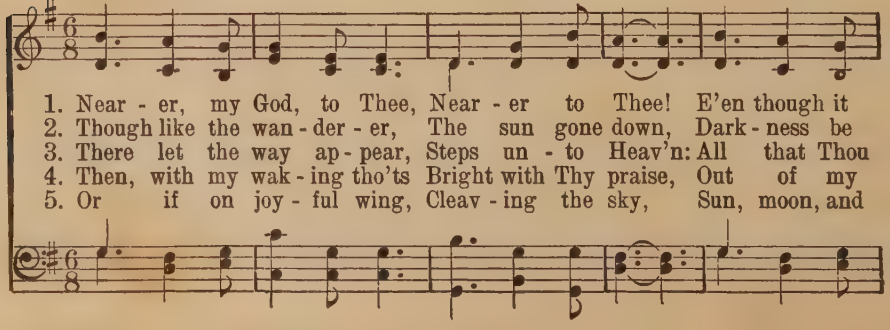

1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me
radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri - umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

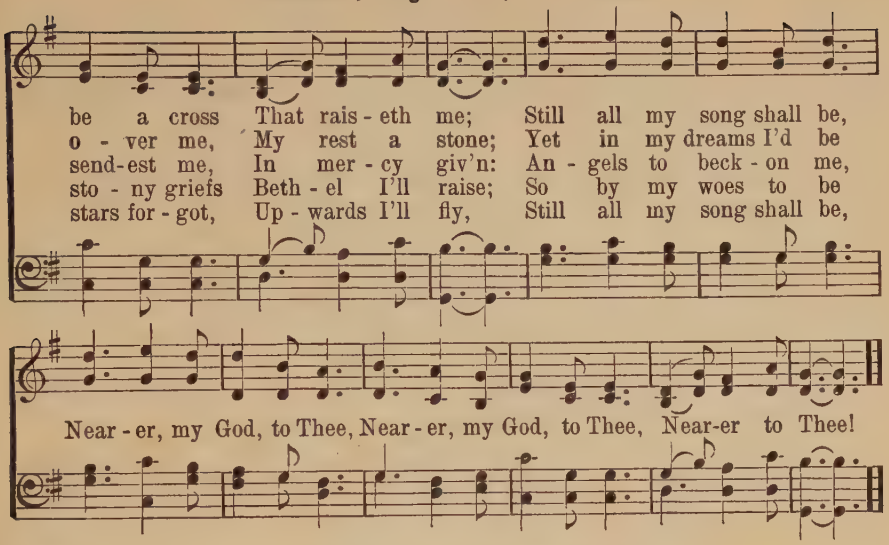
265 Rock of Ages

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

266 Nearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — Arr. by LOWELL MASON


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

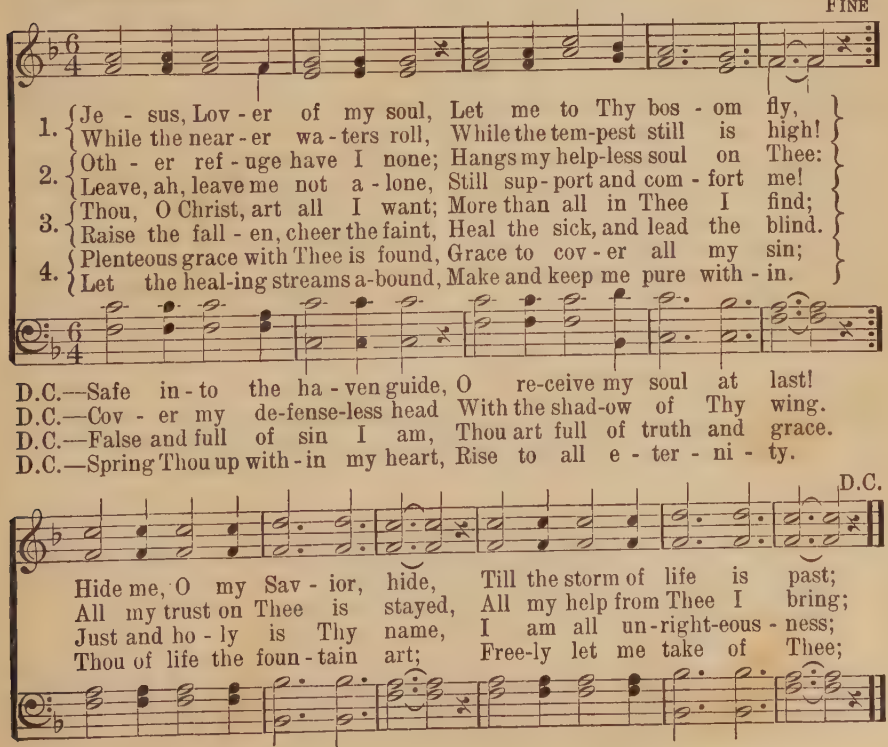
Nearer, My God, to Thee

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - wards I'll fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

267 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY

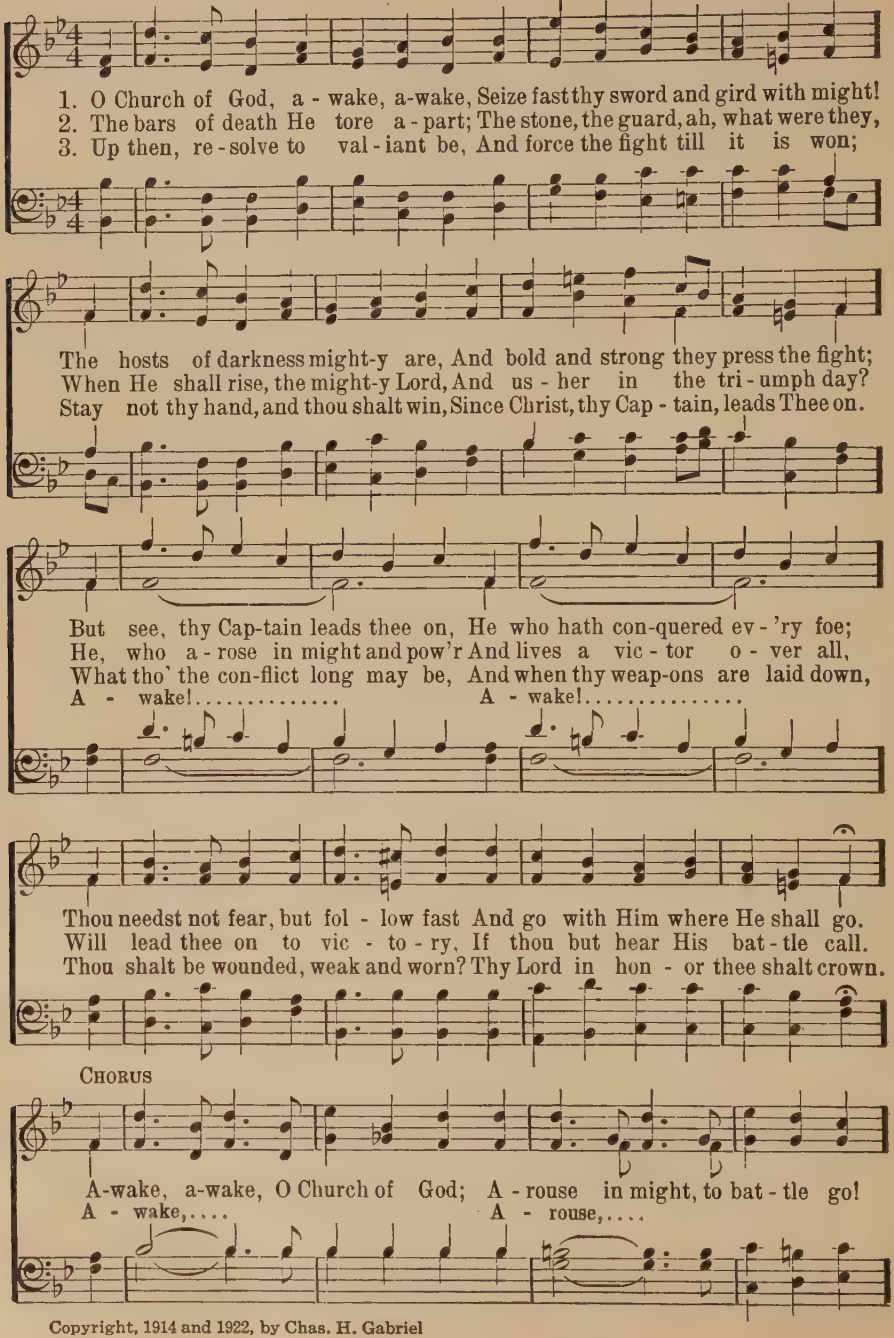
S. B. MARSH

FINE


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
D.C.—Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D.C.—Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

268 Church of God, Awake!

WALLACE I. COBURN CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. O Church of God, a - wake, a-wake, Seize fast thy sword and gird with might!
2. The bars of death He tore a - part; The stone, the guard, ah, what were they,
3. Up then, re - solve to val - iant be, And force the fight till it is won;
The hosts of darkness might-y are, And bold and strong they press the fight;
When He shall rise, the might-y Lord, And us - her in the tri - umph day?
Stay not thy hand, and thou shalt win, Since Christ, thy Cap - tain, leads Thee on.
But see, thy Cap-tain leads thee on, He who hath con-quered ev - 'ry foe;
He, who a - rose in might and pow'r And lives a vic - tor o - ver all,
What tho' the con-flict long may be, And when thy weap-ons are laid down,
A - wake!..... A - wake!.....
Thou needst not fear, but fol - low fast And go with Him where He shall go.
Will lead thee on to vic - to - ry, If thou but hear His bat - tle call.
Thou shalt be wounded, weak and worn? Thy Lord in hon - or thee shalt crown.
CHORUS
A-wake, a-wake, O Church of God; A - rouse in might, to bat - tle go!
A - wake,.... A - rouse,....

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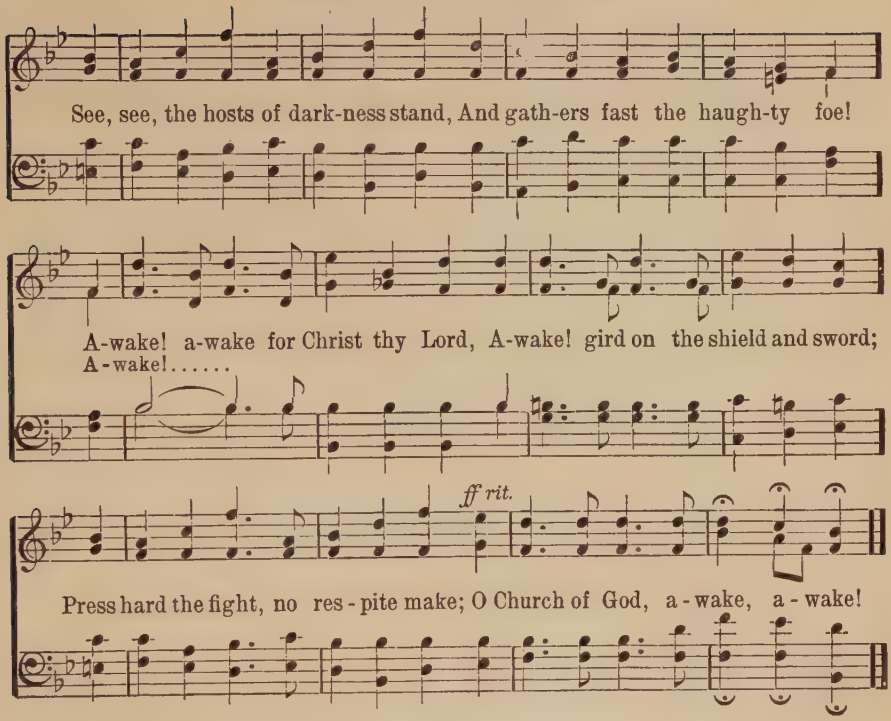
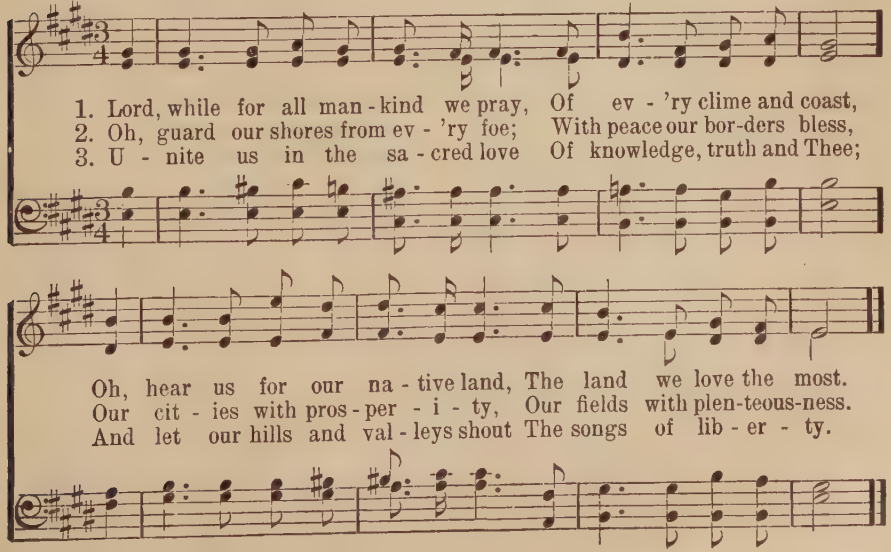
Church of God, Awake!


See, see, the hosts of dark-ness stand, And gath-ers fast the haugh-ty foe!
A-wake! a-wake for Christ thy Lord, A-wake! gird on the shield and sword;
A-wake!.....
ff rit.
Press hard the fight, no res-pite make; O Church of God, a-wake, a-wake!

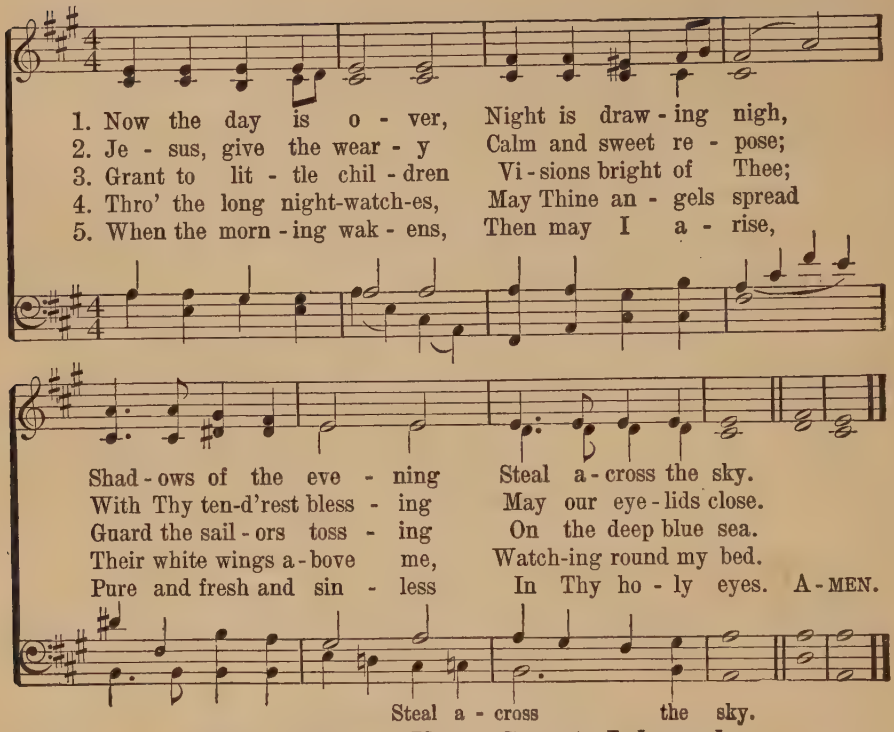
269 A Patriot's Prayer

JOHN R. WREFORD — WILLIAM V. WALLACE


1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev-'ry clime and coast,
2. Oh, guard our shores from ev-'ry foe; With peace our bor-ders bless,
3. U-nite us in the sa-cred love Of knowledge, truth and Thee;
Oh, hear us for our na-tive land, The land we love the most.
Our cit-ies with pros-per-i-ty, Our fields with plen-teous-ness.
And let our hills and val-leys shout The songs of lib-er-ty.

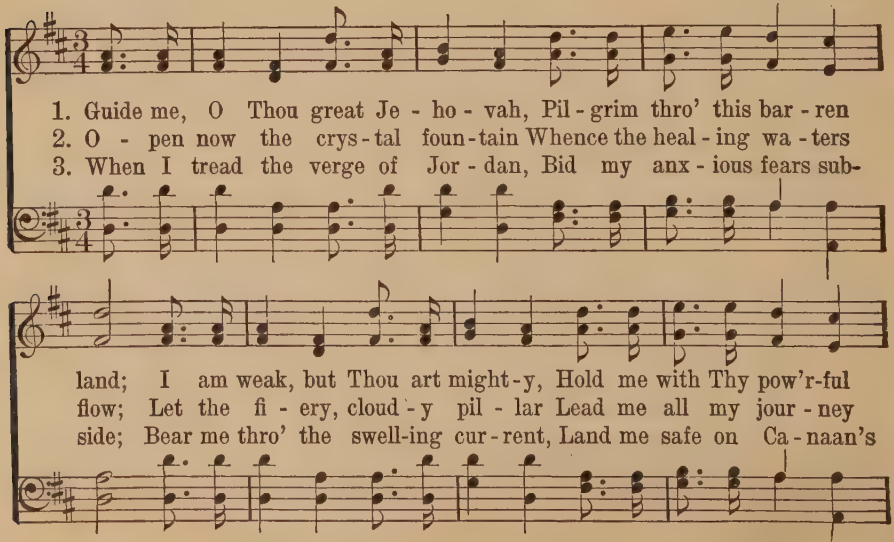
270 Now the Day is Over

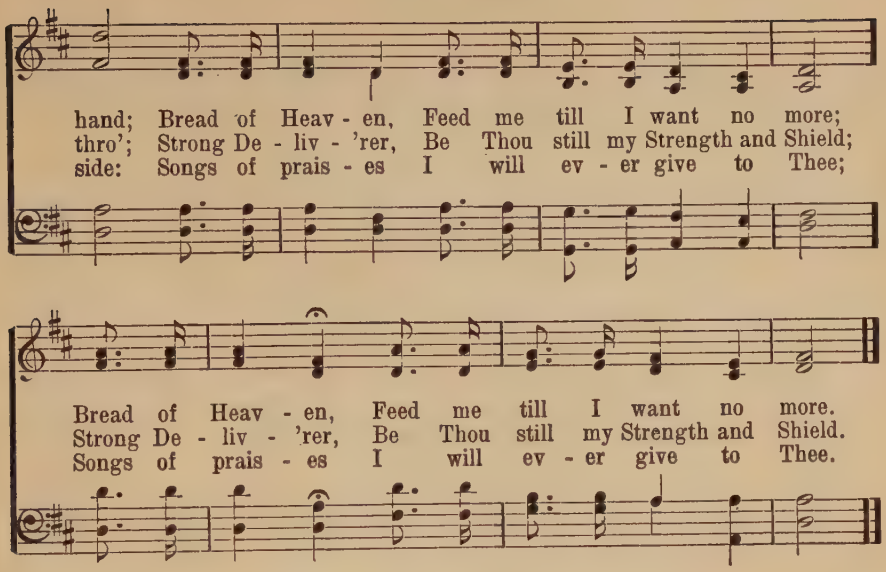
SABINE BARING-GOULD — JOSEPH BARNBY


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.
Steal a - cross the sky.

271 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

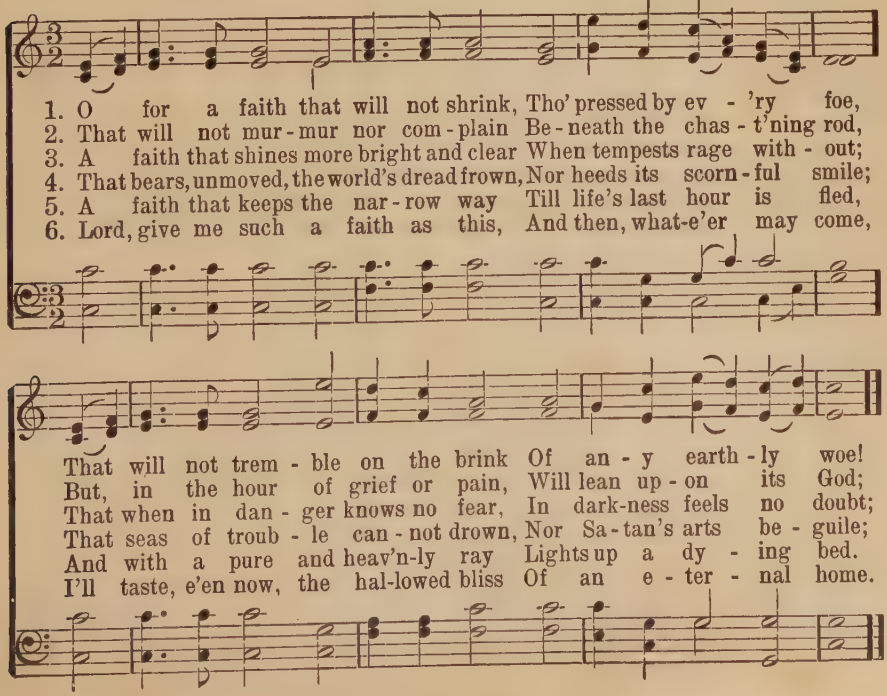
WILLIAM WILLIAMS — THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub -
land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

hand; Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro'; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;
Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

272 O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink

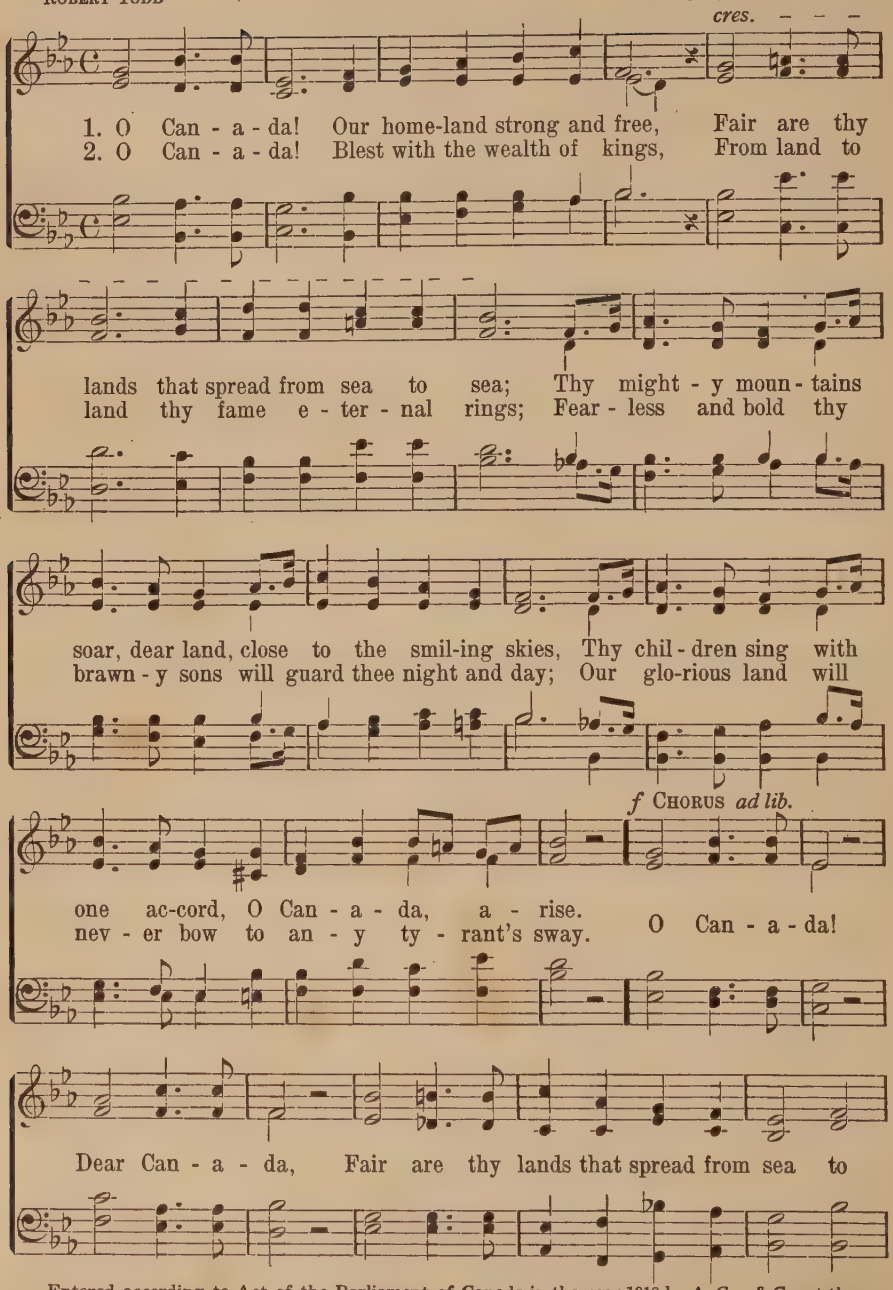
WILLIAM H. BATHURST GEORGE KINGSLEY


1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe,
2. That will not mur - mur nor com - plain Be - neath the chas - t'ning rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with - out;
4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scorn - ful smile;
5. A faith that keeps the nar - row way Till life's last hour is fled,
6. Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt;
That seas of troub - le can - not drown, Nor Sa - tan's arts be - guile;
And with a pure and heav'n-ly ray Lights up a dy - ing bed.
I'll taste, e'en now, the hal-lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

O Canada!

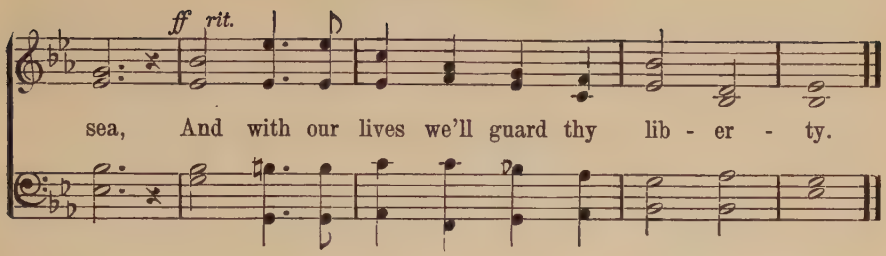
("That True North"—*Tennyson*)

ROBERT TODD

Melody by C. LAVALLEE

cres.
1. O Can - a - da! Our home-land strong and free, Fair are thy
2. O Can - a - da! Blest with the wealth of kings, From land to
lands that spread from sea to sea; Thy might - y moun - tains
land thy fame e - ter - nal rings; Fear - less and bold thy
soar, dear land, close to the smil-ing skies, Thy chil - dren sing with
brawn - y sons will guard thee night and day; Our glo-rious land will
f CHORUS ad lib.
one ac-cord, O Can - a - da, a - rise.
nev - er bow to an - y ty - rant's sway.
O Can - a - da!
Dear Can - a - da, Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to

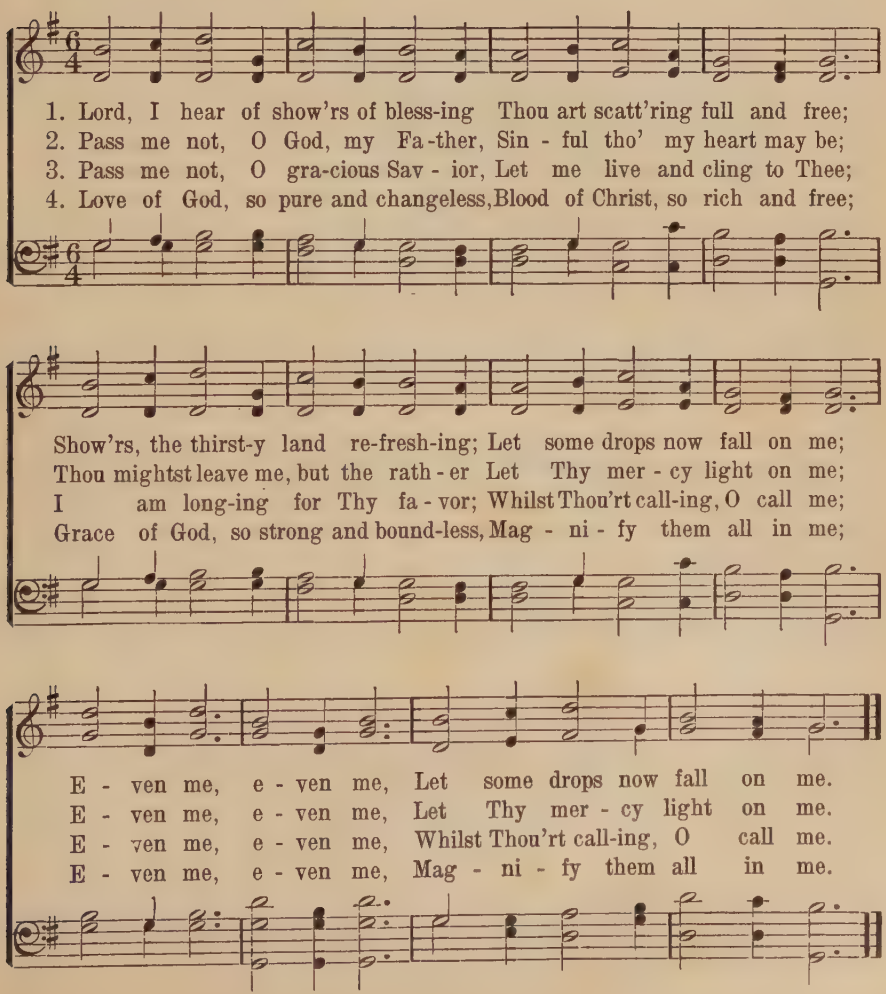
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1919 by A. Cox & Co. at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa

O Canada!



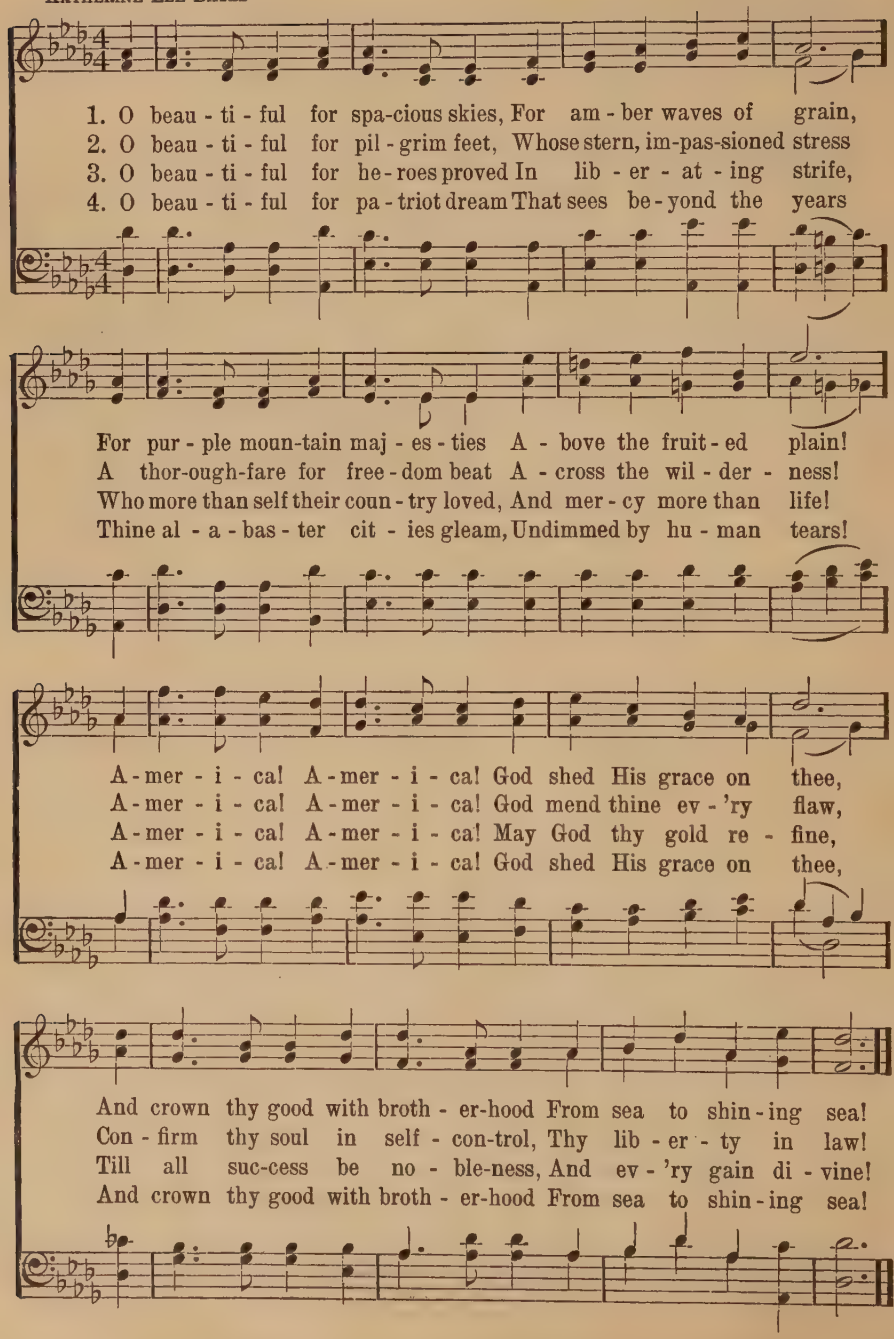
274 Even Me, Even Me

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner — Wm. B. Bradbury


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me;
I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me;
Grace of God, so strong and bound-less, Mag - ni - fy them all in me;
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

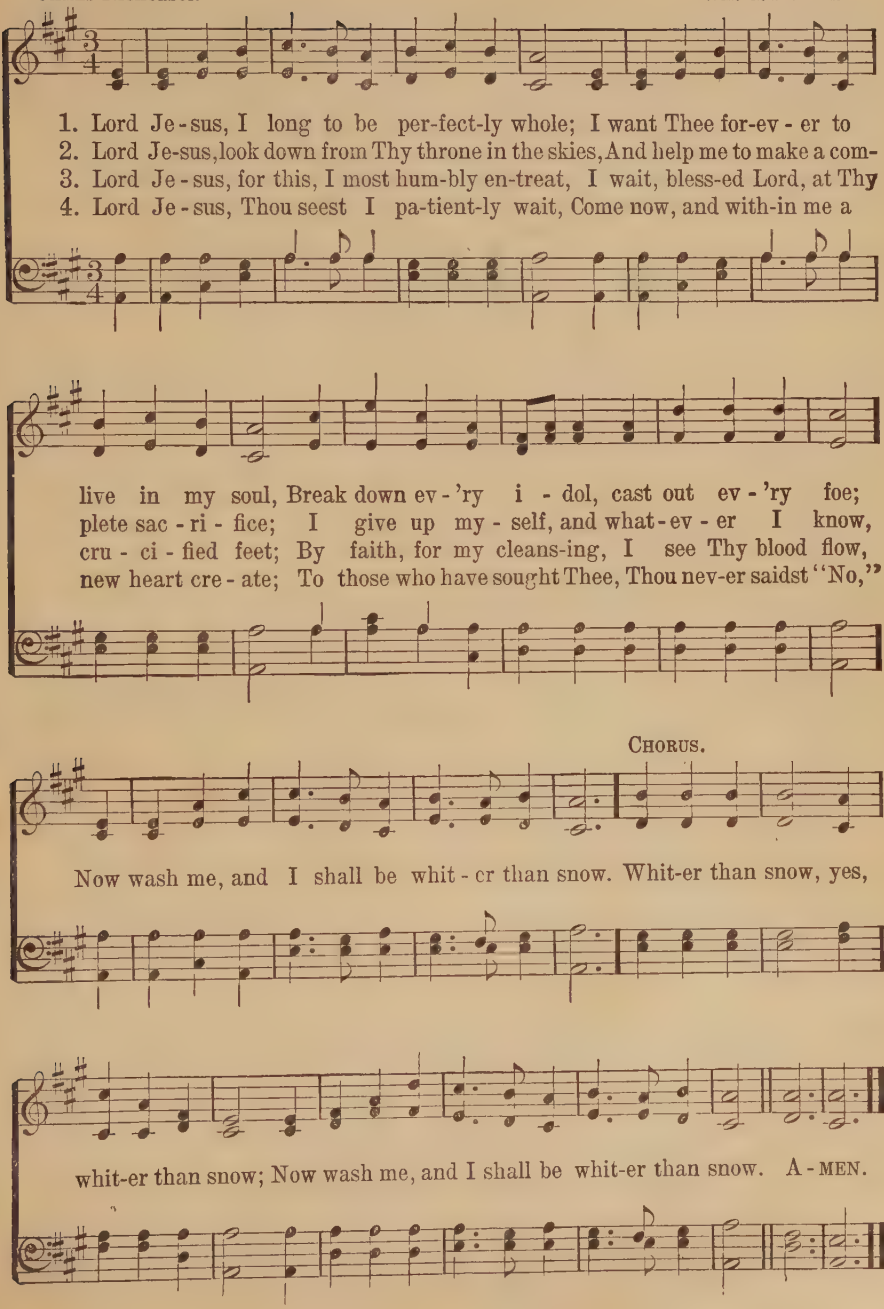
America the Beautiful

KATHERINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

Whiter Than Snow

JAMES NICHOLSON WM. G. FISCHER


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je-sus, for this, I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with-in me a
live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know,
cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow,
new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er saidst "No,"
CHORUS.
Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. A-MEN.

The Maple Leaf Forever

ALEX. MUIR

ALEX. MUIR

Con spirito

mf

1. In days of yore the he - ro Wolfe, Brit-ain's glo-ry did main-tain,
2. On man - y hard fought bat-tle - fields, Our brave fa-thers side by side,
3. In au-tumn time our em-blem dear Dons its tints of crim-son hue;
4. God bless our loved Ca - na-dian home, Our Do-min-ion's vast do - main:
5. On mer - ry England's far-famed land May kind Heaven sweet-ly smile;

And plant - ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag On Can-a-da's fair do-main;
For free-dom, home, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood, and no - bly died;
Our blood would dye a deep - er red, Shed, Can - a - da, for you!
May plen - ty ev - er be our lot, And peace hold end - less reign:
God bless old Scot - land ev - er - more, And Ire-land's Em - 'rald Isle!

Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-geth - er,
And those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev - er!
Ere Sa - cred Rights, our fa-thers won, To foe - men we de - liv - er,
Our Un - ion bound by ties of love, That dis-cord can - not sev - er,
Then swell the song both loud and long, Till rocks and for - ests quiv - er,

With Lil - y, This - tle, Shamrock, Rose, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er.
We'll ral - ly round the Un - ion Jack, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er.
We'll fight-ing, die—our bat - tle cry, "The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er."
And flour - ish green o'er Freedom's home The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er.
God save our King, and Heav-en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er.

From "Songs of America and Homeland," by permission of Silver, Burdett & Company

The Maple Leaf Forever

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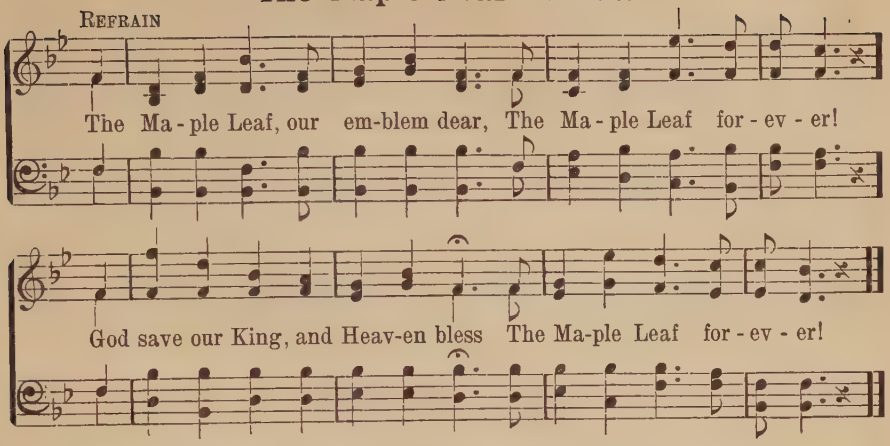
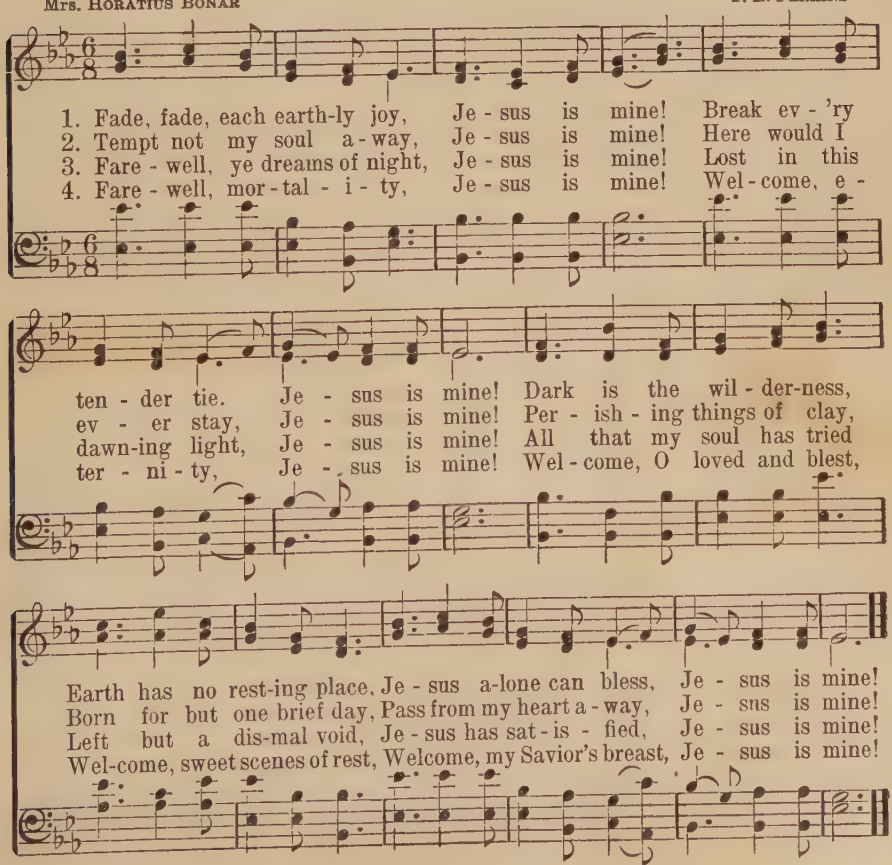


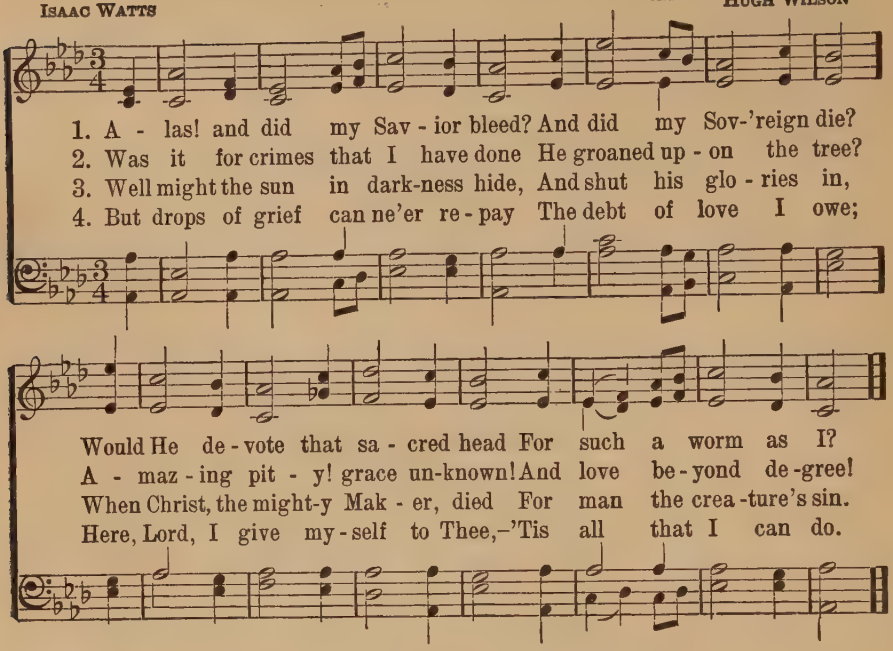
278 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy

MRS. HORATIUS BONAR

T. E. PERKINS

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -
ten - der tie. Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

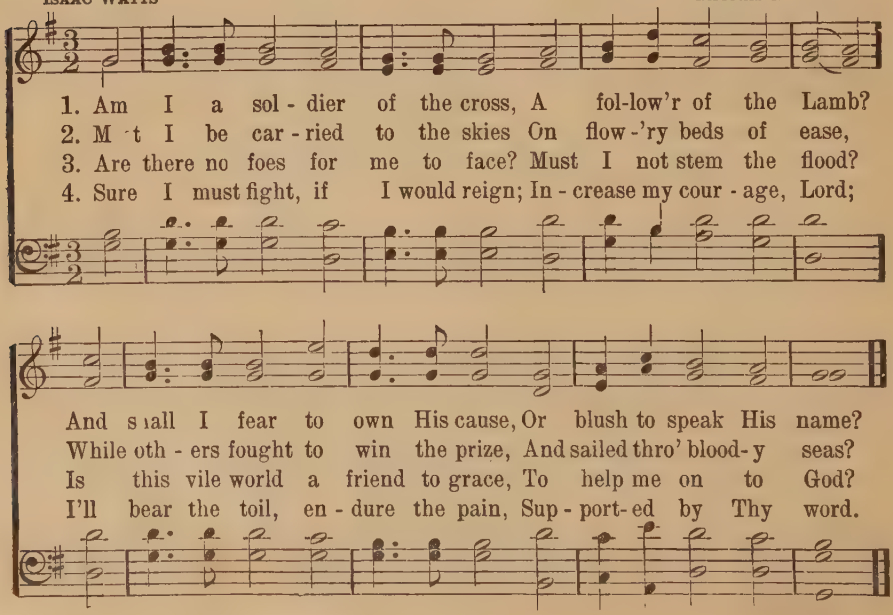
279 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS — HUGH WILSON


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do.

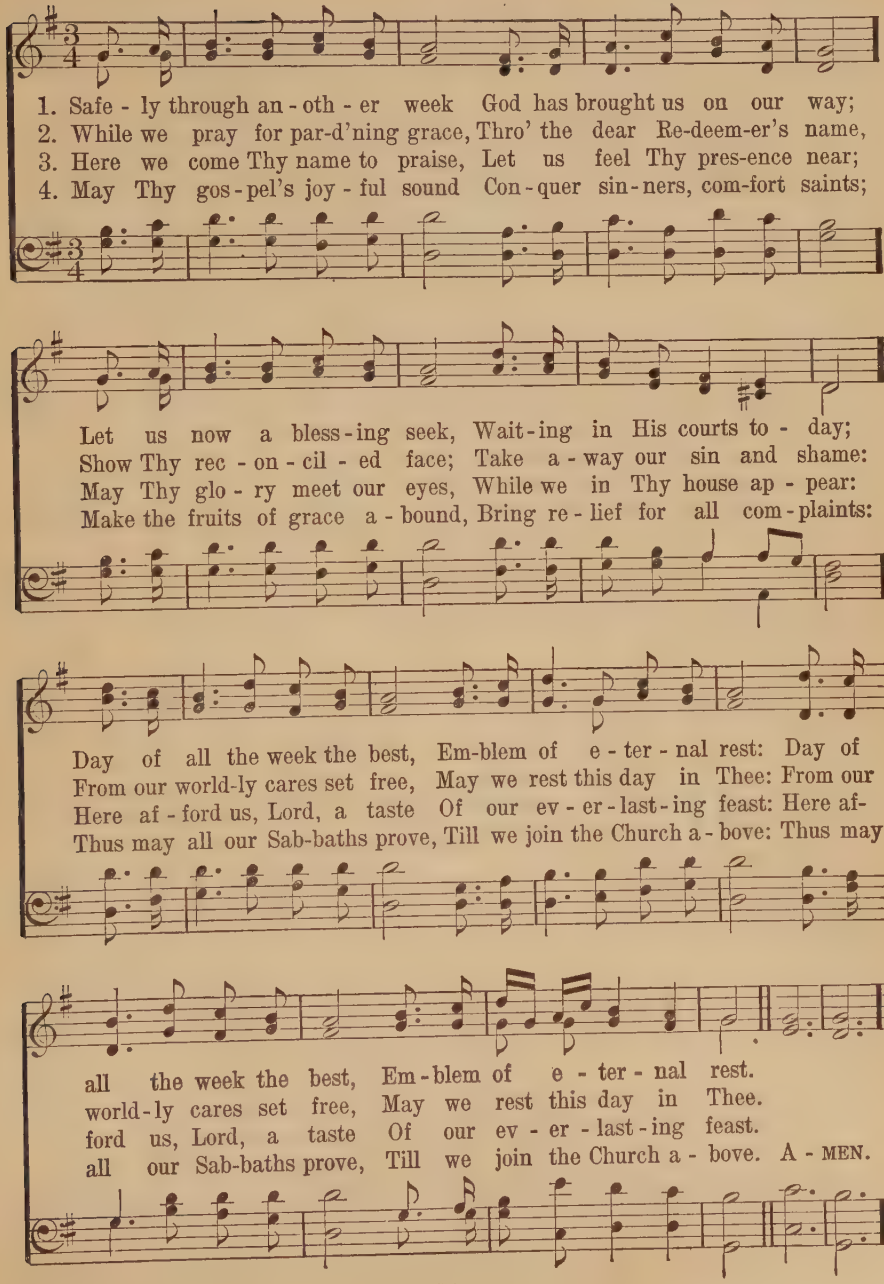
280 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS — THOMAS A. ARNE


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. M t I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
And s all I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

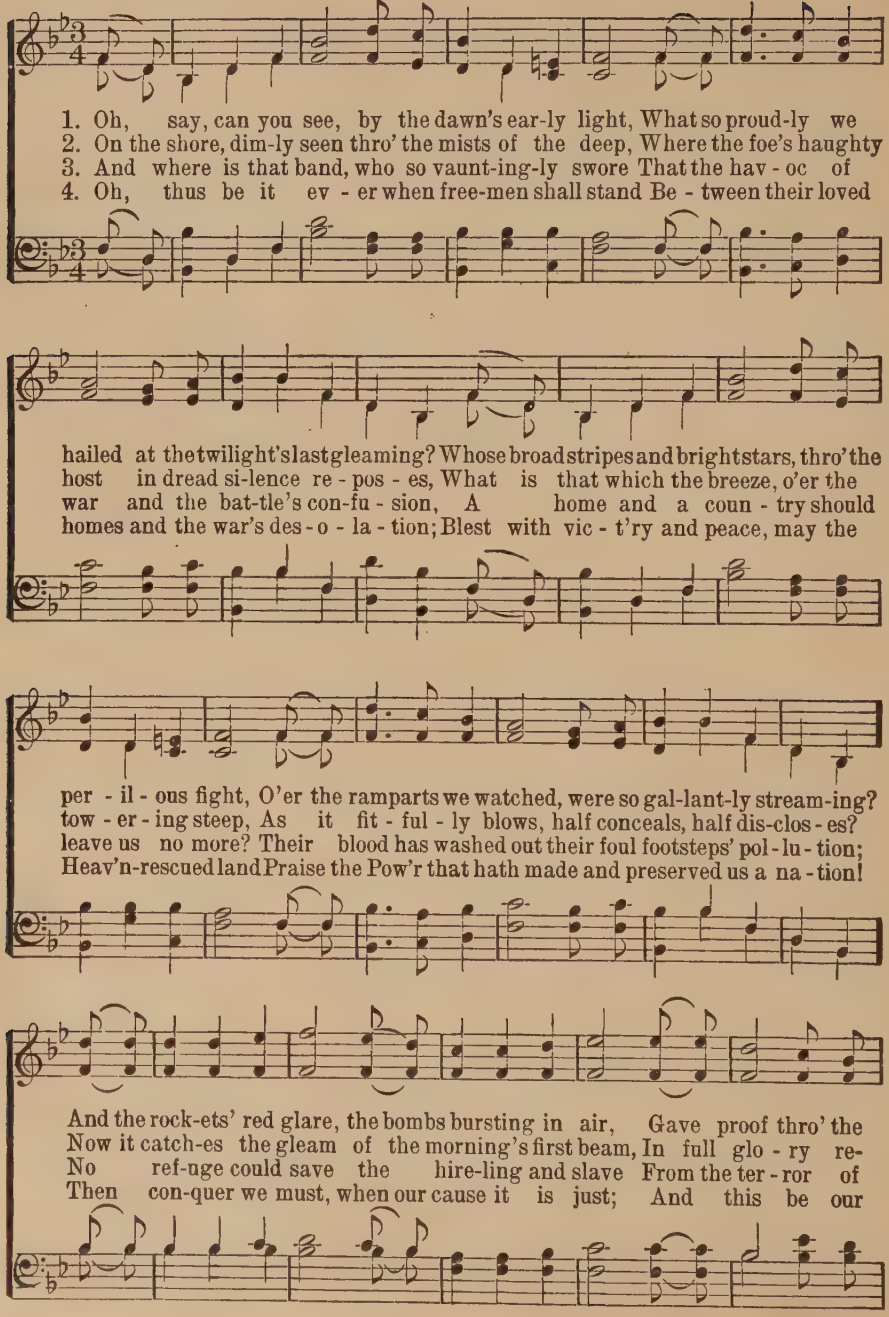
281 Safely Through Another Week

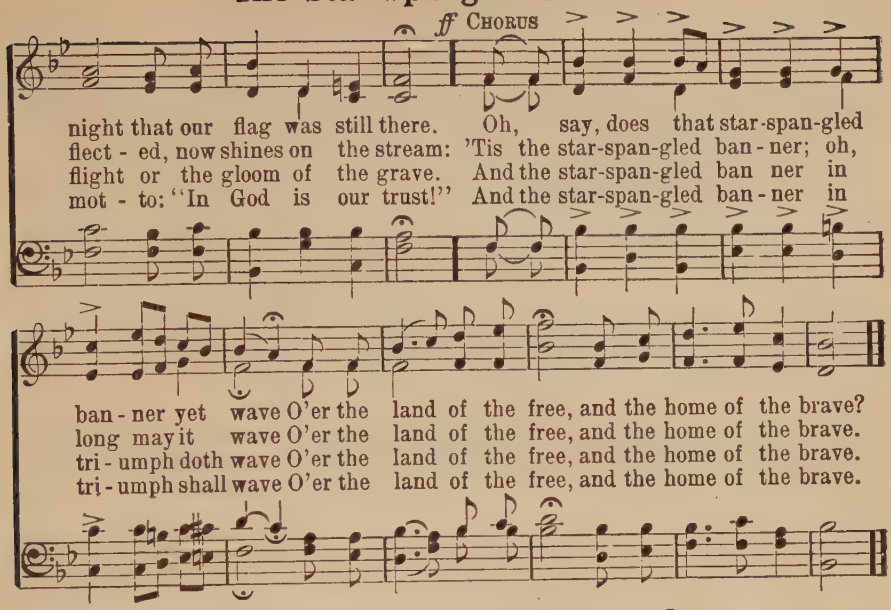
JOHN NEWTON — LOWELL MASON


1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may
all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.

The Star-Spangled Banner

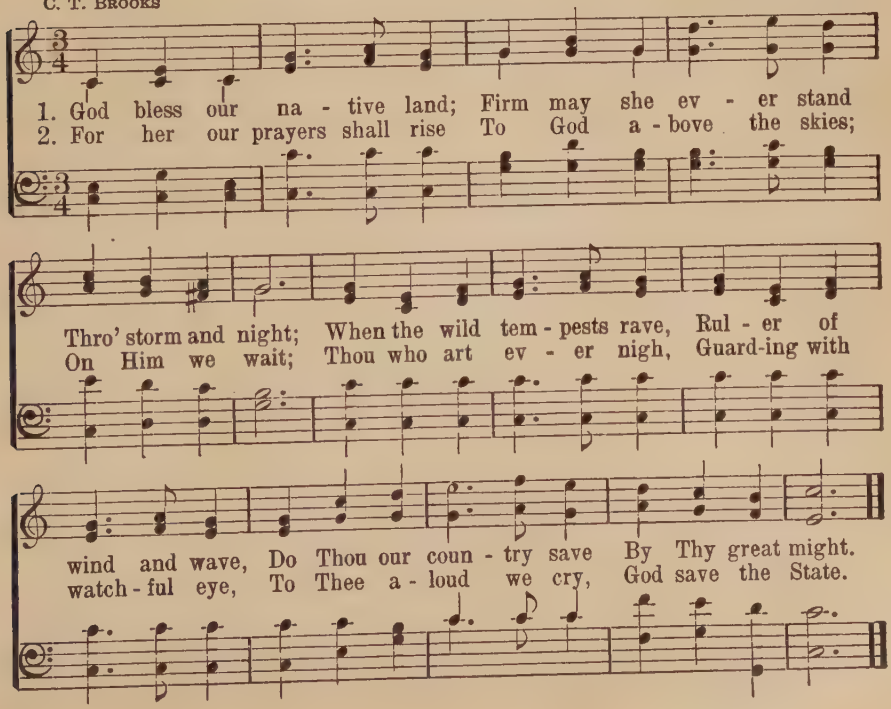
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.


1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con-fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

The Star-Spangled Banner

ff CHORUS
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled
flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner; oh,
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-span-gled ban ner in
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban - ner in
ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

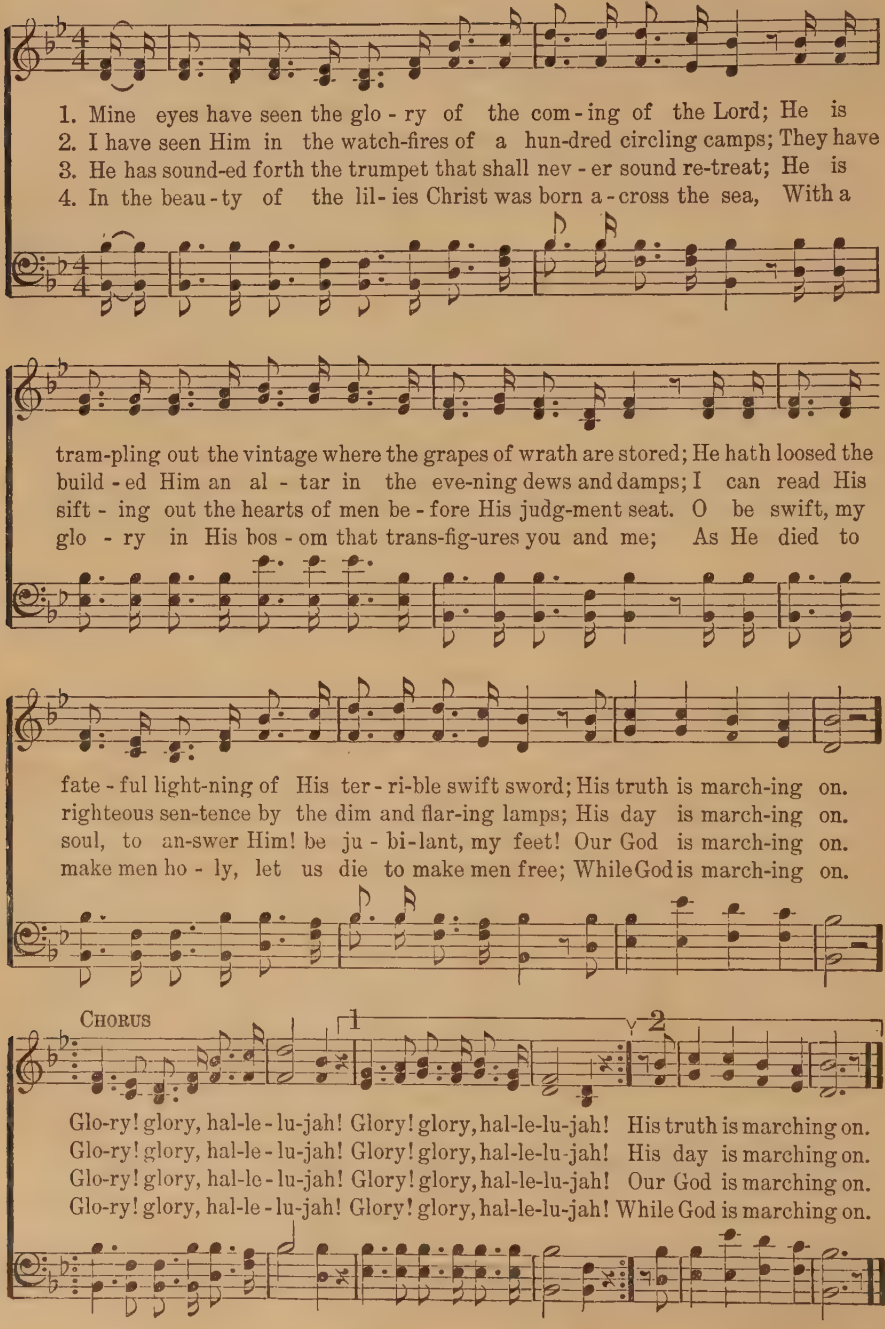
283 God Bless Our Native Land

C. T. BROOKS — LOWELL MASON


1. God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand
2. For her our prayers shall rise To God a - bove the skies;
Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard-ing with
wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State.

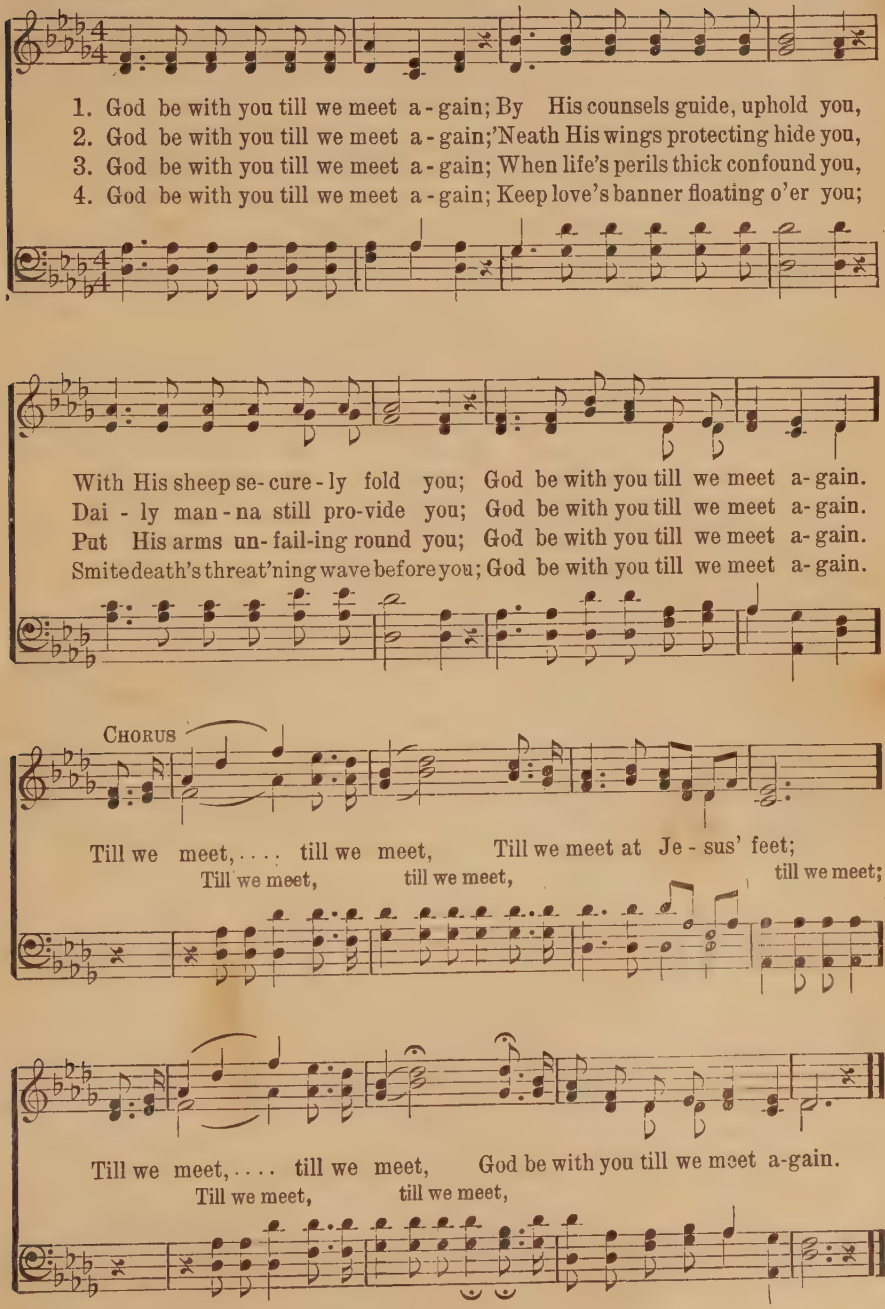
Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE — WILLIAM STEFFE


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
CHORUS
1
2
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His day is marching on.
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! Our God is marching on.
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! While God is marching on.

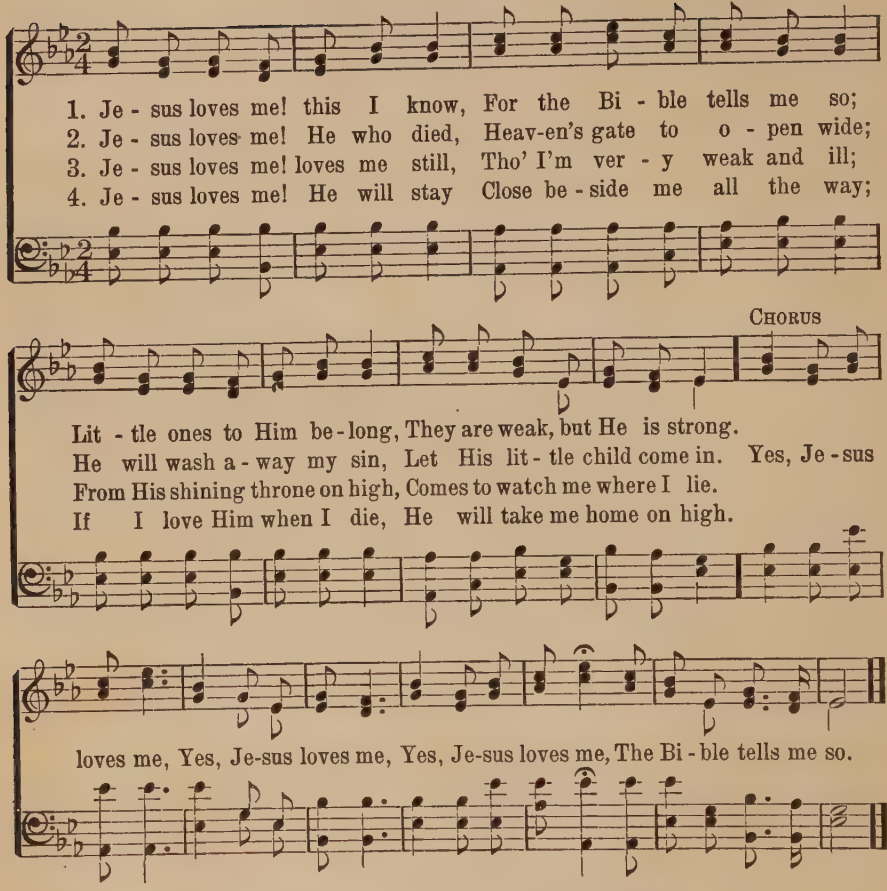
God Be With You

J. E. Rankin — W. G. Tomer


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain;'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Chorus
Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
Till we meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet,

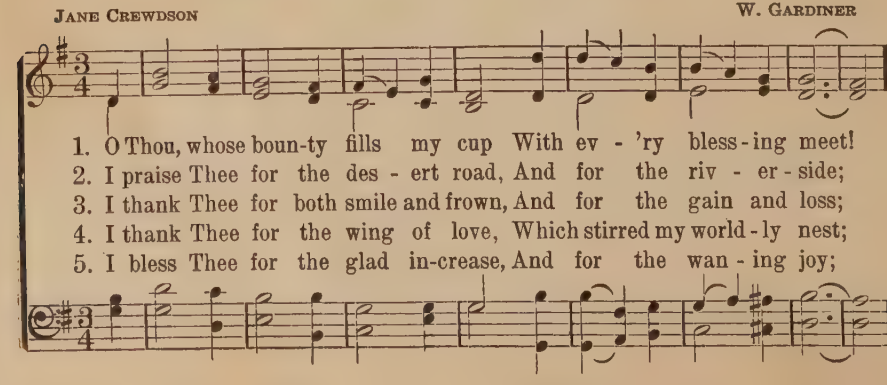
286 Jesus Loves Me

(The favorite Hymn of China) WM. B. BRADBURY

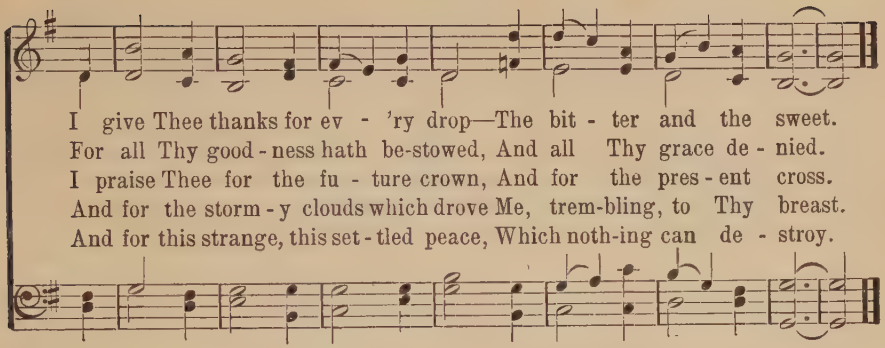

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;
CHORUS
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus
From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.
loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

287 O Thou, Whose Bounty Fills My Cup

JANE CREWDSON W. GARDINER

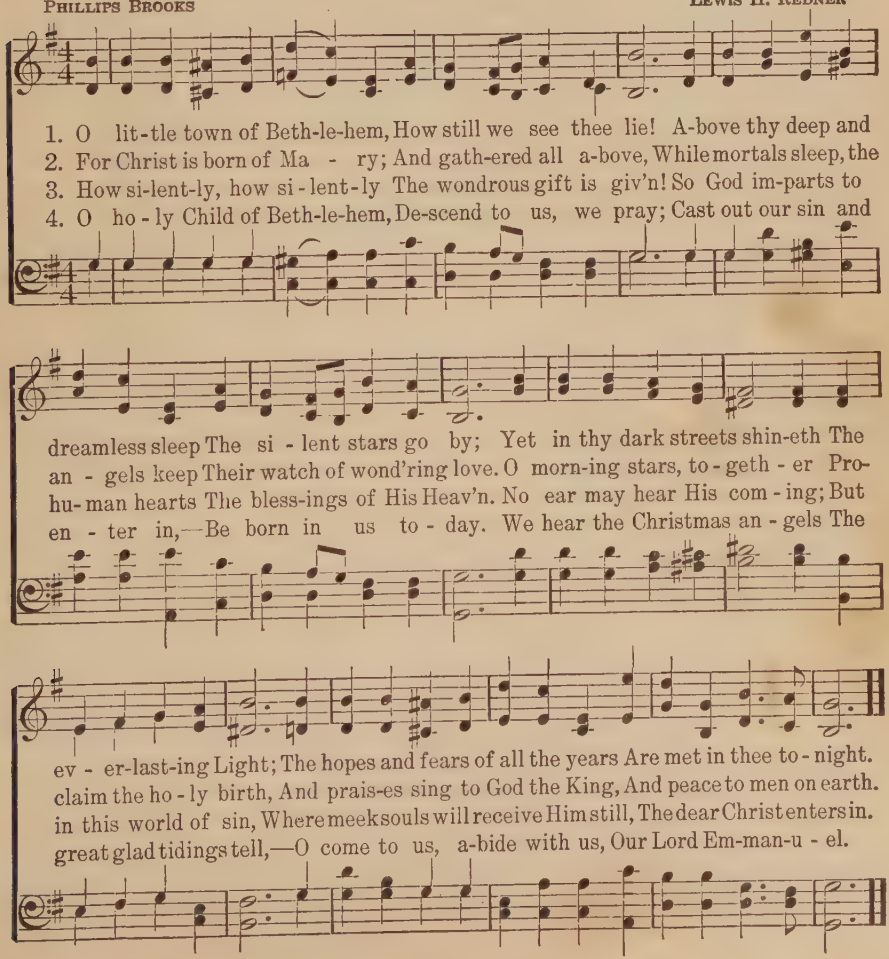

1. O Thou, whose boun-ty fills my cup With ev - 'ry bless - ing meet!
2. I praise Thee for the des - ert road, And for the riv - er - side;
3. I thank Thee for both smile and frown, And for the gain and loss;
4. I thank Thee for the wing of love, Which stirred my world - ly nest;
5. I bless Thee for the glad in-crease, And for the wan - ing joy;

O Thou, Whose Bounty Fills My Cup


I give Thee thanks for ev - 'ry drop—The bit - ter and the sweet.
For all Thy good - ness hath be-stowed, And all Thy grace de - nied.
I praise Thee for the fu - ture crown, And for the pres - ent cross.
And for the storm - y clouds which drove Me, trem-bling, to Thy breast.
And for this strange, this set - tled peace, Which noth-ing can de - stroy.

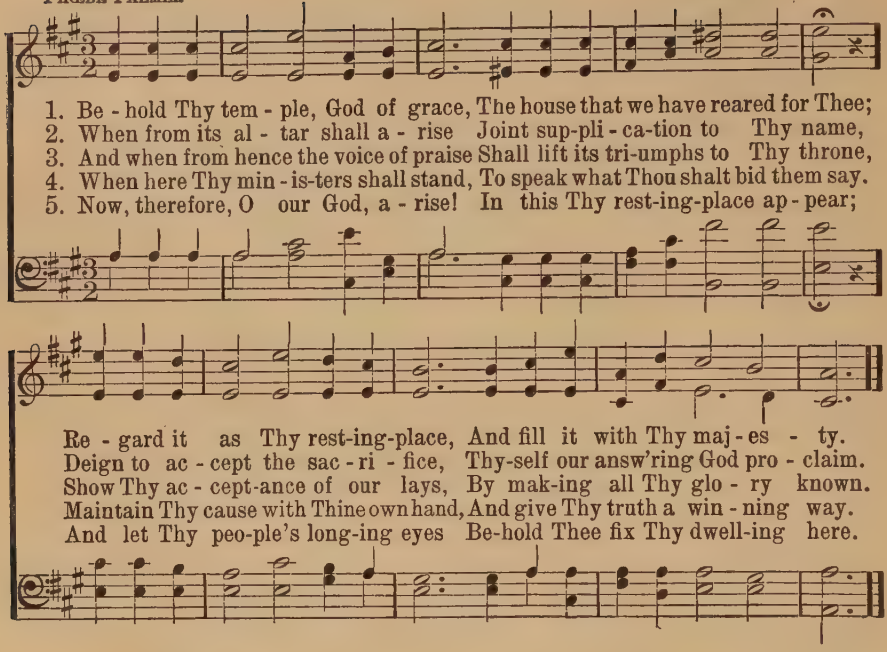
288 O Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS LEWIS H. REDNER


1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A-bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath-ered all a-bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si-lent-ly, how si - lent-ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im-parts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and
dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro-
hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His Heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing; But
en - ter in,—Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas an - gels The
ev - er-last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
claim the ho - ly birth, And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
great glad tidings tell,—O come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u - el.

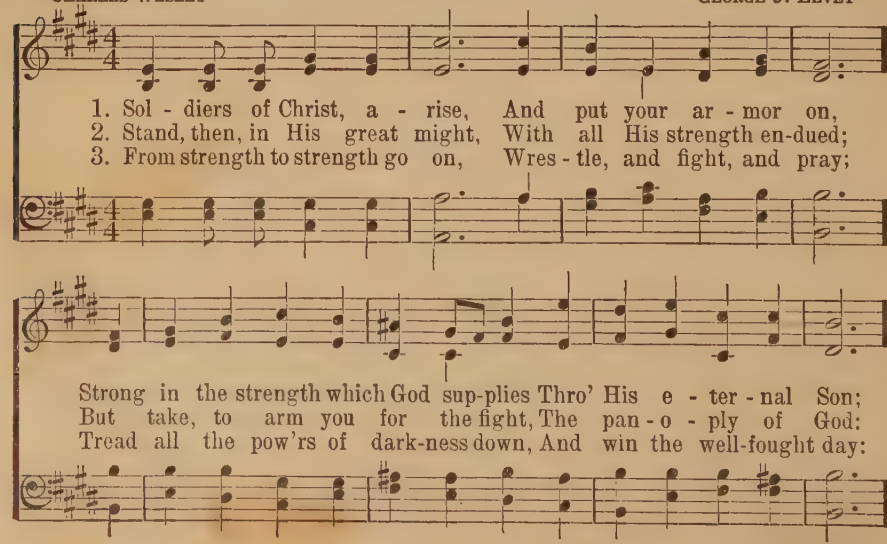
289 Behold Thy Temple

PHŒBE PALMER — HENRY K. OLIVER

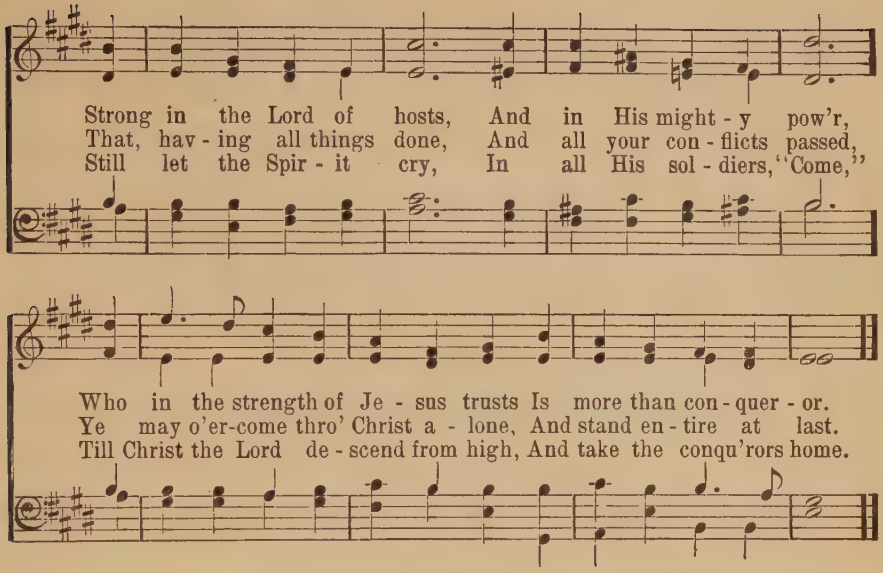

1. Be - hold Thy tem - ple, God of grace, The house that we have reared for Thee;
2. When from its al - tar shall a - rise Joint sup-pli - ca-tion to Thy name,
3. And when from hence the voice of praise Shall lift its tri-umphs to Thy throne,
4. When here Thy min - is-ters shall stand, To speak what Thou shalt bid them say.
5. Now, therefore, O our God, a - rise! In this Thy rest-ing-place ap - pear;
Re - gard it as Thy rest-ing-place, And fill it with Thy maj - es - ty.
Deign to ac - cept the sac - ri - fice, Thy-self our answ'ring God pro - claim.
Show Thy ac - cept-ance of our lays, By mak-ing all Thy glo - ry known.
Maintain Thy cause with Thine own hand, And give Thy truth a win - ning way.
And let Thy peo-ple's long-ing eyes Be-hold Thee fix Thy dwell-ing here.

290 Soldiers of Christ, Arise

CHARLES WESLEY — GEORGE J. ELVEY

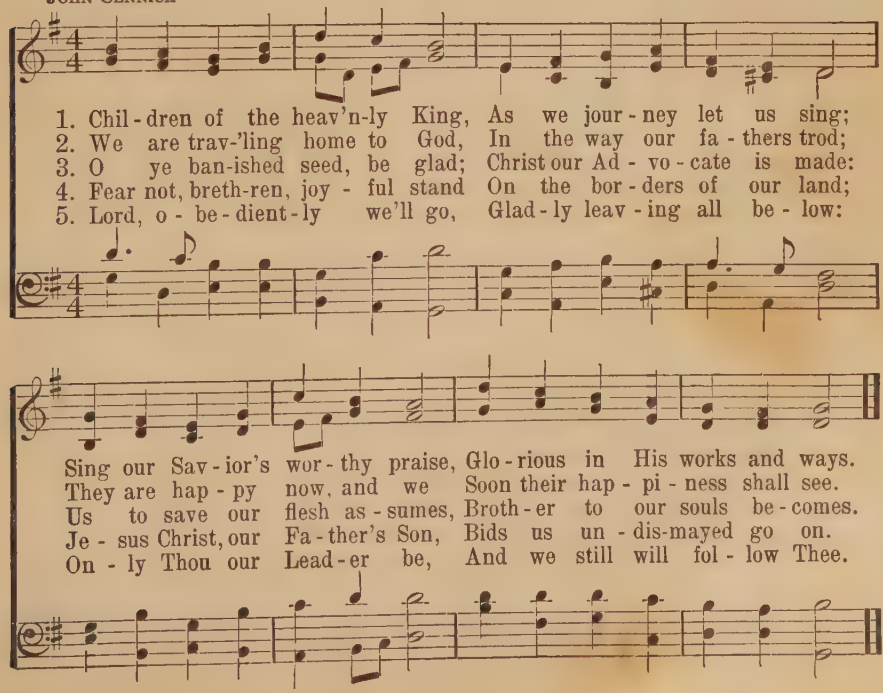

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en-dued;
3. From strength to strength go on, Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son;
But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God:
Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, And win the well-fought day:

Soldiers of Christ, Arise

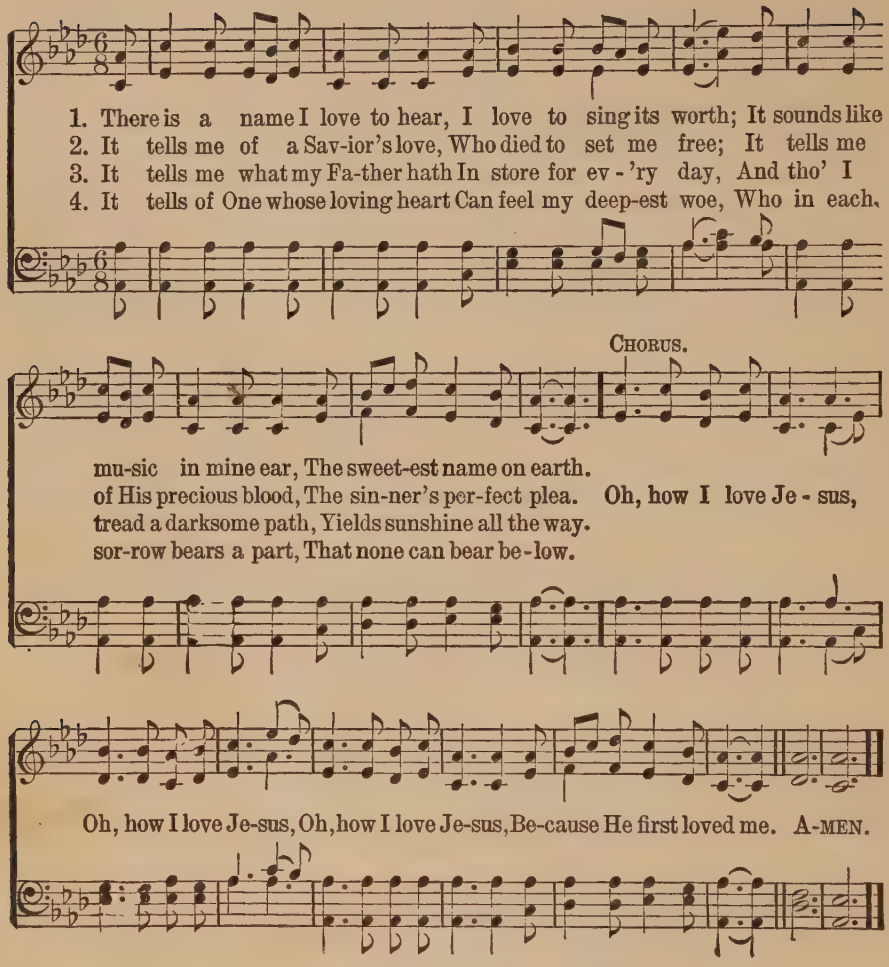

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts passed,
Still let the Spir - it cry, In all His sol - diers, "Come,"
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.
Till Christ the Lord de - scend from high, And take the conqu'rors home.

291 Children of the Heavenly King

JOHN CENNICK JUSTIN H. KNECHT

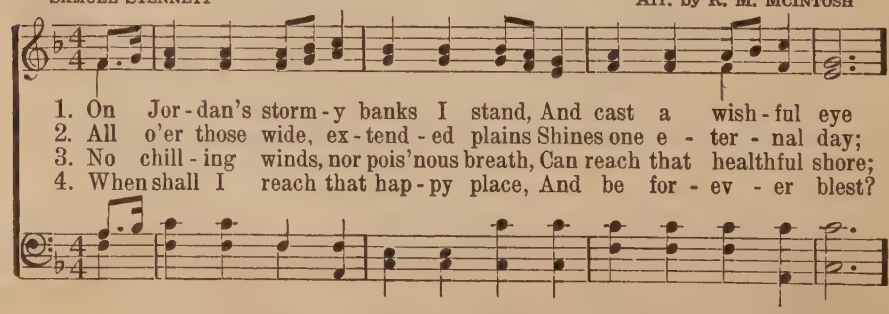

1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour - ney let us sing;
2. We are trav-'ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod;
3. O ye ban-ished seed, be glad; Christ our Ad - vo - cate is made:
4. Fear not, breth-ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of our land;
5. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low:
Sing our Sav - ior's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
Us to save our flesh as - sumes, Broth - er to our souls be - comes.
Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dis-mayed go on.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

292 There is a Name I Love to Hear

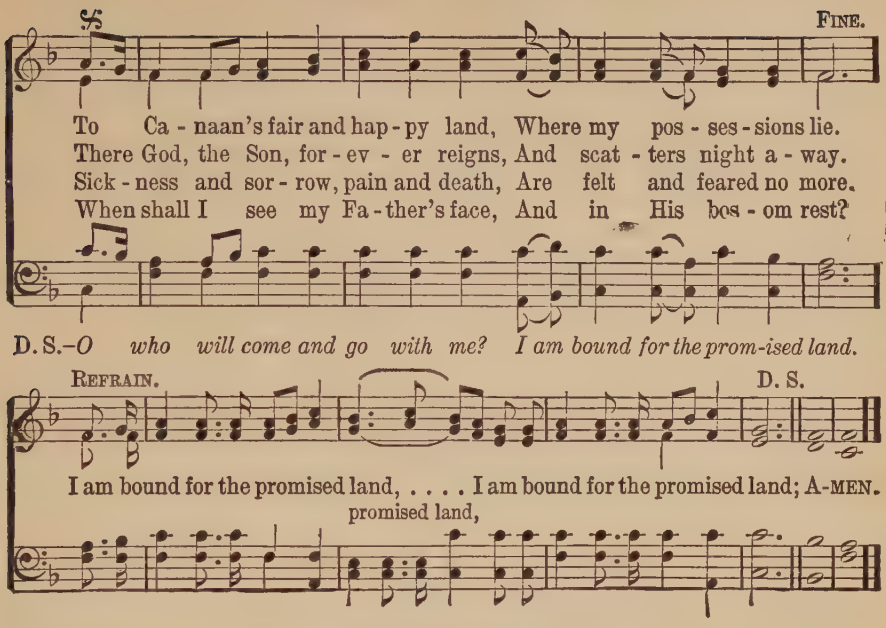

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each,
CHORUS.
mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

293 On Jordan's Stormy Banks

SAMUEL STENNETT — Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH

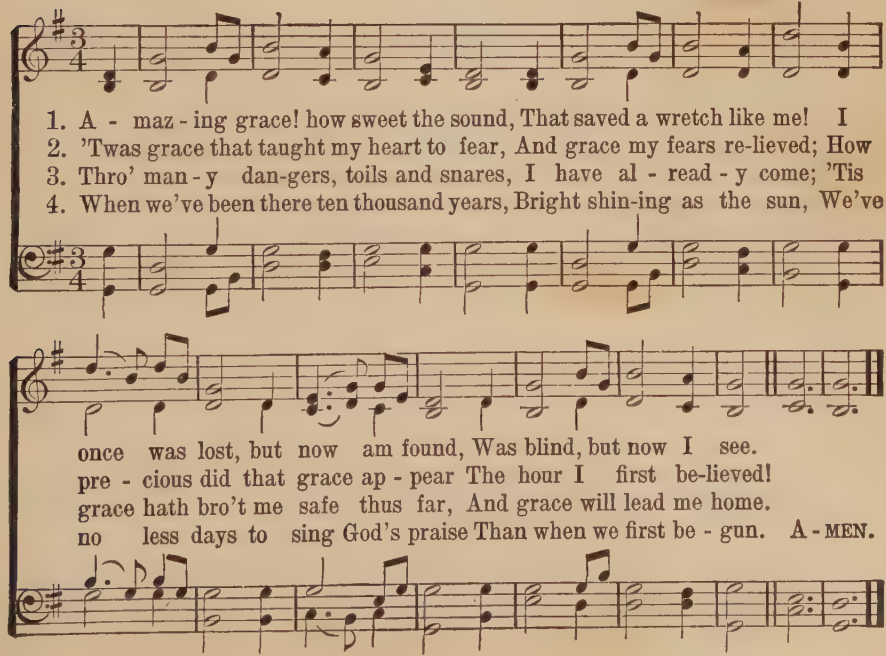

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

On Jordan's Stormy Banks


S
FINE.
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
D.S.–O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land; A-MEN.
promised land,

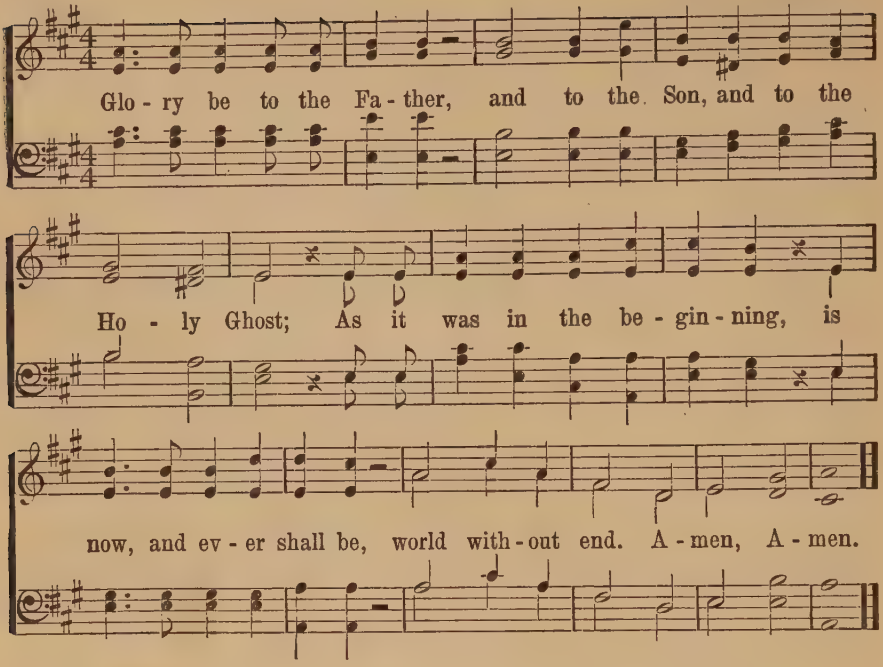
294 Amazing Grace

JOHN NEWTON — Arr. by E. O. EXCELL


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

295 Gloria Patri

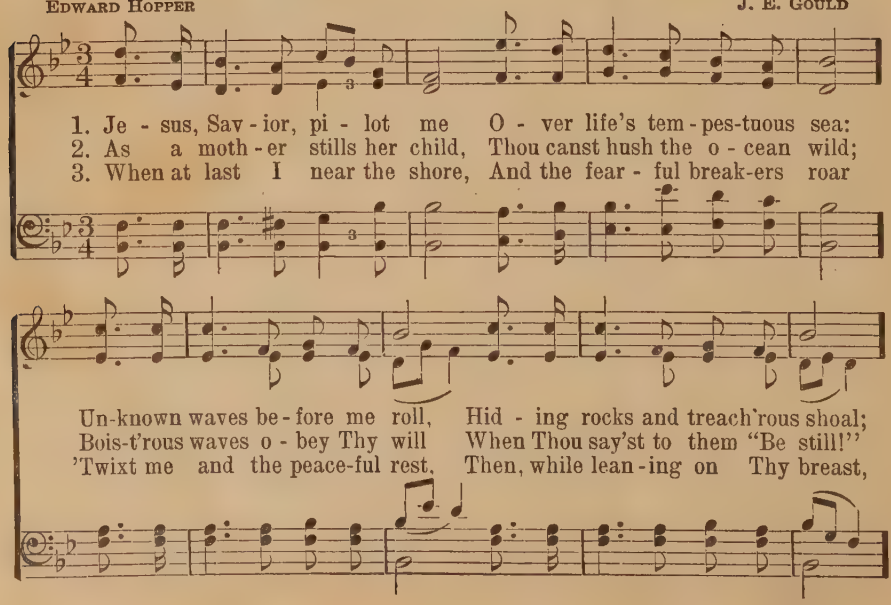
CHARLES MEINEKE


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

296 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER

J. E. GOULD


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

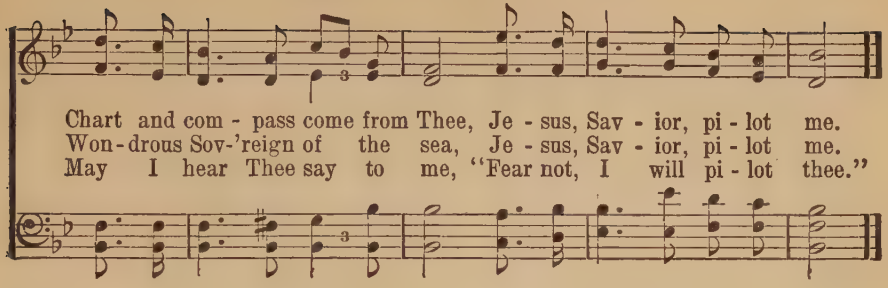
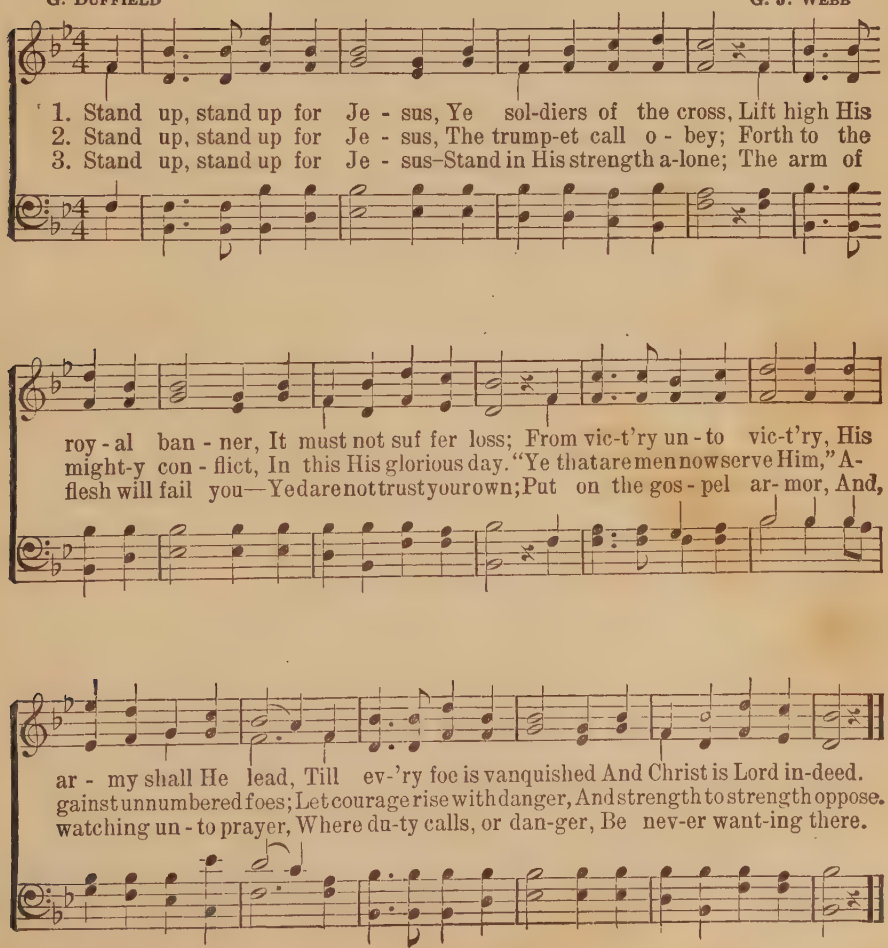


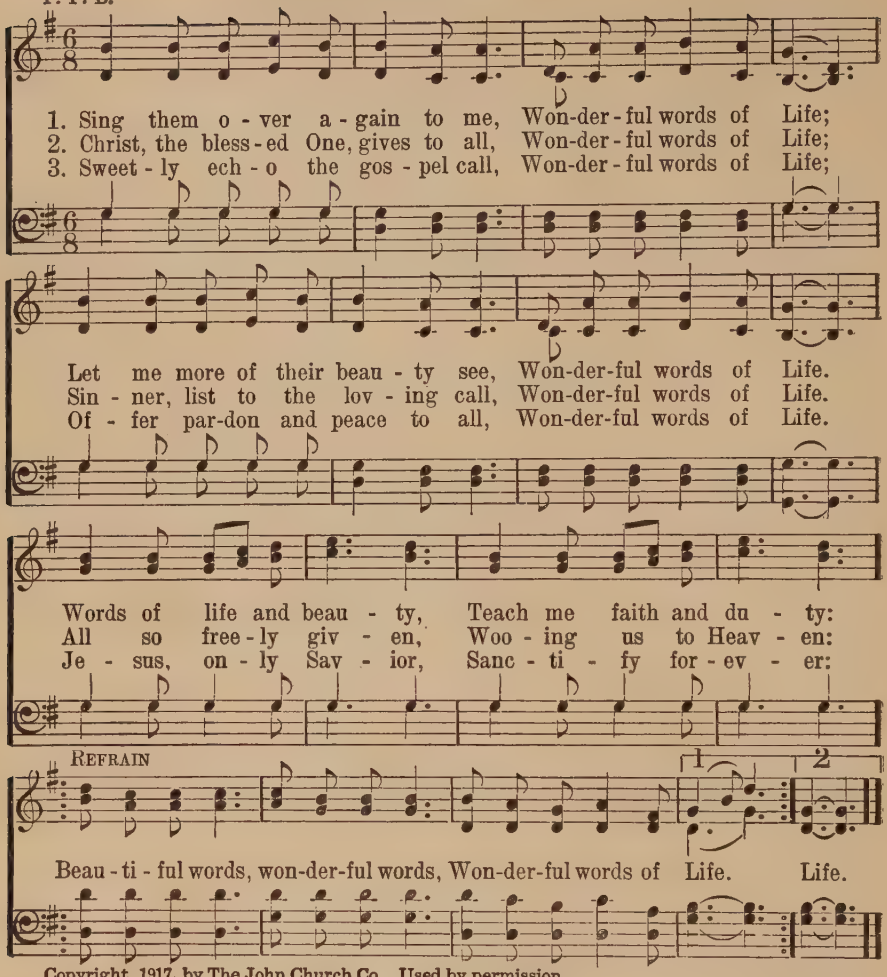
Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

297 Stand Up for Jesus

G. DUFFIELD G. J. WEBB


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus–Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of
roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry, His
might-y con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar- mor, And,
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un - to prayer, Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.

298 Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B. — P. P. Bliss

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin-ner, list to the lov-ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of-fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and du-ty:
All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to Heav-en:
Je-sus, on-ly Sav-ior, Sanc-ti-fy for-ev-er:
REFRAIN
1
2
Beau-ti-ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life. Life.

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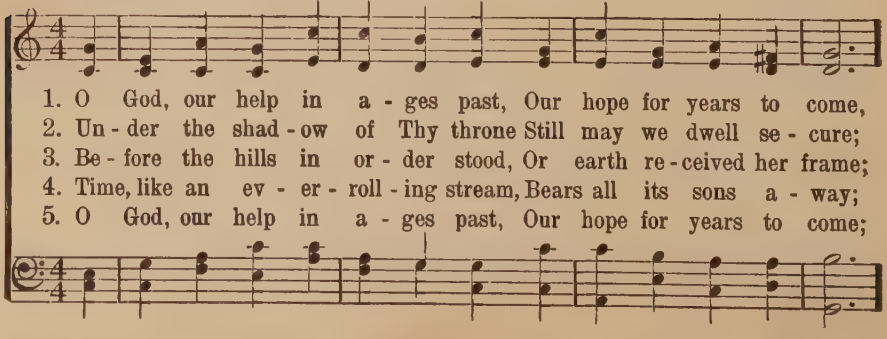
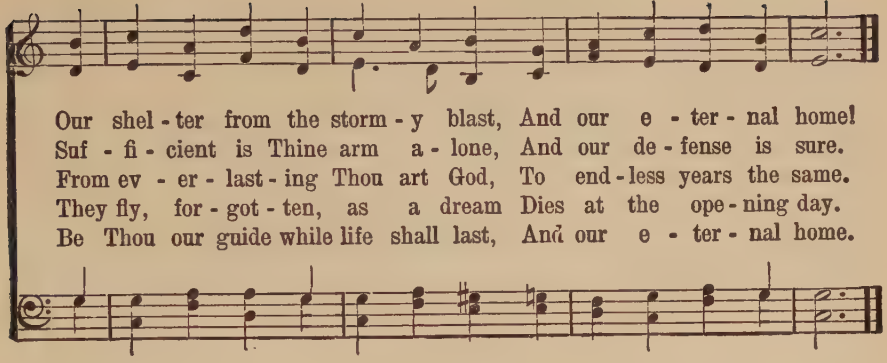
299 O God, Our Help

ISAAC WATTS — WILLIAM CROFT


1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un-der the shad-ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se-cure;
3. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame;
4. Time, like an ev-er-roll-ing stream, Bears all its sons a-way;
5. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come;

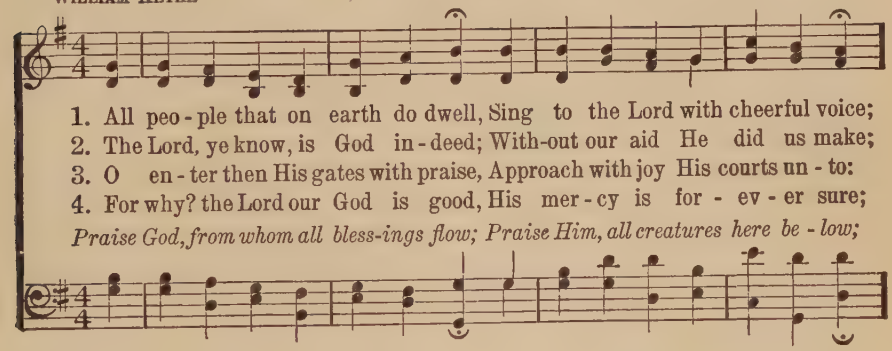
O God, Our Help

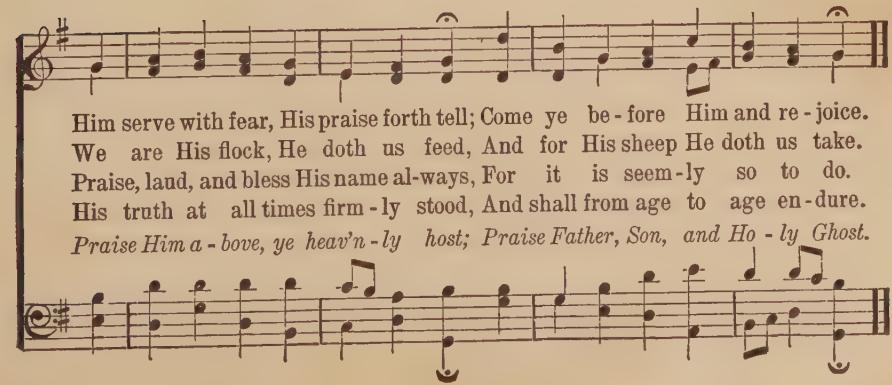

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

300 All People That On Earth Do Dwell

WILLIAM KETHE

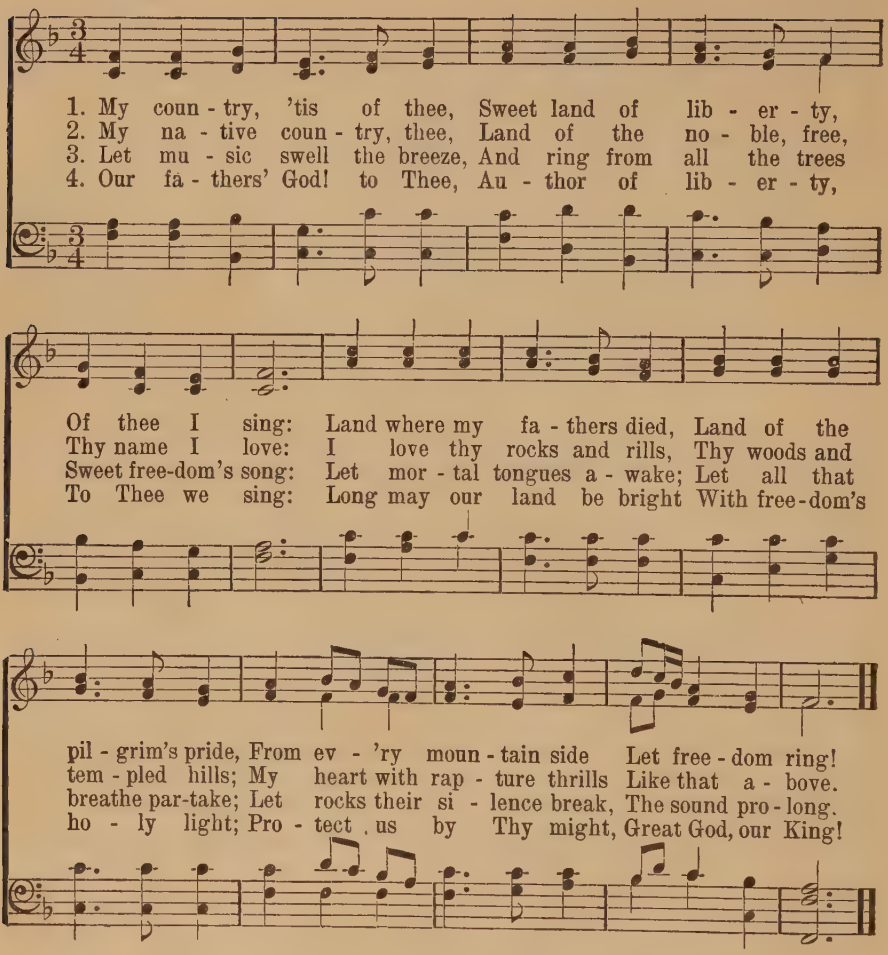
Genevan Psalter


1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed; With-out our aid He did us make;
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un - to:
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;
Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;


Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

301 My Country, 'Tis of Thee

S. F. Smith — English


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

God Save the King

The National Song of Britain

1

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us
God save the King.

2

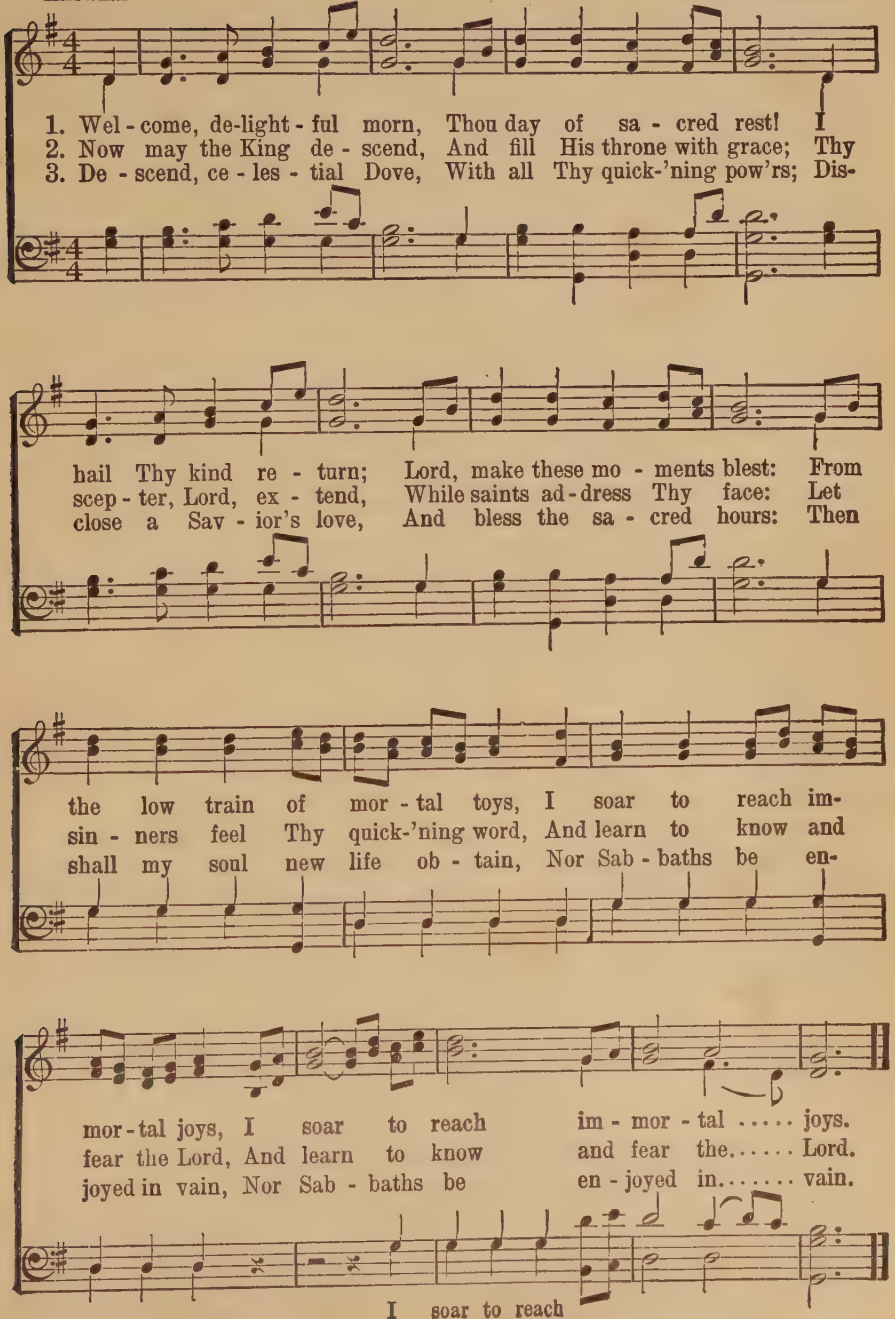
Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King.

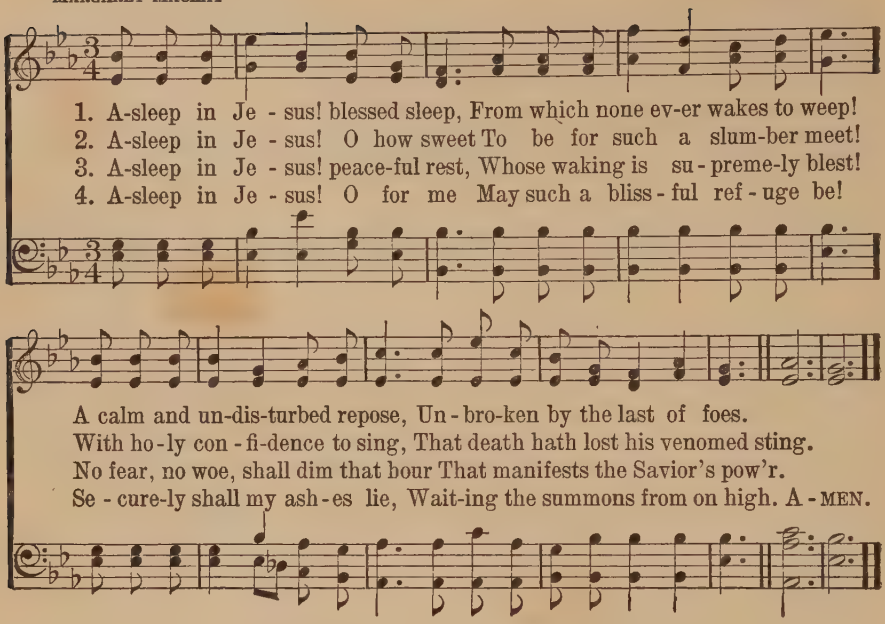
Welcome, Delightful Morn

HAYWARD — FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER


1. Wel - come, de-light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy
3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; Dis-
hail Thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest: From
scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face: Let
close a Sav - ior's love, And bless the sa - cred hours: Then
the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im-
sin - ners feel Thy quick-'ning word, And learn to know and
shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sab - baths be en-
mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal ..... joys.
fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the..... Lord.
joyed in vain, Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in..... vain.
I soar to reach

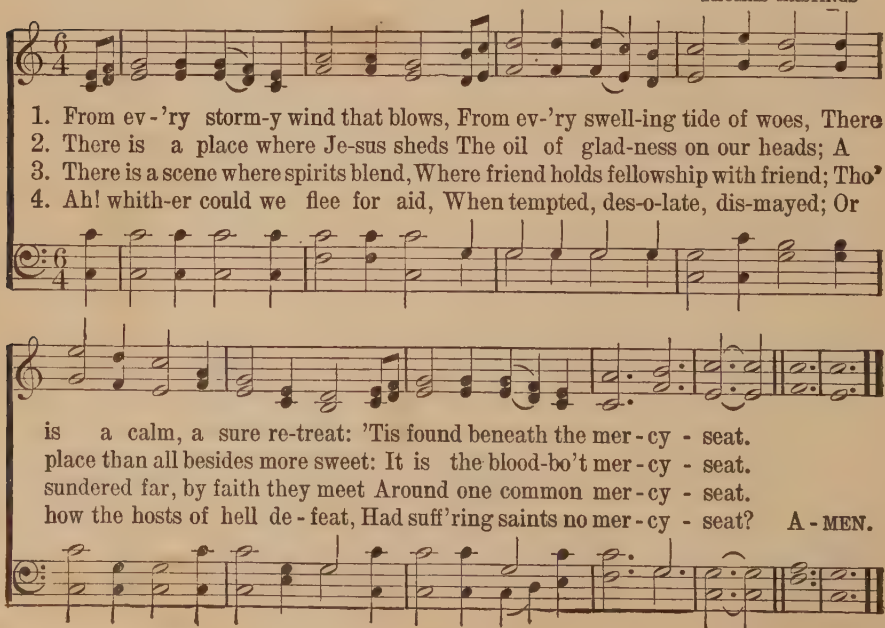
303 Asleep in Jesus

MARGARET MACKAY — WM. B. BRADBURY


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con - fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A - MEN.

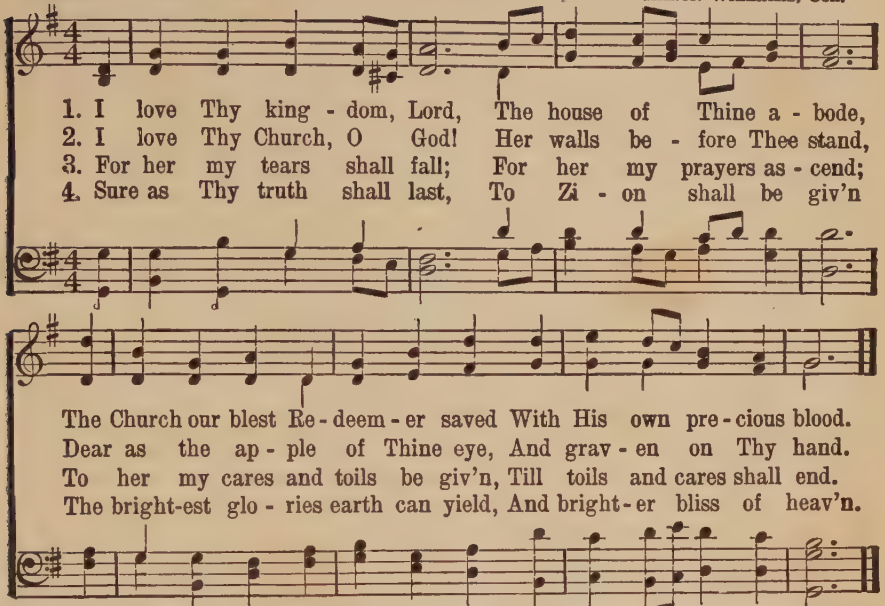
304 From Every Stormy Wind

HUGH STOWELL — THOMAS HASTINGS


1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or
is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat.
place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer - cy - seat.
sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer - cy - seat.
how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer - cy - seat? A - MEN.

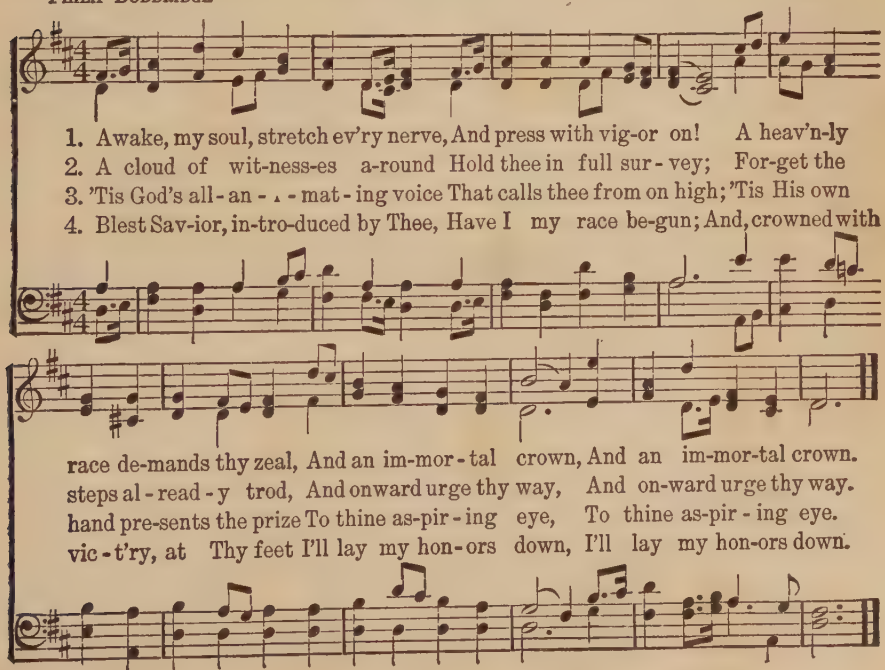
305 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

TIMOTHY DWIGHT — AARON WILLIAMS, Coll.


1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n
The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

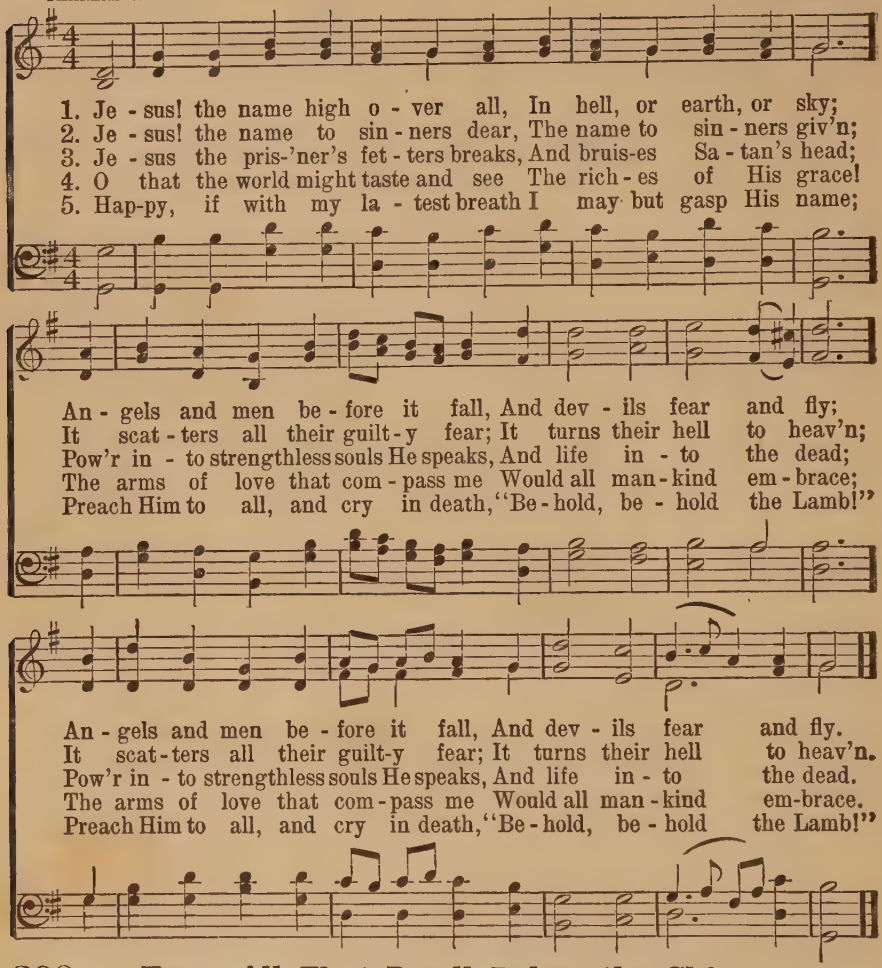
306 Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — HANDEL


1. Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on! A heav'n-ly
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For-get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an - - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
4. Blest Sav-ior, in-tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And, crowned with
race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor - tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al - read - y trod, And onward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
hand pre-sents the prize To thine as-pir - ing eye, To thine as-pir - ing eye.
vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

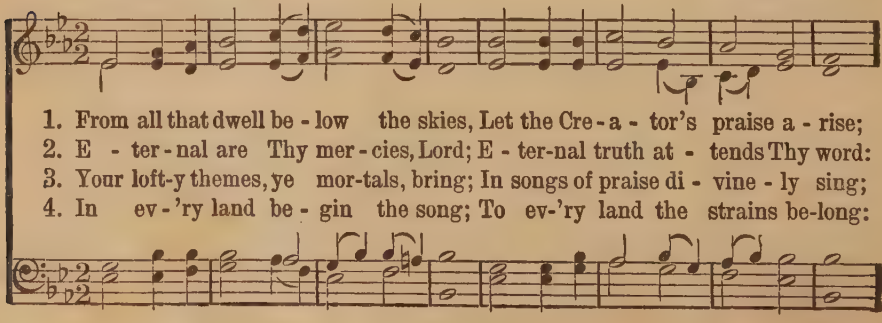
307 Jesus! the Name High Over All

CHARLES WESLEY — OLIVER HOLDEN

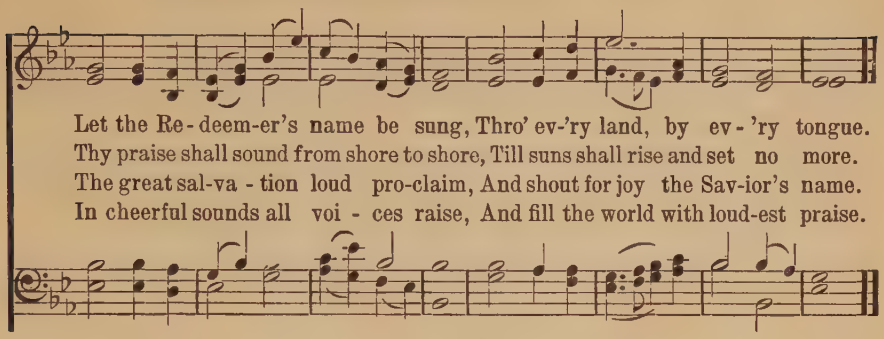

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners giv'n;
3. Je - sus the pris-'ner's fet - ters breaks, And bruis-es Sa - tan's head;
4. O that the world might taste and see The rich - es of His grace!
5. Hap-py, if with my la - test breath I may but gasp His name;
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly;
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heav'n;
Pow'r in - to strengthless souls He speaks, And life in - to the dead;
The arms of love that com - pass me Would all man - kind em - brace;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death, "Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!"
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heav'n.
Pow'r in - to strengthless souls He speaks, And life in - to the dead.
The arms of love that com - pass me Would all man - kind em - brace.
Preach Him to all, and cry in death, "Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!"

308 From All That Dwell Below the Skies

ISAAC WATTS and JOHN WESLEY — JOHN HATTON

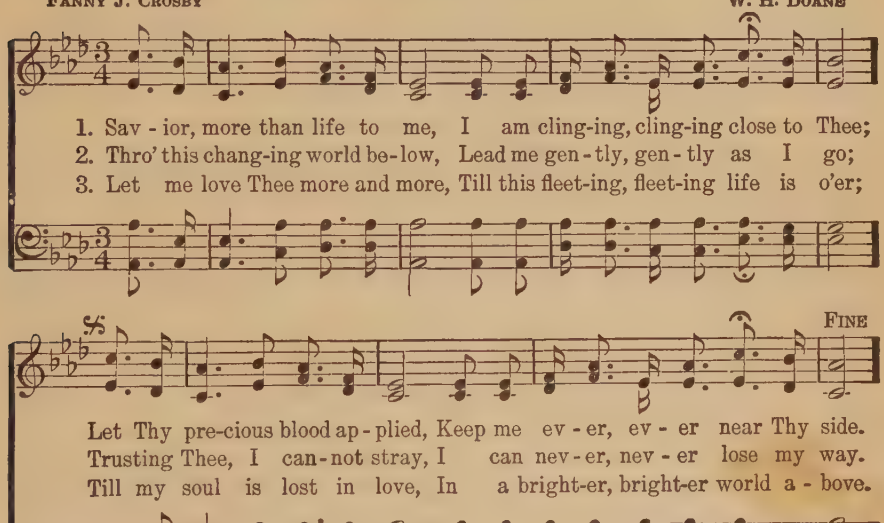

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word:
3. Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long:

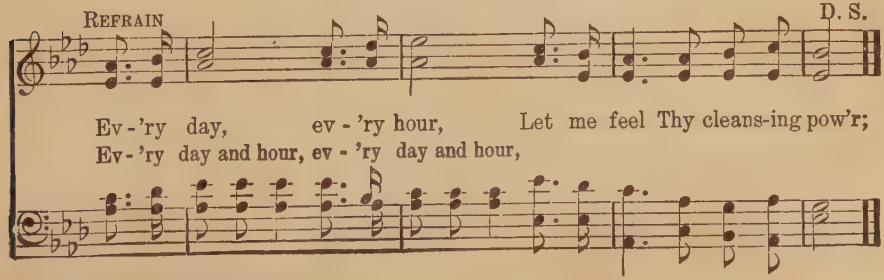
From All That Dwell Below the Skies


Let the Re - deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
The great sal-va - tion loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Sav-ior's name.
In cheerful sounds all voi - ces raise, And fill the world with loud-est praise.

309 Savior, More Than Life

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
FINE
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a - bove.
D. S.—*May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.*



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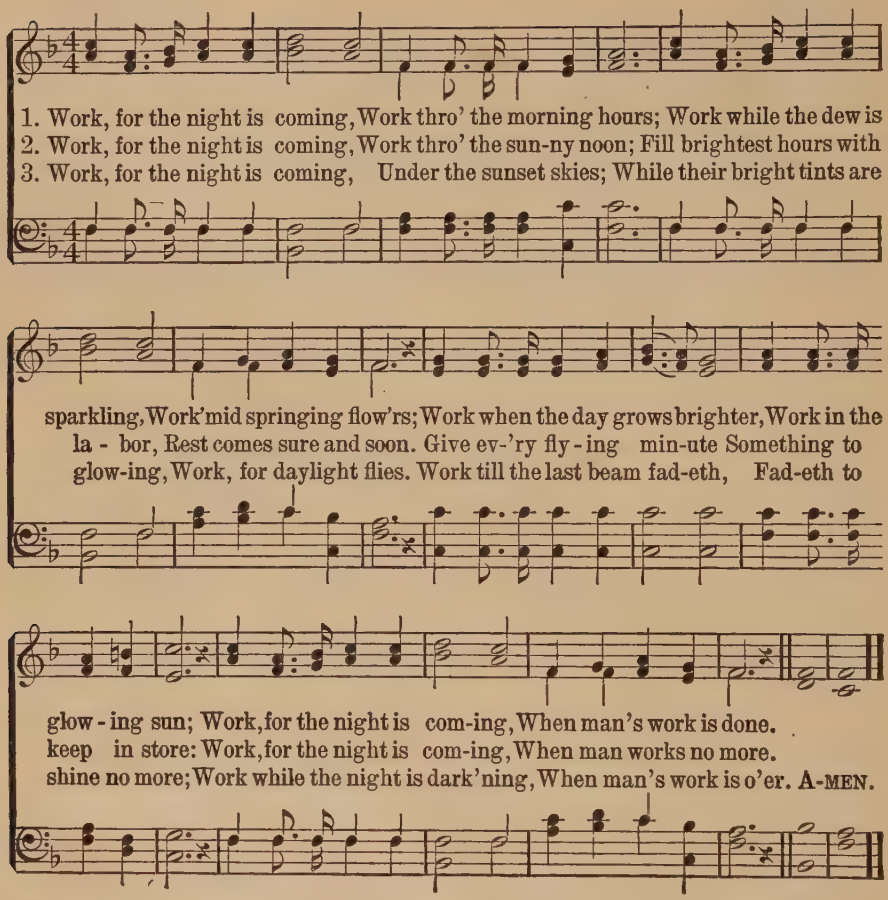
310 Work, For the Night is Coming

ANNIE L. COGHILL LOWELL MASON


1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are
sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly - ing min-ute Something to
glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to
glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.

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